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BEYOND THE SUNSET

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By the Same Author

THE WEARY ROAD

Recollections of a Subaltern of
Infantry

BEYOND THE SUNSET

By CHARLES DOUIE

For my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

TENNYSON—*Ulysses*

JOHN MURRAY
ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON W.

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FAREWELL TO ARMS

NIGHT came on as I reached Tattenham Corner. Another day was over. Another war was over. I made my way down the long road from the Asiago Plateau to the Venetian Plain.

Night enfolded Europe, dark and silent for the first time for four years. No star-shell flickered. No gun thundered. My mind was ill at ease at the thought of oncoming Peace. In the far-off days of 1914 I had left school to join the Army. My country had fed me, clothed me, ordered my life. I had now to order my own affairs, and I saw little prospect of doing so with any measure of success.

One thing was clear. My education was sadly incomplete. I had left school before the due time. I had never been to a University. It came to my mind that Oxford would be an ideal resting place after the turbulence of war. Long ago a pious ancestor had founded a family scholarship there. His piety might solve the problem of maintaining me during the coming year.

The immediate problem was to persuade my country to retain my services, and continue my pay, until I could get to Oxford. In this I was successful. I acquired, in the days following the Armistice, the office of Town Major of Thiene, the railhead for the Asiago

Plateau. I had also the command of the detachment of the Royal Munster Fusiliers who provided the guards for the ammunition dump. These days were full of incident. We were remote from headquarters, and at times we seemed to have been wholly forgotten. The wildest rumours were prevalent, and the situation was very confused. I am afraid that I acted on occasion in an arbitrary manner, unfitting alike to my rank and to my age (I was just 22), and at one time I was in danger of a Court Martial for greatly exceeding my authority. But I could with justice plead that any action in a crisis is better than no action, and we had a crisis every day.

Thiene harboured much of the flotsam and jetsam of war. The divisions on the Asiago Plateau had advanced through the Venetian Alps into a remote beyond, leaving far behind them supply troops who had now no one to supply. Every one was detached from his unit, and from the discipline of his unit. Every one also was in a temper, a natural reaction from the strain of four years of war. The relations between the British, Italian and French armies were also subject to strain.

Austrian prisoners crowded in, most of them in a pitiable condition. No one was quite sure whose was the responsibility for feeding them, but when I did so I found that I had created an international incident, and was under suspicion of having stolen the trophies of a friendly power. To add to the confusion there was a two-way traffic in refugees, some coming forward to their devastated farms and others coming back from forced labour in enemy territory. There was also the

problem of that considerable part of the local population who in time past had lived by smuggling over the near-by frontier, and had just learned to their great indignation that the frontier was likely to be farther north.

I had also to cope with the depression of the Royal Munster Fusiliers who had just learned that, the war being over, they would have to return to Ireland.

The Munsters were for the most part old soldiers who were no longer fit for active service. They could stand to attention for hours on end, but they tended to fall if ordered to stand at ease. On my first morning as an officer of the Munsters I held the usual "Orderly Room", and prepared to conduct it with the traditional solemnity which I had learned as an officer of an English county regiment.

"Any prisoners?" I asked the Sergeant-Major.

"Yess, Sorr, Private Murphy."

"Bring him in."

There was a commotion outside and Private Murphy entered between his escort. I looked at the charge sheet.

"You were drunk, Private Murphy," I said.

He beamed at me.

"Sure, I was that and all, Sorr."

After this appeal to me as a man and a brother, I was hard put to it to retain my dignity while fining him seven days' pay.

The winter was hard in the Lombardy plain and low mists brought fever into old bones, but these veterans were patient and uncomplaining. The climax came, however, when a supply of fuel was withheld from

them. Part of their duties was to guard a huge dump of fuel, but when I applied for some, adducing the severe weather and the hardships of these veterans still under canvas and without winter clothing, I was blandly informed that fuel could only be served to troops in the trenches. I replied that there were no troops in trenches on the Italian or any other front, the war having ended some weeks before, but I received no sympathy. I was at a loss until I remembered that the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Cavan, was an Irishman. I thought that I might venture on a direct appeal to him. I was right. A telegram reached me from General Headquarters the next day stating that the Munsters were to have all the fuel they wanted whenever they wanted it.

After a time the tangled situation at Thiene became unravelled, so much so that in my capacity as Town Major I offered leave to myself in my capacity as commander of the Munster detachment, for the purpose of a visit to Venice. A peace-time journey of two hours was accomplished in the course of a day. It was night when I reached the deserted city. My gondola pursued a stealthy course through pitch darkness, out of which loomed the untenanted palaces and houses. My gondolier filled me with apprehension. I was so relieved when I arrived at the only hotel which was open that I gave him nearly as much as he asked.

Venice had suffered little, though close to the Piave lines, and came through the war with the loss of a ceiling by Tiepolo. I was fortunate in finding a brother officer with an intimate knowledge of the churches and

palaces, but the paintings were far away. It was a fine day in winter, and the colours of the sky, reflected in the canals, remain still in my memory. Venice, depopulated, was still a city of wonder, and I promised myself an early return. Yet though I have travelled far and wide, year after year, chance has ever turned me aside from Venice. Perhaps my instinct has told me that she was more beautiful then in her loneliness than now beset by thronging admirers.

Christmas drew near; I busied myself with arrangements for the Christmas Dinner for the Munsters in their sodden camp. But it was not to be. A telegram arrived from the base. The colonel had grown tired of his bridge four and was constituting another. I was wanted at once.

I was not a little indignant. I was enjoying myself in this remote, and as I hoped forgotten, outpost. I had had previous experience of life at a base. It was brief and unsuccessful. The General had taken a dislike to me. He was fully justified; I was a great nuisance. To keep me out of mischief he occupied my time with many duties. I was Commander of the Garrison Guard and of the Prison. At times I officiated as Assistant Provost Marshal. I sat almost continuously on Courts of Inquiry. But I was not a success.

The irregularity of my correspondence between myself in my many posts was certainly open to censure. While acting as Assistant Provost Marshal I received information that I had been posted as a deserter by the Southern Command in England. It was early in the

morning and as it caused me no inconvenience I placed myself under arrest. But as the day wore on I found it less convenient. I became thirsty. I submitted a report. I said that I was not a deserter. It was true that I had not reported to the depot of my regiment in the Southern Command when I had been released from hospital, but I had been to the War Office and had wheedled an order to return to the front out of a Staff Captain. I could not be in two places at once. I had preferred the front. I was now there. My arguments so convinced me that I ordered my immediate release.

But my irregular conduct of Courts of Inquiry brought about my downfall. Throughout a long day I had listened to the interminable evidence of a lady who had, as she alleged, been incapacitated in the exercise of her profession, and had lost her hat, when knocked over by an officer in the Army Pay Corps who was driving a colleague in the Army Service Corps to the Casino. In a moment of abstraction I said that the British Government would pay her two hundred lire in full satisfaction of her claims. Words passed. But worse was to come. Several of my Courts of Inquiry had concerned various misfortunes of the women ambulance drivers who were then giving yeoman service at the front. I had done my best. But the General sent for me.

"I have had occasion," he said, "to review certain findings of Courts of Inquiry, in which our Ambulance Drivers have been charged, if I may say so, with somewhat petty breaches of regulations."

"Yes, sir."

"I am informed that you have taken a somewhat prominent part in these proceedings, and that you may be said to be responsible for the judgments, in my opinion very harsh judgments, which have been delivered."

"No, sir."

"I wish you to understand that these gallant young women have come a long way to fight for their country."

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you to appreciate that, just as boys will be boys, so girls will be girls."

"No, sir."

"You may go."

I went.

My summons to the base therefore annoyed me not a little. But, where cards were concerned, I could not argue with the colonel. I left Thiene for Vicenza and had a last 'Rom Ponk' at the 'ristorante' in the little Palladian square. I then found myself embedded in a twitching crowd of refugees in a train moving slowly towards Verona. Morning came, and release at Milan. I fled into the nearest hotel. "The Signor desires a bed?" inquired the booking clerk. "No," I replied, "the Signor is in great need of a bath." In the evening I was at Arquata Scrivia, playing bridge.

The higher command of the Munsters was various in character. The colonel sold leather in South America, the adjutant music in Toronto. The second-in-command, Major Burrows, was an artist who had fled to

London from a colliery in Lancashire. The quartermaster was a mill manager from Lancashire, intensely proud of his native county, and given to singing folk-songs in the evening. There was one Irish captain, who was afterwards drowned in the Liffey during the "troubles", and a few Irish subalterns. But the English predominated.

Here I spent Christmas Day. I was Orderly Officer, and I expected to have a lively day, as notice had been received that some of the supply troops were staging a demonstration against the plans (or rather the absence of plans) for demobilization. The Munsters were quite out of sympathy with the supply troops. They had no desire to go home, and they had some old scores to pay off. I had no wish for trouble on Christmas Day, and I carefully started a rumour that the Munsters were looking forward to the day of their lives. All Christmas Day an unwonted silence reigned. We sat down to Christmas Dinner. We were thirteen. In the middle of dinner, I was called out. Even the least superstitious were uncomfortable. But I returned, without mishap, to be warmly embraced by a Welshman who was singing 'La donna e mobile' from *Rigoletto* to the tune of 'A che la morte ognora' from *Trovatore*.

The colonel, disappointed no doubt with my bridge, gave me leave the next day to visit Rome. Major Burrows, the artist, also had leave. We were glad to leave Arquata Scrivia. The climate north of the Apennines in winter was severe; there was always a mist. We lived in an unfinished house; there were windows, but no glass. When on guard duty I had to sleep on a

floor of stones, some rounded, others sharp. We congratulated ourselves as we came out of the last tunnel on the way to Genoa and saw the Mediterranean. We began to feel warm.

Our plans were simple. We had ten days leave. Deducting two for travel, we could have five days in Rome and three in Florence. We might not have another such chance for years. We must see all that was possible. It was a pity that the days were so short. We would stay at a cheap boarding-house; it would not do to fritter away the resources needed for securing admission to galleries. *Ars longa, vita brevis.*

The Rome express thundered into Genoa. Opposite us on the platform temptation loomed. 'Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits et des Grands Express Européens'. Never can I read those words without emotion. We hesitated. We fell. Wrapped up in sheets, for the first time for many a month, we slept through the night. We entered Rome. We could not remember the name of the cheap boarding-house at which we were going to stay. Impelled by a single emotion we entered the magnificent portals of the Grand Hotel. A few minutes later we entered a suite of two rooms divided by a palatial bathroom. We hardly ever left it.

Rising at midday, we breakfasted off a sherry flip in the bar and then set out on our sightseeing. It led almost immediately to the Forum of Trajan, where there was an admirable restaurant in a huge vault. In the afternoon we usually felt the need of a little rest, which we sought in the Pincio Gardens. Here we had

an admirable view of Rome. In the evening we dined in the hotel, without regard for expense. On one occasion we even bestirred ourselves so far as to go to the Opera, and saw *Un Ballo in Maschera*. On New Year's Eve I attended another, and more entertaining, Ball at the British Embassy, a fitting prelude to the high hopes of 1919.

But I could not always persuade myself that this new world was real. At tea one afternoon I found that a reception was in progress, the most important in the social world of Rome since the war. A Prince and Princess of the Roman nobility were receiving their guests. I found myself watching the scene as if it were a play. The shaded lights, the pile carpet, the exquisite clothes, the formal manners, all contributed to the illusion. *Un Ballo in Maschera* had been as real to me as this.

For the first time I fell to thinking of the new order of things. Here it seemed to be taken for granted that, the war over, 1914 had returned again. To recreate the old world was the common task; there was no thought of creating a new. "It can't be done," I reflected, "and if you try, you will walk into an abyss."

For I had been an infantry soldier for four years. I had seen the grim, pitiless faces of men tried beyond endurance. I had seen already how discipline was breaking down with the relaxation of the tension of war. A few days before I had been on the frontier with nothing but chaos and starvation before me to the east. In the defeated countries millions of men were returning home to embitterment and despair. Life had

offered to them so many hazards these four years that the prospect of revolution was not such as to raise apprehensions in their mind. An experienced soldier could find more cover in street fighting than in an advance across the shell-torn wastes of the battlefield. Nor were the victors in much better plight. Beside me there was a brother officer of the Munsters. He had lost a leg in an air fight (and won the V.C.—he threw his leg out of the aeroplane as it interfered with his shooting). To us 1914 could hardly return again.

I saw in my mind's eye the peoples of Europe rising, one by one, under new leaders to create a new world. If a prophet had told me that within a few years a corporal of the Italian Army would rule in Rome and a corporal in the German Army in Berlin I would not have felt surprise. But I would have disbelieved him if he had prophesied the form of government of which they became the heads.

There is something magical about the rank of corporal. Napoleon set the fashion, but he has had distinguished successors. I once had an ambition to be a corporal, but I never realized it. My father went to the War Office and got me a commission.

On New Year's Day we left Rome and travelled by Orvieto, Lake Trasimene and Arezzo to Florence. I have mentioned our route, for I found it very interesting. Orvieto has marvellous wine. I remembered Lake Trasimene in my Livy at school. Arezzo was full of the past; I could almost see the *condottieri* swaggering past the old houses. As we approached Florence I felt due for a little exultation. It did not come. After a long

day in the train, in midwinter, I felt the need of a good hotel and a good meal. I got neither.

Morning dispelled these mists. I fell under a spell of enchantment which still remains. For there the world became new again. Four years of war had taken from me all sense of colour and light. Everything on the battlefield was grey and brown; it was a twilight world. The energies of all were marshalled to destroy, not to create. But as I stood before the "Primavera" of Botticelli I saw that the grass was green again in the woodland glade. I felt the breeze blowing gently through the hair of the goddess of flowers. I knew that spring would come again in the world.

On my return to Arquata Scrivia, I was very late for breakfast, so late that only the colonel was there. The colonel attempted to make conversation, to relieve my embarrassment.

"I might have sent you to the Demobilization Camp to-day," he said brightly.

"I wish that you had," I replied.

Silence followed. The colonel could think of nothing to say.

"I might perhaps still be able to do something," he said at last.

"I wish that you would."

He did.

Four long days and nights the demobilization train jolted through Italy and France. It was intensely cold, particularly between the Mont Cenis tunnel and the

Rhone, but I was happy. I had the only compartment in the train which had glass in the windows. My possession of it seemed to rankle in the mind of the Train Commandant, and we had not finally come to an agreement about it when after many days we arrived at Cherbourg.

My service in the Army ended some hours before dawn at Wimbledon Camp. I gave my last command. The men disappeared into the cold and darkness. I returned to the mess-room and sat before a fire, waiting for dawn. In the firelight the memorable years marched by.

I saw a heather moor in Southern England, the train throbbing into unknown night, the cliffs of Dover fading into the sea, the wilderness of white tents of the great base camp, the road by the sand dunes of Étaples, the muddy Lys, the gloom of a Flanders twilight, the march of tired men on the long road from Steenwerck to the south, and the warm glow of the braziers in the farm near Bois Grenier where at last it ended.

The scene moved to the Somme. I heard the thunder of the guns, the roar and echo of the heavy shells in the ruins of Albert. I saw the fitful moonlight among the ruins of Albert Cathedral, the dark walls of the Château mess and the faces in the candlelight, the ghastly desolation and all-pervading mud of La Boisselle, the trees rent into strange shapes, the mine-craters round the riven cemetery and the untouched cross, the barbed wire dark against the snow, the rank grass swaying mournfully in the wind, the coming of a winter dawn.

The Great Bear rose to the north above the dark mass of Thiepval Wood. The trees echoed endlessly to the crash of bombs and the staccato clamour of machine guns. The uplands beyond from Beaumont Hamel to Serre were ablaze with the lurid light of a night bombardment. The air was shrill with the passing shells. The mill of Authuille stood sentinel above the flooded whispering Ancre. The marshes were aglow in the sunset. It was night; the glare of the Very lights descending over No-Man's-Land illumined the stark ruins of Thiepval Château. Mouquet Farm gleamed in the sunlight at the end of the valley. The chalk parapets of Leipzig Redoubt lay but a short distance away. Nightmare days and nights succeeded each other, dominated by the torment of unceasing shell fire.

The scene moved north again. I saw the waves lapping the belts of wire on the Belgian shore, the moonlight on the Yser marshes, the mist rising from the lagoons and swamps, the ghostly forms, the lonely causeways, the broken chancel of St. George's. I heard the stuttering machine guns blending weirdly with the cries of the wild-fowl and the giant shells from the naval guns far overhead amid the bombing aeroplanes on their way to Bruges. I saw the long road leading from Nieuport to the south, and the longer road which led to Ypres.

The scene changed once more. I ascended the Venetian Alps up to and beyond the clouds and standing among the giant boulders looked far over the Venetian plain, seeing from time to time a straggling village through a rift in the clouds, and the tops of

mountains scattered far and wide like dream islands in a forgotten sea. To the north lay rocks ending in pine-woods. Where the pines ended lay the front line, and ruined Asiago beyond. I watched a brigade marching back from its last fight.

In the flickering light of the fire the men with whom I had served passed by. What havoc war had wrought in that gallant company! Whatever else I might forget, I would always remember them. Ever I would hold in my heart the memory of the undaunted courage, the strength and gentleness of simple men whom I had known.

Dawn came at last, heralding a new life. I laid aside my memories, and set out across Wimbledon Common to the adventure of peace.

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II

SCHOLAR

THREE hundred years ago John Worfield made a will. He bequeathed an estate in Worcestershire so that his descendants for all time might be able to go to the University. An appreciation of the value of a University education was rare in the days of Charles I; in this matter John Worfield was in advance of the times. A keen student of human nature, he had discerned an abiding weakness in his family, a complete incapacity to make a living out of trade or industry. He gave to his descendants an opportunity to enter a profession, and for three centuries they have gratefully accepted it.

A Worfield Scholarship took me to Oxford in the spring term of 1919. I was not fired with a zeal for learning. I went to Oxford partly because I was in need of a holiday and partly because it offered me the opportunity of entering the Civil Service in which through the vision of John Worfield my family had for so long been able to make both ends meet.

The presence of my family in the professions and their absence from trade and industry is not to be attributed to the presence of altruism and the absence of mercenary motive. My family would be the first to admit their mercenary motives and their pride in a mercenary calling. They are not organized, as is the

modern departmental store, for "service". My grandfather went to India, but he did not go there to build an Empire. It was a good country, he observed, for a poor man. "I know," said a fellow-subaltern one night at the front, "I know that there is something that I would not do for money, but I can never remember what it is."

Oxford gave me an opportunity of entering the Civil Service; it offered me also a means of living until I could find employment. Four years before I had won a History Scholarship at The Queen's College. I had also the Worfield Scholarship. These brought in £130 a year. I could add to this from a wound gratuity and a war gratuity recently received, and live very comfortably. I did so.

On a bleak winter evening I caught the train at Paddington. I found myself sharing a compartment with Siegfried Sassoon, whom I did not know. He took my *Tatler* however, and as an afterthought handed me his *Daily Herald*. It was snowing at Oxford Station, and I found a cabman using his arms like a windmill to keep himself warm. "Are you Mr. Sassoon?" he asked. "No," I said, "but he is on the train. You can't mistake him." "Well," said the cabman, "I don't care how sassoon-oon-oon he comes."

It has been stated that I was idle at Rugby and very idle at Oxford. These statements are without foundation and should not have been made. I received very bad reports at Rugby, not on account of idleness, but on account of my dislike of modern ideas in education. After I had persuaded the Headmaster, Dr. David, to

exempt me wholly from Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, French, German and Gymnastics, the bad reports ceased. At Oxford I did not work, but this was by agreement with the dons. I gave an undertaking that I would work if I failed to pass into the Civil Service; in the meantime it was understood that I was in need of a holiday. I read one book at Oxford, Henry Clay's *Economics for the General Reader*. I cannot remember why.

In April the Civil Service Examination was held, and to the very great surprise of all, I passed. But I cannot dismiss from my mind a doubt on the question whether some accident did not occur in the transfer of the marks from the examination papers to the list of candidates. For I obtained an A in Mathematics, a subject which has always been a complete mystery to me, and a C in the English Essay, which annoyed me not a little as I had contributed during the war (when a soldier could get anything into print) to the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Mail*.

In the meantime I enjoyed Oxford exceedingly. My first term was a little incommoded by a very bad cold. The damp of an Oxford college proved more pernicious than all the exposure to which I had been subject in the war. But the summer term was idyllic. As I did not row, and had forgotten my cricket, I was able to spend long hours on the river in a punt.

Oxford at this time afforded very entertaining company. Colonels roamed the streets, pursued by Proctorial bulldogs. From the North Sea and Flanders, from Italy and Palestine and Mesopotamia, from

Russia and the Caspian Sea, Oxford received back her own. To Queen's returned Guy Woolley, who on Hill 60 four years before had won the first Victoria Cross of the Territorial Army; Godfrey Elton, one of the few to survive the Siege of Kut and the yet more horrible march of the prisoners into Asia Minor; Wilfred House, scholar of his college, commander of a battalion, with six decorations and medals at the age of twenty-three; B. L. Pearson, who took a M.C. in 1917, a D.S.O. in 1918, and a First in Greats in 1919; W. R. Bion, who won the D.S.O. and Legion of Honour before matriculating. The College was full of returned soldiers. They tried to look like undergraduates, but there was always something raffish about their appearance.

Later in the year, T. E. Lawrence came to All Souls, next door. His legendary exploits in Arabia exposed him to much petty persecution from lion-hunters, but not from his fellow-soldiers. They at least understood his desire for a little peace, a little freedom from responsibility. The lion-hunters were assured that war and romance were inseparable. Baulked of romance in the hideous squalor of the Somme and Passchendaele, they sought it in the gorgeous east and thought to find it in the spearhead of the Arab Revolt, the young subaltern who was offered the throne of Arabia. But the soldiers knew better. They knew that even the one triumphant hour in which, acclaimed by vast crowds, he rode into Damascus, had in it every element of bitterness. Already betrayal was at hand. They knew that a man may discharge great responsibilities, but yet be free

from ambition. "After I had been a few days in Cairo," wrote Lawrence in *Revolt in the Desert*, "my chief, General Clayton, told me to return to Arabia and Feisal. This being much against my grain I urged my complete unfitness for the job; said I hated responsibility—and that in all my life objects had been gladder to me than persons and ideas than objects." And yet many affected surprise, and even indignation, when Colonel Lawrence became Aircraftsman Shaw. The soldiers understood perfectly.

Yet, notwithstanding the presence of so many soldiers at Oxford, there was little if any talk about the war. They had no desire to exchange reminiscences and were more than careful not to pose before the young men straight from school as heroes or even as men of the world. It has been said that the young men who returned from the war were like boys with stones in their pockets, looking for windows to break. I saw no trace of this movement at Oxford. We had come from ugliness to beauty and we wanted to enjoy it. We had come from hardship to comfort and we frankly revelled in it. We had known, many of us all too early in life, the heavy burden of responsibility. We took delight in our freedom from that burden. The young men who had not been in the war were much given to lecturing the dons and to demanding new privileges. They haunted the Union and spoke in debates. But the survivors of the war went on their cheerful and irresponsible way. Many of them did, however, come out of their retirement to take part in a protest against the terms of the Treaty of Versailles.

In my brief time at Queen's I made many friendships and enjoyed every amenity of Oxford life. I was elected to the Taberdars' Committee, a body which acted as an intermediary between the Senior and Junior College. This created an impression in the minds of the Senior College that I was a person of importance and I was much entertained. Only those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the dons at Queen's can realize what that means. The Royal Commission on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were very indignant at the salary paid by Queen's to the cook. Queen's accepted their strictures with equanimity. He was worth every penny of it. Would the Commission like to examine the roll of the Hastings Exhibitioners? Did the Commission realize that long ago in the Middle Ages Betty Hastings had dined at the College, had dined so well that thirty Exhibitioners were supported year by year on the Hastings Foundation? The cook surpassed himself at the first Eaglet Dinner after the war. Guy Woolley, Steward of the Eaglet Club, had me elected just in time to enjoy it. I enjoyed it very much. Jerry Hawkesworth, who passed from the Grenadier Guards into Queen's, and on to West Africa, stole the Loving Cup and shared it with me in his rooms. After that I saw a rat running away from me and threw a glass of wine over it. Unhappily it was the Captain of the Cricket Eleven.

I read the lessons in Chapel and was asked by the Chaplain to remember that I was no longer in command of troops on parade. I took this much to heart. Somehow I was elected to the Gridiron Club. I

founded a club myself, which gave two very successful dances. The second led to my appearance before the Senior Proctor. I was a Steward at the Queen's College Ball in Eights Week. Who will ever forget his first Eights Week, and the gardens of an Oxford College under the light of the moon? Some one alleged that I had literary interests and had me elected to the Pater Society. I addressed the Society and afterwards was compelled to move that the report of my speech, which was as inaccurate as it was scandalous, should be expunged from the Minutes. The motion was lost. In the Pater Society I saw much of Arthur Bryant. He asserted that I had a marked resemblance to Charles II and that he intended to write a book on the subject. Several years later the book was written and achieved no little fame.

Arthur Bryant was at Oxford the laziest of my friends, in after life he became the most energetic. He took a teaching post in a school at Camden Town. The day at an end, he retired to the Dickens Library and was surrounded for three hours by the children of Somers Town. He then dined and went on to a dance nightly. Any one whom he met at a dance found herself in the Dickens Library the next evening with young Somers Town on each knee. This somewhat unusual life led to an attack of pneumonia from which he nearly died. He then retired to Cambridge as Principal of a School of Arts and Crafts, a post for which, as a historian, his qualifications were not immediately apparent, and rode up to London nightly on a motor bicycle to dine and dance. At twenty-five he saw the

light of wisdom. He married Sylvia Shakerley and moved to Oxford. There he acquired the art of writing serious historical matter on his knees in a train. When in London he lived in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. I always rang him up from the office. It gave the telephone operator much pleasure and a completely false picture of my social position.

Arthur Bryant was not the only Queen's man of this time to achieve literary fame. The Queen's College Miscellany, published in 1920, also included the work of Edmund Blunden, Alan Porter, Louis Golding and Godfrey Elton. The Miscellany was quaintly out of keeping with contemporary taste. Most of it was purely lyrical in character and there was hardly any attempt at the expression in rhyme of the horrors of war.

My friends at Oxford were many, but as is the way at Oxford, the friendships were of all too short duration. The Sudan, South America, and West Africa, claimed one after another of my friends, and the wounds of war continued to take their toll. But none the less my two terms at Oxford were fruitful in abiding friendships, and were worth while on that as on many other counts. I have known many who were profoundly unhappy at school, and would not live through again their school days under any consideration. But I have never met any one who would not willingly have again his time at Oxford.

III

CIVIL SERVANT

TERM ended, I went to Cornwall for a holiday. I had hardly arrived when a telegram overtook me. I was to report at the Board of Education at once. At the price of spending midnight to 4 a.m. in a waiting-room at Bristol Station I succeeded in obeying the summons. I could hardly believe that the Board of Education had any immediate use for my services, and indeed they had not. But at that time officials were paid on the 22nd of the month, and my arrival on the right day saved an intricate mathematical calculation. On July 22nd I arrived.

The officials were more than kind to me, but it could not be disguised that I arrived under a cloud. I was the first who ever burst into the Board of Education by competitive examination. Last of the patronage offices, the Board was the perfect club. The President, the Secretary, the Accountant General, were all Wykehamists.

The Board could point to a distinguished staff as a full justification for the patronage system; it could point also to a heroic past. Had not Frederick Temple given some of the best years of his life to the Board while on his way to the Archbishopric of Canterbury? Had it not nourished generations of poets: Arthur Hugh

Clough, Matthew Arnold, no less than four Professors of Poetry in the University of Oxford? But with the coming of the new century poetry began to languish. One of the most graceful of modern poets addressed a minute to the secretary complaining that he was over-worked. The secretary came to see him. The poet was asleep. When he awoke, he found his minute on his desk, and the legend *Seen* with the initials of the secretary below. The Board ceased to be a home of the muses. The minutes lost their literary quality.

The Education Act of 1902, and the secretaryship of Sir Robert Morant, led to great changes. Business was speeded up. The Reading Room of the British Museum and the London Library lost many a familiar figure. Sir Robert Morant emulated his distinguished predecessor Kay-Shuttleworth, and worked twelve hours a day. In 1918 another Education Act was passed, and the staff again settled down to work twelve hours a day.

The Education Act of 1870 had made Elementary Education universal. The Act of 1902 enfranchised the clever boy in the Elementary School. It opened wide to him the door of Secondary Education. He might continue his education to sixteen, or even eighteen. He might find his way to the University. The Act of 1918 made provision for his less gifted, or less fortunate, brother. The Day Continuation School would receive him for 320 hours a year to the age of sixteen, and in time to the age of eighteen. Cast into the world of commerce and industry in childhood, he would not lose all touch with education. The counting-house, or the

factory, would release him for one morning and one afternoon a week.

I found myself in the department which was charged with bringing the Day Continuation School into being, and in possession of a Memorandum by John Dover Wilson which captured my enthusiasm. Dover Wilson had the highest hopes of the Continuation School. He saw a new humanism. He quoted Walt Whitman and William Morris. "Limited," he wrote, "as is his scope, imperfect as are his tools, the humanistic teacher has incalculable opportunities placed in his hands. He may become—he must become, unless he fails to rise to the height of his occasion—the founder of a new culture. . . . The learned and cultivated in our day are still largely living on Renaissance memories; 'the people' have no culture because they have forgotten how to sing at their work and because that work has no meaning for them, no place in the scheme of human salvation. Thus the paramount need of modern civilization is to make work at once significant and joyous, and until that is accomplished we shall remain as we are at present, a society wonderful in scientific achievement, but spiritually barbaric and socially anarchic—in short, a civilization without culture, since culture implies not merely taste and beauty, but also political stability. Such a culture will assuredly come. The human spirit has been thrown off its balance by the magnitude and rapidity of that material transformation of the globe which we call the Industrial Revolution; but it will regain its tranquillity and begin to sing once more."

Every word of this I believed. But the Board of Education was less convinced. "It should be understood," ran the prefatory note, "that the views expressed in the pamphlet are personal to Mr. Wilson and not necessarily those of the Board." The Day Continuation School died under the stroke of the Geddes Axe.

I moved on to other duties. The State Art Examinations claimed some of my time. Walter Bayes was Chairman of the Art Examiners, and with his colleagues, Philip Connard and later E. Barnard Lintott, I had a hilarious time. My duty was that of recording marks, and my opinion was not sought except when it came to judging the drawings from the nude. In this matter I was called in, and Walter Bayes informed the Board that he attached the greatest value to my judgment. One year there was an unprecedented number of passes in the examination. Lintott had sold a picture on the last morning of the judging and had entertained us to lunch.

I acted also as intermediary between the Board of Education and the Royal College of Art. This had many amenities, chief among them that I could claim the friendship of Will Rothenstein. On Sunday evenings at his house on Campden Hill I met a delightful company. Alone among them I had no claim to a place in the world of literature or art, but I received no less kindly a welcome. There I spent an enchanting evening with Max Beerbohm. It was as memorable to me as

to him had been his lunch with Swinburne and Theodore Watts Dunton at No. 2, The Pines, the subject of the most delightful of his essays in *And Even Now*. There I read some of his unpublished poems and aphorisms; there I saw the precious *Shropshire Lad*, given by Housman to Rothenstein and embellished by Max Beerbohm with a drawing and a supplementary poem.

The Board of Education gave me my friendship with Will Rothenstein and other artists. Good fortune attended me in other ways. A chance meeting renewed a friendship made in the early days of the war and secured my election to a dining club which numbered several men of literary note. One evening I had as my neighbour Walter de la Mare, and spent two hours in fairyland. I dined with Arnold Bennett in a flat near Hanover Square. It was a quaint party; every one talked French. Arnold Bennett spoke French with an amazing fluency and a marked Staffordshire accent. He had to do all the talking, as I could not compete. Although I have little difficulty in talking French in France, I am never able to speak it in England.

In the meantime I was enjoying London life to the full. I danced, and to a young man in London who is willing to dance every door is open. I was poor, but what did it matter? I could not afford taxis, but I was not too tired to walk. If I left a dance early, I could catch a bus. I loved London passionately always, but never more than late at night when the half-filled

streets slipped by to the purring of the engines, and the lights of passing cars blended with the street lamps to bathe the pavements in liquid, fantastic splendour, like a harbour seen from an outgoing ship. The Green Park hurried by, glittering grey, and the quadriga at Hyde Park Corner was magnificent, silhouetted against the full moon. Knightsbridge and Kensington Gore slipped past in the stream of lights, and all too soon Kensington Church loomed in dark majesty, beckoning me home.

For a time I moved in polite society, indeed at one time in very polite society, yet I felt that I had no real place in that world. On one evening when a very august lady was asking me, very kindly, of my work and interests, I wondered if she would be interested to know that I had just arrived from Fulham where an hour before I had cooked my dinner, two sausages, on a gas stove.

Increasing work in the Board of Education brought all this to an end. I could not dance all night and work all day. I passed out of polite society. After several years I returned to it for one morning to attend a *Levéé*, and for one evening to attend a Court. The fascination which I had felt as a very young man had not abated with the passing of time and with much travel in far lands. I love the pageantry of Court and *Levéé*, the gay colours of the Diplomatic Corps and of the Services, of the Yeomen of the Guard and the Gentlemen-at-Arms. Still more do I love the dignity, and the grace of manner, which has power to set the most shy of guests at ease. Modern democracy seems to take a pride

in the drabness of its public occasions, and advanced opinions tend to associate civic virtue with indifferent food, ill-fitting clothes and bad manners. I cannot see that there is any association, and I am sure that from the practical standpoint of securing acceptance of advanced opinions by working men and women it is a very great mistake. Those who live in drab streets are starved for colour. Pageantry makes an immediate appeal to them. Those who all their lives have been exposed to the caprice of employer and foreman are the first to appreciate good manners. It is said that a Court is a parade of wealth. It is no such thing, and wealth cannot command admittance. It is much more a parade of service to the State, and hardly any guest is without decoration or medal which attests that service. Every country has its own standard of dignity and good manners. In England it is set by the Court. In countries which have discarded ceremonial it is usually set by wealth. The Court seems to me to have the greater qualification and the advantage of several hundred years of experience.

My love of colour and pageantry was easy to gratify in these early days in London. The Russian Ballet was at the Alhambra; I fell under its spell, and have never escaped from it. I am the rarest of visitors to the theatre, but I have never missed a performance of the Russian Ballet which it was within my power to attend. The Ballet moved from the Alhambra to the Empire, from the Empire to the Opera, from the Opera to Princes.

The gallery at the Opera was very high, but at Princes it was very low, and for a shilling I could buy an admirable seat and there spend three hours in an enchanted world. The passing of time has had no power to dim my memories of those halcyon days. I still can see Karsavina and Massine in *The Three Cornered Hat*, Lopokova and Idzikovsky in *Carnaval*, Lopokova in *The Good-Humoured Ladies*, and *Sylphides*, and *Boutique Fantasque*, Tchernicheva in the Polovtsian Dances of *Prince Igor*. The fascination of these early days made me a little unappreciative of Diaghileff's later ballets. I have seen some forty ballets, most of them many times, but I have never found any that I loved better than those which I have named.

The death of Serge Diaghileff put me into mourning. Never, I thought, will this enchantment return. One day I saw a notice, Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo. I had no high hopes, but I took tickets for the first night. The curtain went up on *Sylphides*. I scanned my programme. Who was this new dancer that could match the old? Tatiana Riabouchinska. The curtain went down. The Alhambra buzzed with excitement. The curtain rose again. *Presages*. Baronova as Passion, Verchinina as Action. *Beau Danube*. Danilova the Street Dancer, Massine the Hussar. The audience went wild. Excited as I had not been for years, I sat up for hours. I could not allow this day to end.

The scenery of *Beau Danube* was painted by my friend Vladimir Polunin, and through him I had the pleasure, denied to me in the earlier days, of meeting the artists. I watched a performance of *Presages* from

the wings, and learned what an infinity of hard work and how much discipline lies behind the apparent ease of the dancer's art. The last night at the Alhambra was one long triumph. The dancers were recalled again and again. I went behind with Polunin. We visited each artist and spoke a few words of congratulation. But there was no triumph in their faces, only an overwhelming weariness. The creative artist must find his happiness in achievement and not in applause. For the achievement exhausts him in such measure that the hour of triumph is barren and without meaning.

Much of this I learned from Henry Tonks, to whom I was of some little service when he was Slade Professor of Fine Art at University College. On his retirement, I saved him, to his undying gratitude, from the public applause which his thirty-seven years of distinguished work in the Slade School fully merited. The Honorary Fellowship of University College was conferred on him *in absentia*. When at last he was free from the burden of teaching and could devote all of his time to his art, he wrote me many letters to express his sense of relief. "To be always with other people," he wrote, "torn to pieces as it were by them, is unbearable at last; they have no mercy. I hardly know how I found time to paint and draw. You will find that to have something to do which is more than a duty, in fact an obsession, does away with all feelings of age and a sense of being put on one side. I feel younger than I have for years. I am laying in a stock of *remarkable* wine."

The wine was certainly remarkable. But I have had much luck in the matter of wine. My education has

been attended to by several masters. I have attended courses of illustrated lectures by Professor Edmund Garwood in the far-famed cellars of the United University Club and by Gilbert Laithwaite at the New University Club. The company was always as good as the wine. Explorer, mountaineer, geologist, Garwood entertained me in the distinguished company of the Alpine Club and the Dining Club of the Royal Geographical Society. Laithwaite entertained me in the company of Maurice Healy, prince of diners-out. At one dinner party Maurice Healy achieved a remarkable feat. He talked me down, a very difficult task, and then disposed of Middleton Murry. I bore no ill-will. Maurice Healy in full voice can make any evening memorable. Middleton Murry went to sleep.

Not all of my leisure was spent in the West End. I was enticed to Oxford House in Bethnal Green by Vernon Maynard, a Welsh Fusilier whose gratitude I had earned by the loan of *The Oxford Book of English Verse* to beguile the tedium of a camp at Rouen. Returning from the war, he repaid his debt of gratitude by inviting me to dine at Oxford House. I walked straight into the trap. Betrayed by his genial society and that of Michael Seymour, I found myself an hour later in the Chair at a meeting of the committee of the Boat Club. Bow had been dropped from the boat and formally moved a vote of censure on the Captain. I had no idea how a committee worked, and owing to my ignorance the proceedings terminated without the

motion having been put to the meeting. But I learned then, and a hundred times since, that a respect for the tradition of fair speech and fair play is at its strongest among the poorest of the land.

I learned also something of the real meaning of unemployment. After a brief time in Bethnal Green and in Bermondsey I was no longer able to believe in the reputed attractions of life on the dole. I saw something of the waste of human spirit in the heartbreaking daily search for employment. In a club-room in a dark alley looking out on the Pool of London I heard, at evening prayers, a new and unfamiliar prayer. "Lord, grant jobs to us and to our friends."

This was no easy time for those who had any interest in the problems of wealth and poverty. The Railway Strike of the first winter after the war caught me in the flood-tide of disillusion. I wrote a foolish article. "And yet what is this new world which we are told we bought with our blood? In comradeship we lived together, employers and employed, of every class and faith. We talked together through many a weary night, and we told ourselves that after the war these men should have a better life. We loved them and we knew that they trusted us. And now we have returned to find that we are at once in the grip of some remorseless machine that severs us. We are hitched to the car of plutocratic ambition and tyranny, while our men in self-defence become unconscious dupes of anarchy. We were comrades in death, it seems that we cannot be in life."

Foolish words, no doubt, but the problem of a

divided loyalty was very real to those who had to listen in the winter of 1919 to exhortations as to "a fight to a finish" and to other language which had done duty for so long to encourage hatred of a foreign foe.

This spirit found little favour in the officials of the Board of Education, and none in the President, Herbert Fisher. He was fond of telling a story of a visit to a northern town, to which he had been called to act as intermediary in an impending strike. He saw the Trade Union leaders and listened to an oration on the wickedness of employers. "Mind you," the orator concluded, "I am not talking about the employers of this town. As employers go, they are not a bad lot." He then went on to see the Employers' Committee and heard much of the idleness and avarice of the working classes. "Mind you," concluded the chairman, "I am not referring to the working people in my factory. They are quite exceptional, and I won't hear a word against them."

His term of office as President was happier in the beginning than in the end. Summoned to his high office to promote the cause of education, he had the pleasure of introducing the Education Act of 1918 before an applauding House of Commons. He set himself to commend the profession of teaching to the country. He addressed the teachers.

"Give all thou canst. High heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less and more."

But the temper of the country changed, and the concluding months of his term of office were charged

with the hard bargaining of the Burnham Scales and the activities of the Geddes Committee. The Geddes Report came out. "You can roll up that map of education," said an official to me, "it will not be wanted these ten years."

Herbert Fisher was very good to me. He gave me, within two years of my appointment, the secretaryship of the Adult Education Committee. Ten years later, when Warden of New College, he wrote offering to support my candidature if I chose to stand for the Registrarship of the University of Oxford. I had negligible qualifications for the post. I was not even a graduate. But his warm support carried me as far as the last stage, when Congregation, asked to choose between me and another candidate, had no hesitation in choosing the better man.

The Adult Education Committee came into being owing to the bewilderment of the Board of Education at the number of bodies purporting to promote the liberal education of adults. There were so many, and the Board knew so little about them. In accordance with age-long tradition, a state of bewilderment was resolved by the appointment of a committee, and everybody felt happy again. The Board looked up their files and put every one on the committee who had written to the Board and might do so again. The committee numbered thirty-seven at the outset and grew rapidly larger.

My first task was to learn exactly what Adult Education was, and in this I had every assistance from the labours of a previous Committee which, appointed by the Ministry of Reconstruction and meeting under the distinguished chairmanship of A. L. Smith, the Master of Balliol, had surveyed Adult Education in its every aspect.

Adult Education in England and Wales has expressed a variety of interests during the last two centuries. On one side its basis is essentially religious. The earliest record is a circular issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1711, recommending the establishment of evening schools for adults, and during the eighteenth century this Society and the Society of Friends carried on the work alone. Their success was most evident in Wales, where, during twenty-three years, 150,000 students were enrolled. This religious basis survives to-day in the work of the National Adult School Union, and in certain of the Educational Settlements which are intimately connected with the Society of Friends.

In the nineteenth century philanthropy was, to some extent, supplemented by political apprehension. This gave place in the industrial towns to the conception of self-help, which found expression in the Mechanics' Institutes and the Co-operative Movement. Later, the Working Men's Colleges and the University Extension Movement introduced a further conception, the disinterested pursuit of knowledge as a means to a fuller life. The students who supported these movements were, in the main, skilled artisans and clerks, though

the University Extension Movement rapidly became absorbed by a more leisured class.

To these early movements individual university men rendered great services, but the active participation of the universities as such did not begin until the University Extension Movement was brought into being by Dr. James Stuart at Cambridge sixty years ago. Until 1924 this movement was virtually confined to the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and London. Some three hundred courses of lectures were organized each year, and the teaching was of a high standard, within the limits necessarily imposed by the system of lectures delivered to large audiences. In 1924, under the influence of the new Adult Education Regulations of the Board, University Extension Courses became of a rather different character, attendance at lectures being more generally associated with classwork and the writing of essays.

In 1903 the Workers' Educational Association was founded to meet the needs of the many working men who were willing and anxious to embark on serious courses of study. Albert Mansbridge was the first secretary. The University Extension Movement included at that time many working-class students, and does so still, but the management of the movement in many areas was in the hands of the middle classes, and the subjects chosen were often not such as to appeal to men and women engaged in manual labour. The University Extension Movement, moreover, provided lectures to large audiences. The Workers' Educational Association required a more intimate relation between teacher and

taught. The teachers were termed Tutors and a special form of class was inaugurated and entitled the University Tutorial Class. In this, part of the time is devoted to a lecture, and part to discussion and criticism. The number of students is limited, essays are exacted, and the students must give a pledge to attend for three years.

The first University Tutorial Class was held by R. H. Tawney under the ægis of the University of Oxford in 1907. Now every University and University College has a Joint Committee composed of representatives of the University and the Association. The movement has been very well served by its tutors. The students have been drawn, in the main, from that part of the community, skilled artisans, clerks and teachers, which supported the earlier movements.

The Workers' Educational Association was very fortunate in that, at the time of its foundation, it enlisted the sympathy of Sir Robert Morant, then Secretary of the Board of Education. From the outset the Association received every encouragement, and grants on a liberal scale. Regulations were drawn up specifically to encourage the formation of classes and, at the same time, to maintain their standard. Briefly, the Board of Education offered to pay three-quarters of the salary of the tutor of each class, provided that certain standards as to the number of meetings, the quality of instruction, the regularity of attendance and the setting of essays were observed. The growth of the movement was dependent solely on the ability of the Association to find the requisite funds to pay a quarter of the tutor's salary and the expenses of administration.

In practice, the quarter of the tutor's salary was frequently provided by the Local Education Authorities or by the Universities. The growth of the movement in these circumstances was rapid. By the year 1930-31 there were 1,000 classes under the University Extension Boards and Joint Committees for Tutorial Classes imposing a high standard of attendance and written work (612 of them being three-year classes), and 1,060 others of shorter duration which were deemed by the Board of Education to have attained the requisite standard to receive grants.

In this development the Adult Education Committee may claim to have taken some small part. Certainly it did not fail in activity. In six years it published nine reports. The reports covered a wide field; the Committee numbered 37, but there was never a minority report nor minute of dissent. The dignity and authority of the Chairman, and the fact that few of the members had time to read the reports before publication, contributed to this useful result. The Stationery Office published these reports, and has kindly allowed me to refer to them at some length.

The first Chairman of the Committee was William Temple, at that time Bishop of Manchester. Pressure of work led to his resignation after a few months, but in the meantime I had found the best of friends. In his company I dined at a strange assortment of places, the Cavendish Club, Lambeth Palace, and the Café Royal, in each of which he was wholly at ease. On one occasion I lent him the sum of one penny to pay his bus fare home. Years later I lent Lord Chelmsford a

penny for the same purpose. England is often pictured as divided into warring classes. But it is hard to find the class war in a London bus, in which Archbishops and Viceroy's are discovered arguing about cricket with the bus-conductor. I have travelled far but I have never found a more true democracy than that of the London bus. Nor have I found a better man than the London bus-conductor, cheerful in any weather and under any provocation, a true philosopher. His only rival is the London policeman. On one occasion my friend James Wilkie found the whole of the traffic in Trafalgar Square held up. He traced the cause in Northumberland Avenue. A kitten had been discovered on the island in the middle. All the traffic was stopped by the policeman. The Grand Hotel cat then made a majestic passage to the island, and returned with the kitten in its mouth.

I learned, when very young, of the kindness of my country. My family was far away in India. I lived with relatives, and passed from one to another by rail, in the guard's van. The guards made me very much at home. But once on a journey from Dorset to London, I was lost. The trains on the Somerset and Dorset Joint Railway were never known to make the connection with the London and South Western expresses at Templecombe. It was always understood that one travelled by the next train. But on a historic occasion the connection was made. I made it. I arrived in my guard's van at Waterloo. There was no one to meet me. The vast wilderness of Waterloo Station surrounded me. I yielded to despair. I sat on my pilgrim's basket and

wiped furtive tears from my face. A kindly porter adopted me. He took my pilgrim's basket to a four-wheeled cab. He persuaded the cab-driver to take the chance of driving a penniless small boy to a remote address in Hampstead. I have never been able to think ill of a railwayman since.

The kindness of England is a great obstacle in the path of the revolutionary. He complains that the English are half-witted. They do not apprehend his ideas, nor accept his aims. In fact many Englishmen are well able to understand his ideas and have every sympathy with his aims; but they know that revolution means judicial murder and other barbarities, and they hold that even the poorest Englishman may well pause before accepting certain loss in exchange for doubtful gain, the certain loss of the kindness of England as compared with the doubtful gain of a new social order imposed by force.

The genius of Bernard Shaw has given to us the point of view of the revolutionary in the words of Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress. "I say that if the people cannot govern themselves, they must be governed by somebody. If they will not do their duty without being half forced and half humbugged, somebody must force them and humbug them. Some energetic and capable minority must always be in power. Well, I am on the side of the energetic minority whose principles I agree with. The Revolution is as cruel as we were; but its aims are my aims. Therefore I stand for the Revolution."

If Annajanska had come to England, she might have

had a lively time expounding her principles to that energetic majority of the English people who have a vulgar prejudice against cruelty in any form.

I saw less of William Temple after he resigned the chairmanship of the Committee. Some years later I had hopes of a renewed association in the Commission appointed by the Archbishops to report on Religious Education. On his recommendation, the Archbishop of Canterbury offered me the secretaryship of the Committee. I did not feel that I was the proper person to hold such an appointment, but my uneasy conscience was set at rest. Lord Eustace Percy, then President of the Board, ruled that my acceptance of the post would be against public policy. He was right.

William Temple was succeeded in the chairmanship by Canon Parry, the vice-master of Trinity, Cambridge. His Atlantean shoulders supported the arduous burden of carrying the reports which I wrote through the Committee. The plea of discussing the reports led to many week-ends at Cambridge. Guest of the vice-master in the hall and combination room of Trinity, his companion on walks under the elms by the banks of the Cam, I was nearly seduced from my allegiance to Oxford. Had it not been that the best of mothers lived there, I might well have fallen away.

Albert Mansbridge was vice-chairman. I knew him by repute as a founder of the Workers' Educational Association, of the National Central Library, and of a dozen other great enterprises in the field of adult

education. I found him bigger than his enterprises, orator and prophet, counsellor and friend. The Committee gave me other friends also. Lady Mabel Smith arrived, a high dignitary in the Labour Party in Yorkshire, once Lady Mabel Fitzwilliam and well known in the hunting field. She explained to the Committee that she had had no other education. From Yorkshire also came G. H. Thompson, a joiner from Leeds, who helped me much in the drafting of the early reports, and whose departure for New Zealand I greatly regretted.

The Committee threw off two reports in the first few months and then settled down to a study of adult education in rural areas. This brought me into touch with Lionel Ellis, the Secretary of the National Council of Social Service. Lionel Ellis, a captain in the Welsh Guards, had already made an extraordinary success of a Council, which in other hands might well have been a monument of good-natured chatter unaccompanied by positive achievement. In his cheerful company, societies for the betterment of the social order found that they had much in common, and co-operated in a quite unprecedented way. The first fruits of the new co-operation were the Rural Community Councils. The Adult Education Committee blessed them in its Report. The Carnegie Trustees found the money. Ellis in gratitude put me on the Rural Advisory Committee of the National Council of Social Service and later as an afterthought on the Council of the National Association of Boys' Clubs. In neither capacity did I serve any useful purpose. I had no experience of boys' clubs worth

mentioning. My only experience had been an attempt to produce *Macbeth* at a boys' club in Westminster. Unhappily Lady Macbeth was discovered playing billiards at a time when she should have been murdering Duncan.

At this time also the Committee thought that I had better interest myself in the possibilities of using broadcasting for the purposes of adult education. Broadcasting had just come in. I wrote a long memorandum and sent it to Sir John Reith. An interview at Savoy Hill followed. It began at 12 midday. At two o'clock Reith sent for some sandwiches. Fortified by the sandwiches I lasted another hour. We then parted, still registering disagreement on almost every point. But Reith had a forgiving nature. He appointed a Committee on Broadcasting and Adult Education and made me a member. I served quite a useful purpose. I had never listened in. (Even now I do not possess a wireless set.) The B.B.C. officials could not believe that any one could be so ignorant of the new language of heterodyne and kilocycle. I was regarded as the lowest possible intelligence to be met among the listening public, and if I understood the memoranda which Eckersley read to the committee, they were passed for universal distribution.

The Committee then embarked on adult education for women. I retired to a public house in Gloucestershire to write the report. I was rather pleased with the last paragraph of the report, and read it with great unction. It ran as follows:

"Mrs. Arnold Glover, in her evidence, spoke of the

capacity of the working-girl to-day and used the words, 'It is almost an Elizabethan period.' This is indeed the epitome of the surest of our conclusions and it is on this note that we close our report. We believe that the instinct for better things, for beauty, for the 'colour and warmth and light', to which life of every kind is ever striving, is innate in all and can with sympathy be awakened even in darkest England and under the most adverse conditions, and that it is through the fostering of this instinct that our present discontents, of rich and poor alike, can find relief and our national life be rebuilt on a basis of mutual co-operation and goodwill."

The chairman looked puzzled. "What was that you said about the surest of your conclusions?" he asked. "Epitome," I said proudly. "It does not rhyme with Rome," he said sadly.

The Committee began to stray on the confines of its terms of reference and produced a report on British Music. I had no qualifications for writing the report; indeed, I recognize the National Anthem with great difficulty and I am often asked not to sing. But an army of expert witnesses was collected, and gave of their best. I took the precaution of submitting the manuscript of the report to Sir Henry Hadow, Adrian Boult and other musicians, and they very kindly removed the more glaring errors.

British music has a curious history. The long period of musical decadence in the life of a country which

was at one time famous for its music is hard to explain. It must always be a subject of legitimate pride and of encouragement for the future that for at least one great period in our history our music could compare favourably with that of any country in Europe. English musicians were pioneers in the art of writing polyphonic music. Henry V took his "chapel"—that is, his choir—to accompany him on the Agincourt campaign. Henry VI took pride and pleasure in his "chapel" at Windsor, which rivalled Rome for its singing.

If in the next generation the supremacy passed to the Flemings, by the middle of the next century there was arising a galaxy of musical talent which brought England to the front rank during the Elizabethan age. From Tallis and Christopher Tye to Byrd and Orlando Gibbons there was a wonderful efflorescence of the musical art in England, which can even bear comparison with the greatness of that age in the field of English literature. The Elizabethan age was also remarkable for the attention paid to music and musical performance in the education of an Englishman. A man who could not take his part in a madrigal was regarded as curiously uneducated. Nor did this great tradition disappear for some generations. The greatest musical genius of English birth was yet to appear in Purcell, who was born in 1658, and no great English poet has spoken of music with more evident sympathy and understanding than Milton.

With the death of Purcell, however, English music declined. Foreign influences were in the ascendant;

amateurs became spectators of fashionable entertainments and ceased to be competent performers, and the leading men of letters at the beginning of the eighteenth century had little regard for an art which in England was fast losing its intellectual quality.

Fortified by this assurance of our noble past, we found an explanation of the phenomenon why to-day the jazz band in the West End is answered by the cheap gramophone in the East. We asserted that the people did not demand bad music; they were given it. When offered a choice of good music or bad music, they chose the good. We alleged that in the last fifty years the long dominance of foreign tradition and influence had been undermined, the treasures of our folk songs and Tudor music had been restored to us, an English school of composition had arisen equal to that of any other country, and the choral festivals had multiplied, bringing into the remotest districts a new and noble interest. We claimed for music the full rights of intellectual citizenship, and concluded by the assertion that no art could have a greater or more ennobling influence on the life and destinies of a nation.

These sentiments met with popular approval. We had printed a thousand copies of Reports I and II, and two thousand of Reports III and IV. British Music ran to nearly five thousand.

British Music was followed by a report on *The Drama in Adult Education* which took us far outside our terms of reference, but was great fun. Here again

with the skilled assistance of Miss Grace Hadow, Professor Morgan and Professor Allardyce Nicoll we found that we had a heroic past justifying our hopes of a noble present.

The history of the dramatic art in England is as quaint as that of music. The dramatic art in medieval times enjoyed the full patronage of the Church. There were three stages: the liturgical mystery at church festivals, which was used to bring the reality of scriptural events more clearly before the people; the miracle play, which recounted the lives of the Saints; and finally the morality, which was allegorical in character, and personified virtues and vices. The mysteries and miracle plays were given first inside and then outside churches. The vulgar tongue crept in, and with it the comic element, Herod and the devil becoming characters of farce.

The plays themselves established a new tradition of tragi-comedy. In essence they were tragic; they dealt with such mysteries as the Fall of Man, the Redemption, the Martyrdom of the Saints. But to the medieval mind these were on a level with contemporary events. To represent the Bible characters as Jews would have seemed to them blasphemous; Noah was as familiar a figure as Chaucer's John. "And of his craft he was a carpenter." The shepherds who came to worship the Child Jesus were English peasants whose gifts were a bob of cherries or a pipe or mittens or a ball. The spirit which carved comic figures in our chancels, which delighted to show the fox preaching to the geese, or the cat chasing a mouse, found vent in these plays. The

devils are almost always comic characters who push and pull Adam and Eve to hell, and "call aloud to each other with glee . . . and clash their pots and kettles that they may be heard without," or carry the sinful souls off pick-a-back; Noah and his wife come to blows with broomsticks; Saul's servant has a squabble with the "gentrylmanys servuuant" whom he takes for an ostler at the inn where they bait on the road down to Damascus; the rogue Mak is tossed in a blanket for sheep-stealing just before the angels appear to announce the birth of Christ.

By Elizabethan times, therefore, we had a long tradition of a drama closely akin to everyday life; a mixture of tragedy and comedy. The representation of these plays had gradually become more and more elaborate. At Canterbury not only had they carts, wheels, a mitre, two bags of leather containing blood, and other properties for their great play *The Martyrdom of St. Thomas*, but they even produced an Angel (price 22*d.*) who flapped his wings as he turned on a hidden wynch greased with soap.

The great turning point of English drama came with the establishment of professional actors, of theatres, of blank verse as a medium of expression, and with the division of plays into acts and scenes. But while drama ceased to be the simple production of unlettered people as part of their own normal life, it neither lost its hold upon them, nor became too remote. That the audience took a sometimes embarrassingly lively interest in the performance is sufficiently proved by Edmund Gayton's account of the theatre in his youth: "I have known

upon one of these festivals, but especially at Shrovetide, where the players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bills to the contrary, to act what the major part of the company had a mind to; sometimes *Tamerraine*, sometimes *Jugurth*, sometimes *The Jew of Malta*, and sometimes parts of all these; at last, none of the three taking, they were forced to undress and put off their tragic habits and conclude the day with *The Merry Milkmaids*. And unless this were done and the popular humour satisfied, as sometimes it so fortuneed that the players were refractory, the benches, the tiles, the laths, the stones, oranges, apples, nuts flew about most liberally; as these were mechanics of all professions who fell every one to his own trade and dissolved a house in an instant and made a ruin of a stately fabric."

In the succeeding centuries the popular appeal of the drama is less clearly established. Even in the Elizabethan period there was a powerful faction which feared and hated the theatre, less perhaps on account of the inherent wickedness of dramatic performances as such (certain of the puritans themselves wrote moralities) than on account of its attendant evils. A more serious objection was that of the city fathers who viewed with alarm the cheerful and not infrequently riotous crowds who collected to see plays, and who looked upon such gatherings, perhaps not unreasonably, as a means of spreading the plague. The Court fashion for masques and the inordinate sums spent on their production under the Stuarts must have done much to intensify Puritan dislike for the stage, and it

is not surprising that theatres were suppressed under the Commonwealth, though the suppression was evidently not easily effected, and as late as 1648 it was found necessary for a party of soldiers to raid the Cock-pit "and carry away the actors in their habits" to prison.

During the forty years however between 1660 and 1700 there was a greater divorce between the people and the theatre than in any other period. The people who attended were, in the main, the aristocrats and middle-class people, such as Pepys, who desired to advance themselves with the Court party, and the citizens in general appeared to regard the Playhouse as a place of scandal. Few signs of change are evident before the beginning of the eighteenth century, but gradually the bar of distinction between the courtiers and the people was breaking down. Intermarriage between the two classes became more common, and the theatre was influenced by the "moral" reform established in the reign of Queen Anne. The theatres still remained centres of fashion, but they were no longer toys of the Court party, and there was an endeavour to substitute moral doctrine for the immoral laughter of previous times.

By the act passed in 1737, the number of theatres was theoretically limited, but in practice the act had not the full effect it appeared to have. Regular theatres such as that at Goodman's Fields still continued with the production of tragedy and of comedy, disguising the performances under the veil of "Concerts" or "Tea Parties". Other houses of entertainment gave

numerous ballets and pantomimes and what were virtually musical comedies. Countless theatres reared their heads in the various provincial centres. At the same time, the "patent" theatres were considerably enlarged, the managers evidently being conscious of the demand for seating accommodation. Many prologues and epilogues of the late eighteenth century speak of the divisions of the house; the pit (i.e., pit and stalls) being frequented by a 'thinking' public, evidently the more sober-minded among the aristocracy and upper middle-class; the boxes being filled by fashionable ladies; and the upper galleries being clamorous with the demands of a genuinely popular audience. The musical drama and the melodrama of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were forms of dramatic art devised unconsciously to meet the requirements of all these sections of the theatrical community.

In the early nineteenth century, a certain air of fashionable abandon came to cling once more to certain portions of the theatre. The "Bucks" and "Corinthians" of the Regency often found here a happy hunting ground. But even when licence was permitted in box or stall, the ordinary people continued to patronize the theatres. There was never the atmosphere which surrounded the play-houses in the days of Charles II.

In 1843 "patents" were abolished and, with the new regulations governing theatres, many playhouses sprang up in the latter half of the nineteenth century, giving greater scope to the popular demand, and this

tradition has been carried on to our own times. The abolition of the "patent" theatres did not, from one point of view, conduce to the benefit of the drama. The patentees, when they were in any sense public-spirited men, felt themselves under some obligation to keep Shakespeare and the classical repertory alive. Covent Garden and Drury Lane then had some claim to be called National Theatres.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century two developments took place. One was the decline of the old stock companies, the other the emergence of a new school of dramatists, whose plays represented a great advance on those of the first half of the century. The decline of the stock companies was due in some measure to the new drama, to which they were unable to adapt themselves, but it was also largely influenced by the improvement in communications. It is of interest that the "stock company" shows every sign of revival at the present time.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century there came into prominence "the play of ideas," largely under the influence of Ibsen and Shaw, which became the medium for expressing the social and economic ideals of a growing section of working-class opinion, and thus tended to give the drama an even wider appeal.

"In one field of art," wrote Miss Hadow, "there can be no question not only of the unchallenged greatness of English production, but of the spontaneous and wide-spread response its practice invokes in English people of all types. From the days when our fore-

fathers performed their ritual dances, or enacted rude representations of myth or history, down to the present, there has never been a time when drama in some form has not made a popular appeal. It may be necessary to persuade people that they enjoy a concert, to cajole them out of neglect of that choral singing which was once our pride; but the mere announcement of almost any play will fill a village hall. Not even Puritanism could keep Milton from writing *Masques*, or make Cromwell himself condemn that solemn recitation of verse to music which proved the forerunner of English opera. The history of the drama is indeed interwoven with the history of our nation. With us, as with the Greeks, drama proved the most direct and effective method of religious instruction; the natural vehicle for satire; the popular picture of contemporary life and manners."

Having heard this satisfactory testimony, the Committee sought confirmation in a great number of witnesses. There were many pitfalls, but the Committee avoided the worst of them. They explained that they had neither the qualifications nor the desire to investigate the circumstances of the theatre as a profession or as a commercial venture. In so far as they touched on the professional stage, they were careful to consider only the Repertory Theatres, the "Old Vic", the Arts League of Service, and other such bodies. They devoted practically all their time to the amateur societies springing up all over the country, which had a very different view of the drama from that of the old amateur societies which allotted parts to players in

strict accordance with their social position. (One society went further. Any one could take part on the payment of a fee, which varied with the importance of the character). The first witness examined by the Committee was Harley Granville-Barker, Chairman of the Council of the British Drama League; he informed the Committee that a new movement was afoot and must be taken seriously.

"The fact," he said, "that an increasing number of grown-up people find distraction for the winter evenings in amateur theatricals would be little more worth worrying about than the prevalence of Bridge or Mah-Jongg. But the striking thing about the present revival of interest in drama—as apart from interest in the professional theatre—is the liking of plays for their own sake and therefore more often than not, the liking of good plays. I suspect that the amateur clubs of my youth still go on, and perform out-of-date West End successes, in which feeble imitations are given of the popular favourites who first played in them. But the strength of the movement lies in a variety of organizations of very recent origin, quite unrelated to these in their purpose or the taste they show. I do not think they pay very much regard to the fashions in professional drama either. I believe—though it may be because I wish to believe—that here is a genuine artistic up-growth and an endeavour not merely after self-expression, but after the far more complex co-operative expression that drama provides. Here in fact is a genuine and creative interest in a highly organic art."

Granville-Barker did not explain how much the new

movement owed to him personally and to Geoffrey Whitworth, founder and secretary of the British Drama League. But the Committee had little difficulty in finding that out. In 1919 Geoffrey Whitworth founded the League with the object of assisting the development of the art of the theatre and of promoting a right relation between the drama and the life of the community. Hercules himself would not have taken on the job. But Geoffrey Whitworth rose to the full five feet of his stature. He charmed every one whom he met. He even imbued them with his faith. In any other hands the League might well have died within a year. In his hands the League within twelve years had enrolled 2,300 affiliated societies, representing probably some 100,000 persons practising, studying or intelligently enjoying the art of the theatre.

Many and entertaining were our witnesses. Nugent Monck came from the Maddermarket Theatre at Norwich, and told the Committee that the two most popular plays in the language were *The School for Scandal* and *Hamlet*. He thought that the classics were not really dull providing that they were not treated as a sacerdotal rite. A number of societies appeared to regard Shakespeare as an educational force. He thought this horrible. The younger art movement of the day affected to despise Shakespeare. He thought this better perhaps than the more serious enthusiasts who believed in Shakespeare for the people, with a pat on the back both for Shakespeare and for the people.

Mrs. Godwin King came from West Hoathly to tell the Committee of the Greek plays given in a Sussex

village since 1910. She brought with her the village postmistress, who was a little embarrassed at giving evidence before a Government Committee. It was, however, admirable evidence. She said that she did not think that the village would ever lose interest in the plays. She thought that the beauty and sadness of the plays made a particular appeal. There was as much tragedy as comedy in village life, and people saw in the plays ideas which they had felt but had never been able to express. She thought that even more than the beauty of ideas they were attracted by the beauty of the language and the sense of rhythm. The blacksmith's wife always came in her bath-chair and had never yet missed a performance, although she was delicate. She remembered that an old man taking part had sobbed during the final scene of *Oedipus Rex* although he had been to every rehearsal.

Abundant testimony left us no doubt as to our conclusions on the service of the drama to education. "Our claims," we said, "on its behalf are high. We have said that it is unique at once in its power of attraction, and in its power, under right conditions, to promote moral and intellectual developement. We have said that the study of great plays and particularly the attempt to represent the characters created by a master mind, directs the thoughts of men towards beauty, order, and harmony, and confers the quality of imaginative sympathy, which is the supreme gift of a liberal education. We have spoken of the delight in speech and in graceful movement, which comes through the study of acting, and of the expression of

the creative instinct, and pleasure in colour, pattern and craftsmanship, which comes through the designing and making of scenery, properties and costumes. We have attached high importance to the sense of comradeship and 'esprit-de-corps' brought about by participation in a common enterprise. If drama is the greatest of all arts, because it comprehends all other arts, is it not, under right conditions, the greatest of all instruments of education, because it comprehends them all?"

The report came out and was well received. Its sales compared with those of *British Music*. Ten years later, when a petition was received from the British Drama League for another printing, my successor in the Secretaryship of the Adult Education Committee sent for the clerk in charge of printing in the Board of Education. "Why have these reports such a large sale?" he inquired. The clerk shook his head. "Mr. Douie knew some very funny people," he replied.

There was some criticism in the Press at the failure of the Committee to recommend a National Theatre. If the Committee had done so, the Board of Education would never have issued the report. We had already gone far beyond our terms of reference. But when the report had met with a kindly reception at the hands of the public, Granville-Barker, Geoffrey Whitworth, Charles Morgan, and I lunched at the Savile and discussed whether any move could be made. There was another lunch; Henry Ainley was there, very mellifluous. But not his eloquence, nor our hopes, availed.

During the progress of the Drama Report I became convinced by mine own arguments and, with Roland Heath, issued a circular to the officers of the Board of Education proposing the foundation of a Co-operative Theatre. We exhorted them to unite in a common enterprise to which all could contribute in accordance with their talents. We alleged that a co-operative theatre required not only actors and actresses, but playwrights, musicians, dancers, carpenters, dressmakers, electricians, scene-shifters, and programme sellers. The Board was staggered; it had never seen such a document before. While still dazed, nearly 500 members of the Board joined. We chose as our first play *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. We sought to disarm criticism, as far as possible, by craving the same measure of indulgence as the Duke Theseus gave to Nick Bottom and his friends. On the front of the programme we quoted his words :

“ I will hear that play
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.”

The play caused no little merriment during rehearsals and some on the actual night. But the cast was very shy. Ten years have passed, and the Co-operative Theatre is still in being. What standard of acting it has attained I do not know. But it has never yet chosen a bad play.

I have no gift for acting, but having regard to the part which I had played in founding the Theatre I was allotted the part of Demetrius in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I discharged it with ill success, and as the co-operative dressmaker had made my Greek tunic too short I caught a very bad cold. After forgetting my part of Orsino in *Twelfth Night*, I was reduced in the ranks. My last appearance was in the part of Sir John Coleville in *King Henry IV* (Part II). Sir John Coleville has one line to speak. I spoke it. He then falls on the stage and is struck by Falstaff's Page. My shorthand-typist took the part of the Page, and gave me a considerable whack on the bunty with a wooden sword. "Your best part, sir," said my Staff Clerk to me the next morning.

The Co-operative Theatre amused itself from time to time by giving parties. They generally included a one act play, folk-dancing, ordinary dancing, and refreshments. Tickets were half-a-crown. They seemed to give much pleasure. I once went from a West End dance to a party, and found it difficult to explain the boredom of one and the animation of the other. So much money had been spent on the dance, but no one was grateful. Every one discussed how bad the refreshments were and how soon one could decently leave. At the party half-a-crown went a long way. I came to the conclusion that the outlay on the West End dance often declares a very small dividend.

The Adult Education Committee continued on its way, but its reports became less exciting. One, however, was fruitful in bringing about a scheme of

scholarships, by which men and women of proved attainment in University Tutorial Classes and University Extension Courses could be withdrawn from commerce and industry for a time to enable them to go to the University. I have sometimes wondered whether this may not be the most fruitful work accomplished by the Committee. The industrial age is still occupied in giving us more and more commodities; perhaps some day it will give us the greatest of commodities, the leisure by which we may lead a fuller life. If such should ever be, the Universities will gain. They will find place for those who, in the maturity of years, ask only for knowledge as a means of living. At present they are filled with those who on the threshold of life cannot but be preoccupied with knowledge as a means of livelihood.

During the progress of the Adult Education Committee, there had been many changes in the Presidency of the Board. Herbert Fisher had been succeeded by Edward Wood, Charles Trevelyan and Lord Eustace Percy. The hardest of tasks fell to Edward Wood, afterwards as Viceroy of India Lord Irwin, now Lord Halifax. To him was committed the ungrateful task of enforcing economies. Adult Education had every occasion to be grateful to him; alone of all the services of the Board of Education, it was not cut down.

I also had occasion to be grateful to him. He taught me much. One day he received an angry deputation. Some were courteous; some were not. As gentle to the one as to the other, by reason and good temper he upheld his case. As the deputation was leaving, a little

Clyde shipwright gripped me by the arm. "Man," he said, "if all your men were like that, there would be no trouble in this land to-day."

My trade is administration, and I have therefore had every reason to be interested in the art of government. I have had the opportunity, and the good fortune, to study that art under acknowledged masters. Government is not an art when it is imposed by force; any fool can fire a machine gun. But where government is by the consent of the governed, as it is in England, it is an art. In the hands of its masters, I have found the art of government to be the art of loving.

When first I was considering the matter, I was much perplexed. Hard-bitten men, who spent half their lives on a race-course and professed not the smallest sympathy with working-class ambitions, seemed often to command respect and even affection from those whom they employed. Earnest men, who professed every sympathy with working-class ambitions and pending their fulfilment engaged in social work, seemed often to command neither gratitude nor goodwill. I was driven to conclude that working men were indifferent to the political opinions of their employers and were interested only in personal relations. Where they suspected affection, they gave it. Where they discovered only conscientious fulfilment of a social duty, they denied it. The working man has a particular dislike of being regarded as a moral obligation.

I learned much through an incident which occurred after the conclusion of the Armistice. Discipline to

some extent broke down through the weariness resultant on the strain of four years of endeavour. I was sent a long journey to an isolated detachment which was reported to have mutinied. I was very young and inexperienced. I debated what I should do. There seemed to be two courses. The first was to enter the camp with an armed guard of sufficient size to quell opposition. The second was to enter the camp unarmed and alone. Knowing the British soldier, I decided that from every standpoint, including the vulgar standpoint of my own personal safety, the latter course was to be preferred. I was right. The men paraded. I addressed them. I said that I would have discipline, and would be merciless to indiscipline, but I would listen to their grievances and remedy them if I could. They had many grievances. They had been badly neglected, and badly handled. I was powerless to make their conditions tolerable, but having said their say, they endured them patiently and without another word.

Since then I have always believed, and have always acted on the belief, that the working man, however interested he may be in economic betterment, is more interested in decent social relations. I hope that as an employer I have never conveyed to any man the impression that I regarded myself as a better man than him in any respect other than that of professional or technical efficiency. When I have given orders, I have tried to couch them in terms which derogate in no way from any man's dignity. I have been willing to discuss and explain. In particular I have asked of

no man more than the honest discharge of his duties ; and I have not concerned myself in his private affairs. What he does with his fully-earned leisure is no concern of mine.

The new technique of back-slapping in relation between employers and employed has not met with my sympathy ; still less have I been in sympathy with this technique as recently adopted in the relation between schoolmaster and schoolboy. I am doubtful whether schoolboys feel respect for those who defer to their opinions and actively seek their friendship. When I was at school a state of enmity was understood to exist between masters and boys ; but the war was carried on in accordance with all the canons of chivalry and mutual respect. My housemaster would never have dreamed of entering the boys' part of the house, except for Dinner and Prayers. Thirty years before, a housemaster had been so ill-advised as to do so ; he retired after a bucket of coals had been emptied on his head. No boy, on the other hand, however unhappy, would have dreamed of appealing to the housemaster for defence against injustice at the hands of the other boys. The youngest of the boys regarded himself as a man. He was taught that the greatest of virtues are silence and fortitude.

Perhaps this is still the general attitude, but it is hard to infer it from reports in the papers. We read of assemblies of leaders of the Church inviting undergraduates to lecture to them on the state of their

belief, and of researches conducted all over the world to ascertain what youth is thinking and wanting. I have the strongest of suspicions that the young man of to-day differs little from the young man of the far-off days of 1914, and that he is seeking, not an audience to whom he may lecture, but the craftsman of life with whom he may serve the hardest of apprenticeships, the beloved captain under whose leadership he may spend and be spent.

I was therefore more than pleased when a little book was published for use in schools, which actually dared to make reference to the war, and by inference commended the stoic virtues by which it had been won. Once a scholar in history of my college, I must ask indulgence if I am intemperate in advocating a cause which is near to my heart.

Fifty years ago James Anthony Froude gave a lecture at the Royal Institution on *The Science of History*. Many of the views expressed in that lecture are open to argument; on certain counts his advocacy on behalf of history as a subject of study might be strengthened. "History," he observes, "will not condescend to argue with you, and will provide you with abundant illustrations of anything which you may wish to believe." He is not impressed by the practical value of historical studies. History teaches us "that we should draw no horoscopes; that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass." In the light of so modest a defence of his chosen intellectual interest, the one claim which he makes is impressive alike in its sincerity and in its eloquence.

“What, then, is the use of history, and what are its lessons? If it can tell us little of the past, and nothing of the future, why waste our time over so barren a study?”

“First, it is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last; not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live.

“The address of history is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good; we learn to hate what is base. In the anomalies of fortune we feel the mystery of our mortal existence; and in the companionship of the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world, we escape from the littlenesses which cling to the round of common life, and our minds are tuned in a higher and nobler key.”

The history of the Great War surely fulfils this criterion. In that history the false words and unrighteous deeds, the cruelty and oppression, the lust and vanity, of kings, chancelleries and parliaments, can be discerned leading inevitably to the great catastrophe; the price which was paid by the guiltless is on record on a thousand memorials and in the hearts of all. History has told the story of a hundred such catastrophes brought about by the same disregard for moral law, but never of a catastrophe on such a scale.

This circumstance alone would have made impressive the Great War and the lesson to be learned from it, had it occurred at a far distant date. But its nearness contributes an added quality—that of vividness. The tragic events, whose lesson we may now learn, are within our experience, have moulded our lives. The genius of Thucydides may invest the Syracusan Expedition and that of Tacitus the moral corruption of Imperial Rome with as great a dominion over our minds, may create as keen a sense of immanent and inevitable catastrophe. But genius alone can narrate with a power able in its intensity to equal experience.

These considerations apply even more strongly in the realm of individual conduct. The “companionship of illustrious natures” is indeed the finest school of character. But pale and shadowy is the power exercised by the men and women of the distant past compared to that compelling power exercised by those whom we have seen and known and loved. However gifted the historian, he has not the power of creating life.

Regulus holds our admiration; the record of his stoic virtue has been an inspiration to those many Englishmen who have found in the Roman character an affinity to their own. Yet the magic words “*Atqui sciebat*” might have been written of any one of those countless thousands who returned of their own free will to the western front after wounds or sickness. These were the men we knew; we need not be content with the pale shadows conjured out of books.

Leonidas and his Spartans are the subject of a splendid epitaph; they will never be forgotten. But they died no more gallantly than thousands of men in the Great War. The records of the British defence of Ypres in 1914 and of the retreat of March and April 1918, and those of the hundred days in which the German Army met its doom, can tell the story of a hundred Thermopylae. For the most part those who fought and died with such resolution have no memorial. They held on to the positions which were committed to their defence, without hope of relief, knowing well that the story of their courage and devotion would never be known even by those whom they loved. Their names are recorded among those who have no known grave; they have no identity in history. Must the schoolboy turn to the ancient world, to Regulus and Leonidas, for examples of the soldier's creed of silence and fortitude?

I entered into the lists in support of Major Carey and Captain Scott, the authors of the little book. It was indeed admirable. Here indeed was a true picture of fighting men, proud, passionate, humorous, sturdy; men who by virtue of their humanity could claim affection as well as admiration. There was, moreover, a due balance in the presentation of the soldier. He was not depicted as moving in a rarefied atmosphere of conscious heroism and self-sacrifice. The happy warrior of the war correspondents and romantic novelists, and the unhappy warrior beloved of contemporary fiction, alike found no place. Here was the real soldier, grim and steady, faithfully discharging his

duty in circumstances without parallel in their infamy. To my generation, the book could not but recall much that they would not willingly forget, memories proud and tragic, of victory and defeat, of hope and despair, of high fellowship, that sure weapon in the battles of life and in face of death, made true and keen on the anvil of hardship and danger. To the schoolboy, the man of to-morrow, it told a story which could not but be of interest and might confer something of pride and inspiration and resolve.

The advent of the Labour Government in 1924 gave me yet another Committee. Sir Charles Trevelyan thought that it was time to have a Committee on Public Libraries. The last had met in 1850. The Committee was fortunate in that he persuaded Sir Frederic Kenyon, then Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, to act as Chairman. They were less fortunate in his choice of a Secretary.

The Public Library, as it is known to-day, owes much to the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1849 to report "on the best Means of extending the Establishment of Libraries freely open to the Public, especially in Large Towns, in *Great Britain and Ireland*." The proceedings of this Committee throw not a little light on contemporary ways of thought, and some meed of honour is due to the witnesses and members, to whose labours this country owes an Act which has had so profound an effect on our national life.

The Committee was appointed on March 15th, 1849. The members numbered fifteen, but certain members, notably Mr. Disraeli, were infrequent in their attendance. Mr. William Ewart was called to the chair. There were distinguished representatives both of the manufacturing districts and of the countryside in Mr. Brotherton and Sir Harry Verney.

The first witness called was Mr. Edward Edwards, then an Assistant in the British Museum. Mr. Edwards gave the Committee the benefit of his very extensive researches into the state of libraries in this country, on the Continent and in America, and instituted a series of damaging comparisons of the relative provision of books in libraries accessible to the public. These were supported by a map of Europe in which the British Isles with 53, and Holland with 63, books to every hundred of the population were coloured coal black. A less dark hue was accorded to Portugal and Russia with 76 and 80 volumes, while the light shading of Switzerland and Denmark and the smaller German States demonstrated that the number of volumes reached respectively 350, 412 and nearly 450 to every hundred of the population.

The witnesses were numerous. Some were connected with libraries which had been founded by private benefaction, and their evidence throws a flood of light on the decay into which certain of these had fallen. Others were men prominent in the social movements of the time, and their evidence is of the greatest interest to the social historian. Mr. George Dawson, a lecturer in the manufacturing districts, asserted that

the working classes had a preference for politics and history; that the proportion of novels read was on the decline; and that he could produce working men who could be cross-examined upon any play of Shakespeare. The Rev. Mr. Fremantle, of Claydon, in Buckinghamshire, stated that there was a great increase in village libraries, but that Shakespeare would be lost upon the agricultural population.

Mr. Corkran, a missionary of the London Domestic Mission, paid a tribute to the intelligence of the Spitalfields Weavers, and expressed the opinion that they would derive great advantage from a public library, notwithstanding the fact that "on an average they work fourteen hours a day". Mr. William Jones, of the Religious Tract Society, referred to the libraries distributed by his society, and put in as evidence a letter from Mr. Pritchard, Her Majesty's Consul at the Society Islands. Mr. Pritchard alluded to the usefulness of religious publications to sailors, "of which many corporal proofs had come under his own observations. On one occasion the captain of a man-of-war pointed out to him a side of his cabin filled with books, one half for the officers and the other for the men. 'Talk of discipline,' he said, 'those books do more good than all the corporal punishment I can inflict.'"

The Select Committee reported to the House of Commons on July 23rd, 1849. The report commences with a reference to the success attending the recent "formation of Free Galleries, Museums of Art, as well as Schools of Design, as a means of enlightening the people of this country." "It is now generally admitted

that no abuse has marked the change, but that much rational enjoyment and much popular enlightenment have distinguished it. One improvement, however, yet remains to be accomplished, hitherto almost untried in this country—the establishment of Public Libraries, freely accessible to all the people.” The Committee was particularly impressed with the disadvantages under which British intellect laboured owing to the absence of public libraries, and instanced the case of a scholar who was compelled to remove from London to Göttingen, a town of 10,900 inhabitants, in Hanover. “Nor can it be denied that the same privation must have acted injuriously on the great body of our people.”

Reference was then made to the evidence in regard to foreign libraries. “The principal advantages offered by foreign libraries consists in their number, in their entire accessibility, and in the fact that the books they contain are allowed, on liberal, yet sufficiently protective, conditions to circulate beyond the walls of the library. . . . Of all these libraries it may be generally stated that admission is granted unrestrictedly to the poor as well as to the rich, to the foreigner as well as to the native. . . . Yet it is stated that we have only one Library in Great Britain equally accessible with these numerous Libraries abroad; the Library founded by Humphrey Chetham, in the borough of Manchester. Nor is this contrast displayed by the European Continent alone. Our younger brethren, the people of the United States of America, have already anticipated us in the formation of Public Libraries.”

The position of "our gigantic manufacturing and commercial towns" and of London, is then indicated, and the statement is made that "a kind of literary darkness seems to prevail over the vast extent of the newly formed portion of the Metropolis".

The Committee next turned their attention to the social movements of the day. "Whatever may be our disappointment at the rarity of Public Libraries in the United Kingdom, we feel satisfaction in stating that the uniform current of evidence tends to prove the increased qualifications of the people to appreciate and enjoy such institutions. . . . There can be no greater proof of the fitness of the people for these institutions than their own independent efforts to create them. Evidence will be found in the subjoined Minutes of the extent of the Libraries connected with Mechanics' Institutes. Even in those useful places of resort of the temperate working classes, the coffee-houses of London (of which there are now nearly two thousand) it has been found necessary to supply the frequenters of them with a collection of books. . . . The great practical education of an Englishman is derived from the incessant intercourse between man and man in trade, and from the interchange and collision of opinion elicited by our system of local self-government; both teaching him the most important of all lessons, the habit of self-control. But it would be wise to superadd to these rugged lessons of practical life some of the more softening and expanding influences which reading and which thought supply."

Adult education did not escape the attention of the

Committee. "The demand for 'Lectures', especially in our trading and manufacturing districts, has called into existence a new class of men, and created, as it were, a new profession. The profits, as well as the influence, derivable from this pursuit have attracted to it persons of superior education, who make a kind of periodical circuit in different districts of the country. It is almost a necessary consequence that lectures should lead to reading. . . . The power of access to standard works in a Public Library would tend to render the lecturer less superficial, and to promote investigation among his hearers. It would even be serviceable to our provincial Press."

Rural districts are not forgotten. "The importance of the formation of Village Libraries has already attracted the attention of our resident proprietary. It is the opinion of this Committee that much of the future character of our agricultural population, social, moral, and religious, may depend on the extension and due formation of Village Libraries. . . . By such means the frivolous or unprincipled books which now circulate among our rural populations may be replaced by sound, healthy, and genuinely English literature. The people may be taught many lessons which concern their material (as well as their moral and religious) welfare. The cleanliness and ventilation of their dwellings, habits of providence, of temperance, a taste for something better than mere animal enjoyment, may be instilled into them through the instrumentality of well-chosen books. There is also one important subject on which Village or Parochial

Libraries may be the means of conveying most valuable information. We mean the subject of emigration."

The Committee hope also "that the proprietors of our large manufactories may see the expediency of creating or promoting the formation of libraries among their workpeople. Nor is the statement made by Mr. George Dawson to be neglected: 'There are some families now beginning to put libraries in their kitchens; that is a new sign of these later times.'"

The Committee, in the face of this evidence, had no hesitation in recommending to Parliament a Bill which would enable Town Councils to levy a small rate for the creation and support of Town Libraries. This Bill came before the House of Commons in 1850. Col. Sibthorp opposed the Bill vigorously on this occasion and throughout the committee stage. He said that "he did not like reading at all and he hated it when at Oxford", and utilized the opportunity of advocating Protection. Sir R. H. Inglis supported him. "The machinery," he said, "was clearly adapted, not merely for the purposes of procuring books, but also of creating lecture rooms, which might give rise to an unhealthy agitation."

Later, Col. Sibthorp supposed "they would be thinking of supplying the working classes with quoits, peg-tops, and football," but was accused by Mr. Hume of not having read the Bill with the attention which was required. Mr. Wyld "was surprised at the opposition which had been offered to this Bill by the agricultural interest, and could only account for it by supposing that they were alarmed lest it should lead to

the diminished consumption of an article in which they largely dealt (malt)." Nevertheless the Bill attained the dignity of an Act. Town Councils could now support libraries.

The proceedings of Sir Frederic Kenyon's Committee were of a less entertaining character. The libraries made possible by the Act of 1850 existed all over the country. Less than four per cent of the population now lived in areas in which there was no statutory provision of libraries. The main problem before the Committee was the improvement of the libraries which existed and in particular the encouragement of co-operation. The former purpose was advanced by some exhortation and by the publication of 100 pages of statistics which drew odious comparisons between the quality of the library service in some towns as compared with others, and made an appeal to civic pride. The latter purpose was advanced in proposals for a national system of co-operation, on a purely voluntary basis, with the National Central Library, founded by Albert Mansbridge some years before, as centre of the whole system. The most remarkable feature of the report was that although it numbered 356 pages and included 55 major recommendations, the Government was asked to find only £12,000 a year. Some years later the Government found a quarter of this sum.

Lord Eustace Percy succeeded Sir Charles Trevelyan in the office of President. I inherited yet another Committee, the Juvenile Organizations Committee. The Duchess of Atholl was Chairman. We cudgelled our

brains for hours in the effort to find something on which the Committee might report, some reason, however small, for convening a meeting of the Committee. But it was of no avail. We knew that admirable work was going on, and we thought that it would go on very well without our intervention. In the meantime I justified my title of Secretary by the issue of cheap tickets on the railways to parties of Boy Scouts.

I was in danger of contracting that well-known modern disease, Committee-neurosis, when the General Strike withdrew me from the writing of reports to a world of action. Plans for combating a General Strike had been in existence for some years, and, according to the statement of a Labour Minister, were perfected during the tenure of office by the Labour Party in 1924. I found that I had been detailed for special duties in connexion with the General Strike. I was given documents to study, and on the morning before the strike was declared I crossed Whitehall and became an official of the Ministry of Transport.

The plans were all in order. Every one had moved to his appointed place. There was nothing to do but to await the march of events. The strike was due to take effect at midnight. Nothing of any consequence was expected to happen during the first night. It was essential that the higher officials should get adequate rest before the turbulence of the next days and nights. It was decided to leave a subordinate official in charge. I asked for, and obtained, the post.

At eleven o'clock I returned from a dinner of The Society of Dorset Men in London and took over my

duties. I had a room overlooking the Victoria Embankment. At first the Embankment presented an animated scene. Tramcars brilliantly lit passed by, crowded with passengers. The tramcars became fewer. The noise became less and less. Little by little all the noise of London died down, and an ominous quiet supervened.

For the first four hours I had little to do, and no responsibilities of any consequence. From 4 a.m. onwards my telephone hardly ceased to ring. The railways had no staff to unload the milk and vegetable trains. Could I find them men? The bus companies wanted to know whether they were strictly bound to observe their licensed traffic routes. Would I secure them a free pardon from the Commissioner of Police if they deviated from them? As my last act in charge of the Ministry before a senior official relieved me at 8 a.m., I cheerfully issued an order permitting all omnibuses to go anywhere they liked for the duration of the strike.

Thereinafter my responsibilities became less, but the burden of work more heavy, the excitement more intense. To the room in which I sat with three other officials every telephone message was diverted. The room was never silent by day, hardly ever by night. We reassured the anxious; we were bland to the inquisitive; we gave as little, and gained as much, information as we could.

The plans worked admirably. They had been drawn up by an official who had the good sense to realize that decentralization and the choice of men were the

keys to the whole situation. The country was carefully parcelled out in divisions and sub-divisions. The men on the spot were picked men; they had absolute powers; they received absolute trust. Some of them were permanent officials, others were gathered from every profession and business. The choice of men had been made with such care that hardly an official had to be superseded during the strike. They proved worthy of their trust.

My responsibilities were of a negligible character. I was but the intermediary between the men on the spot and the higher command of the Ministry of Transport and the Cabinet Committees. But in this post I had every opportunity of seeing the progress of events and of assessing the calibre of the chief actors. The senior men on the spot were a formidable crowd. They cared nothing for the Cabinet or the House of Commons. When asked by the Cabinet for information, they sent disrespectful messages. These I intercepted and suppressed.

Every evening I had to ring up the controllers of the various divisions and get some information as to the march of events. To this end I was supplied with a schedule of some twelve questions as to the supply of food, petrol and the like, and as to the temper of the population. Day by day I took down the answers to these questions; in the case of one divisional controller the stock answer was "Satisfactory". One evening after he had recited "Satisfactory" in answer to every question, I told him that the Cabinet were dissatisfied with his bald and unconvincing narrative.

Two days before he had reported that there was only petrol sufficient for forty-eight hours in his area. What had he done about it? "I got a train through from Ellesmere Port." Well, what about the blocking of the canal by a crowd of 2,000 yesterday? "I went there. It is open." After that, my reports to the Higher Command took on more and more the character of fiction.

The dispatch-riders also merited the description of formidable. Rows of Bentleys and Rolls-Royces were drawn up on Horse Guards Parade, and young men obtained ecstatic enjoyment from carrying dispatches to distant towns in unprecedented time. One day a man came into the Ministry in a furious temper. "I must trouble you to exercise more control over your young men," he spluttered. "I was coming down the Great West Road when one of them hooted at me, passed me and disappeared before I could get his number." We expressed our regrets. "I was doing seventy myself," he added wistfully.

I learned much during these days. Never before had I appreciated how immense is the organization which feeds England, nor how many men drive trains and lorries through the night in order that we may have fresh food and milk on our breakfast table. Late one night, the telephone rang, and a cheerful voice came over in triumph. "L.N.E.R. speaking. We have got two potato trains through from Lincolnshire." "Trains?" I said. "I suppose you mean trucks." "No," said the voice, "trains." It had never occurred to me before that London ate train-loads of potatoes.

I learned also a little of the vast ramifications of the London Docks. The Port of London Authority lent us a huge map, on which every dock and wharf was shown. Perusing the map, I found that Wapping could still boast its Execution Dock. We stuck flags in the map when the Government gained control of a dock, and removed them when control was lost. A forest of flags appeared on the day when the Government at last paraded the Guards and the Tanks in Hyde Park, and sent a column off into the East End.

The sudden collapse of the strike came as a great surprise to me. I thought that the Government was winning; my work showed me at every hour the power of action over inaction. So long as the Government was active and the strike leaders passive, the Government was bound to win. Of the political developments I had no knowledge. I had greatly regretted the oncoming of the strike, but once it was engaged in I had no time to think of the rights and wrongs. I saw little or nothing of the temper of the people. I was on the staff and not in the front line. Once the strike was over, I learned with every pleasure and relief that the temper of England had not failed in the crisis. A man at my club who had taken a post at a power-station found that a picket at the station lived near him. He drove the picket down to the station every morning and back in the evening. My friend, James Wilkie, had a job on the railway, hitting things with a hammer. The first day, he was met with a shower of stones which he pretended to catch in his mouth. The second

day the strikers saw how incompetent he was and offered him friendly advice. The third day they brought him some tea.

The alarms and excursions of the Ministry of Transport had been very congenial to me. I returned to my Committees with some regret. I began to wonder whether the Board of Education would continue to satisfy my every need for the rest of my life. I was nearly thirty. If change there was to be, I must act quickly. But I was loth to leave. I had so many friends in the Board. It was so pleasant a place. There was a tradition of friendly co-operation, an almost complete absence of professional jealousy. Never, I thought, can I hope to have such colleagues again.

I weighed in my mind the pros and cons of change, the possible gain of greater responsibility and higher emolument against the certain loss of congenial colleagues and an assured, if modest, career. There was, moreover, an added complication. I was not well. A year before I had first known insomnia. It had lasted but a short time, but it had scared me. There is nothing more crippling or more hard to bear. Could I, doubtful of my health, risk a venture into new employment, bringing in its train almost certain overwork for a year or period of years?

My doubts were resolved in a curious way. Arthur Bryant took me to Harrow School to a concert on the last day of term. The concert took me back, in thought, to my last school concert at Rugby in 1914.

I could hear the passionate chorus, "Floreat, floreat, floreat, Rugbeia", sung by young voices which were soon to be stilled for ever. Surely I was young enough yet to take a chance. I heard young voices again, passionate, brave:

"Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on."

My mind was made up. I had to go. A few days later a friend wandered into my room at the Board. "Would you like to be Secretary of University College, London?" he said. I went.

Of University College it is not the time to speak. It is enough to say that I never had occasion to regret my choice, that I received the most generous of welcomes, and that I was granted many new friends.

Of these friends, I may not pay a tribute to the living. It would embarrass them, and me. But I cannot but pay my tribute to the memory of two who are dead, Lord Chelmsford, Chairman of the College Committee for my first four years of office, and Sir Hugh Bell, Chairman of the Ramsay Memorial Fellowships Trustees, of which I also became Secretary, until his death.

Viceroy and Cabinet Minister, Lord Chelmsford had held the highest offices under the Crown. Yet he regarded no public duty as too little to command his interest and the fullest measure of his time. His great record of public service led to many claims being made

on him. Hardly a month can have passed in which he did not receive the offer of yet another chairmanship. But his acceptance of a chairmanship had no regard to the dignity or publicity or emolument of office. He chose hard tasks and discharged them with a courage and integrity which could not but command admiration. He gave to those who served him a loyalty which could not but command affection.

After a lifetime of public service, ungrudgingly given, he came at last to the haven of All Souls. He had earned rest, if ever man earned it, not only from the burden, but also from the ingratitude, of public service. But it was not to be. Within a few months he was dead.

I am proud that he honoured me with his friendship. Most considerate of masters in hours of duty, he was the best of hosts at his house and at All Souls. Of all men he was the most fit to preside over that community of scholars, where there is no distinction of persons, where Viceroys and Prime Ministers and Archbishops have equal rank with the youngest Fellow and the most undistinguished of guests.

The loss of Lord Chelmsford followed hard on the loss of my other Chairman, Sir Hugh Bell. Shortly after the death in 1916 of Sir William Ramsay, discoverer of the rare gases, who held the Chair of General and Inorganic Chemistry at University College for many years, a meeting was convened to consider by what means his great services in the advancement of science might most suitably be commemorated. Sir Hugh Bell, who had been his friend, accepted the

office of Chairman of the Committee. Notwithstanding his manifold public duties at that time and in the succeeding years, he never failed to attend a meeting of the Committee.

The Ramsay Memorial Fellowships were instituted as one part of the memorial. They were designed to commemorate one aspect of Sir William Ramsay's work, his ardent belief that, as learning had no frontiers, men of learning had it in their power to bring about a greater measure of international good will. Many countries provided the means by which their scholars might hold Fellowships in the Universities of Great Britain. Sir Hugh Bell became chairman of the Ramsay Memorial Fellowship Trustees. At a dinner held at University College every year to bring together the Ramsay Fellows, past and present, he welcomed them with a grace and courtesy which none could forget. No man could have been found more fitted to represent and to commend England to England's guests.

He was more than eighty-seven years of age when he died. During the last years of his life death had taken from him his wife, who had been his beloved companion for more than fifty years, and two of his children. He had also suffered much in a long and grave illness. These strokes of fortune he met with a stoic courage and fortitude. His activity of mind was unimpaired by age. He laid down no duties which he had been accustomed to discharge. To the last few days of his life he was ever ready to undertake new duties and responsibilities.

A message reached me in my office. Sir Hugh Bell wished to see he at his house. I understood that he was dying. But knowing the man I was sure that he would never have sent for me during my working day unless some public duty was on his mind. I gathered some papers and went to Sloane Street. I entered a dimly lighted room, and saw a white face on a white pillow. He could not move, but he could speak. "Got your Agenda?" he inquired. I produced it. Item by item he went through it to the end. Afterwards he spoke a little of the past and of early days in Northumberland. Then with the dignity of a Senator of Rome, he bade me farewell.

I have spoken much of my masters, but I have been greatly privileged in them. I hope that I can say of them that they were also my friends.

At this time I lost yet another of my masters, Alfred Downing Fripp, great surgeon, but greater man. Friend and counsellor to me in the days of my boyhood and early manhood, I learned from him more than I can say. Twice in the war I was in his care. Years later he bandaged me with his own hands day by day when I was in danger of disablement from a mountaineering accident. With a heavy heart I learned of his death and travelled to my native Dorset to pay my last tribute of affection and esteem.

Alfred Fripp died in his home on the cliffs overlooking Lulworth Cove. From the windows of the house there were wide views. To the north the great

white cliffs rose from the sea to the high wind-swept downs of Bindon and Hawbury. Beyond the downland were the woods and fields of Dorset. In the winter sunlight the red earth of the ploughland was aglow; the wind blew strong over the downs and whispered through the sheltered copses. To the west a path dropped to Man of War Bay, with the promontory of Durdle Door beyond. To the south the sea, windflecked but calm, shaded imperceptibly into the illimitable sky.

Here the best of his days had been lived. Here he had played as a child; long days of tireless exercise, walking on the downs and swimming in the Cove and the neighbouring bays, had given to him his splendour of physical form and his magnificent health and strength. To Lulworth he returned whenever he could find a few hours of relief from the incessant activity of his life in London, not indeed for rest, which he neither sought nor understood, but for recreation, in the real meaning of that word, the building anew of his moral and physical powers. The dust and heat of London and London life fell from him as he strode over his beloved downs to Arish Mell and Tilly Whim; it was washed from him as in the morning he dived from a boat into the clear water of the Cove and as the day wore on bathed from the golden beaches of Man of War Bay and Durdle Door. From Lulworth he drew his health and strength, moral and physical. The wind on the downs was music to him; he loved that music and the men who could hear it as they strode with hurrying pace by his side.

Without Lulworth, Alfred Fripp could hardly have lived. His unresting activity in London could not have been sustained if he had not been able to escape from time to time into another world where there was an element of peace and life was simple and sincere.

No one lived more fully and completely in the world of London than he, yet it was not his world and its people not his people. Ambition and a sense of public duty demanded that he should live in that world, and since his nature required him to put all his strength and all his purpose into that which his hand found to do, he lived London life as fully as any man and as successfully.

"I cannot praise," Milton has written, "a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat." Alfred Fripp had no belief in fugitive and cloistered virtue. He sallied out and saw many adversaries, more especially cant and humbug of all kinds. It would never have entered his head to slink out of a race. Dust and heat, therefore, were granted to him in full measure; he accepted the dust with fortitude, to the heat he opposed unfailing cheerfulness and resolution. For he was great of heart.

Most men who have chosen to run for the immortal garland and have continued in their resolve become indifferent to the dust and heat. Alfred Fripp never became indifferent, he was built of too sensitive stuff. His fortitude and his cheerfulness alike were always

there for the world to see. But those who knew him best were aware at what cost the fortitude was sustained, and that the cheerfulness often did not represent his real feelings. He believed profoundly in the virtue of optimism. In his address to the Guy's students on *The Art of Living* he preached it as a duty. "Happiness," he said, "is an art, and, like all art, it requires fostering by practice till it becomes a habit." So far as a doctor was concerned, his duty to his patients made it a "sacred trust". This sacred trust was upheld by Alfred Fripp with his whole heart and mind, and in the upholding of it he gained great happiness. But it derived more from his heart than from his mind.

His courage was a considered courage and his cheerfulness a considered cheerfulness. Not otherwise could a nature so sensitive as his have sustained these great qualities through a life so busy and so fearless. He believed that the world stood in need of these qualities and he gave them without stint. Those to whom he gave himself so readily assumed that it cost him little. They were wrong.

The possession of great attributes in itself provides opportunities for the exercise of them. To the courageous man opportunities for courage are never lacking. He sees opportunities to which those less brave are blind. He goes out to meet them. The strong and self-reliant are ever faced with situations demanding the exercise of strength and self-reliance. For those who are less hardy and less resolute turn to them in time of need. The generous never cease to find occasions for

generosity. Alfred Fripp practised a profession in which the opportunities for generosity are apparently without number. He was courageous, self-reliant and generous, and in his forty years of public life hardly a day can have passed on which some one did not call on him to exercise one or other of these qualities on his behalf. But of the hundreds who always turned to him for help, and of the thousands to whose succour he had at some time come, few realized that it had cost him anything. In their eyes he was courageous; there could therefore no doubt that he would be glad to take the burden of their troubles on his own shoulders. It never occurred to them that he might be already carrying as great a burden as even the strongest man can bear. He was strong; there could then be no question of his being tired. He enjoyed being generous; there was no reason therefore to be grateful, or, indeed, to remember his existence till it was necessary to ask him to be generous again. To a considerable degree they were right. Alfred Fripp was proud to be the man to whom every one turned in difficulty and distress; he was glad to give and to give generously.

To help those in need was to him not only a privilege; it was part of his creed. His attitude was simple; it was expressed in Kipling's prayer which he quoted in *The Art of Living*.

"Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need."

No amount of ingratitude would have embittered him or made him less willing to help. He warned his Guy's

students not to expect gratitude; but he told them at the same time that they would often meet it. He did not need gratitude to support him in his chosen way of life; yet no man accepted it, when it came, with greater pleasure.

Great courage and great strength are often the attributes of the simple and sensitive. There were few who realized that Alfred Fripp was at heart very simple and very sensitive, and that his happiness depended in a high degree on appreciation and affection. There were perhaps still fewer who knew how often self-doubt and self-criticism assailed him. He had supreme confidence in himself as a surgeon; he had not always confidence in himself as a man.

Yet he was fortunate in that there was always one to whom he could turn for the fullest measure of understanding and appreciation and love.

He was laid to rest in the churchyard by his family and the simple men and women whom he loved and with whom he was ever at ease, the farmers and the fishermen of his native Dorset, where the happiest hours alike of his childhood and of his manhood had been spent.

So Alfred Fripp turned again at the last to the hills of home, to the sound of the wind on the high downs of Bindon and Hawbury, and to the beating of the surf on the rocks below the cliff. The wind cried on the downs, the sea whispered in the Cove. To an Englishman and to a man of Dorset no place could more fittingly have been chosen where he might watch in peace and acquiescence the going down of the sun

on life temporal and the coming of dawn on the uncharted seas of eternity. For indeed the presence of such beauty can give to man the power to apprehend eternity, the sense of dominion over time and space.

IV

MOUNTAINEER

I HAVE referred to myself as a mountaineer but no one else would concede to me any claim to that title. Nor indeed do I claim the title; I have used the term only as a matter of convenience, for I can find no other to describe a man who loves the mountains and has spent much of his leisure among them. But 'mountaineer' in the sense of the author of *The Making of a Mountaineer* and other paladins, I am not and could not be.

But perhaps I may be permitted to place on record some of my petty adventures in the mountains, as I have learned there awe and reverence, not less in the contemplation of beauty than in the revelation of power. I have seen the miracle of dawn and sunset on the great peaks, the radiance of the moon on the illimitable snow-fields, the majesty of the cliffs, the power of the storm. I have stood amazed at the supreme beauty of dawn on the Jungfrau and the Mischabel, when the golden light has flecked their summits and then descended in a flood, racing down their cliffs and glaciers. From the Monte Rosa hut I have seen the evening glow illumine the snow-fields of the Theodule and the vast glaciers of the Pennines, the oncoming of darkness as the setting sun passed behind the mighty

battlements of the Matterhorn, the rising of the moon over Lyskamm, bathing it in burnished silver, the sword of Orion lying aslant across the highest peaks of Monte Rosa, and the Great Bear erect over Strahlhorn as we set out on our climb during the night. From the Concordia Hut I have watched the golden light of sunset and the enchanted radiance of the moon flooding over the Lotschenlucke and the great peaks and glaciers of the Bernese Oberland. I have known the mountains in their beauty; I have known them also in their strength. High on Mont Blanc I have seen the dawn come in a cold grey light, an angry dawn with storm and thunder in its wake. I have known the grim exercise of the will in the face of cold, sickness and fatigue, the rising of the spirit in the face of difficulty and danger, the pride of a man in his comrades and in the due fulfilment of an enterprise undertaken in their company and with their aid.

I have known also the splendid fellowship of the mountains, a fellowship akin to that of the soldier; for indeed the mountains call for the fullest exercise of all the qualities of manhood and give in return a most generous reward. In the high huts in the Alps the mountaineer is reminded that the sick and injured have at all times a prior claim, and the records of a thousand rescue parties can tell with what devotion that claim has been upheld. I have seen so much of beauty, so much of grandeur, in man as in nature.

In my early childhood I saw the Himalaya, and a psychologist could no doubt induce me to remember what I thought of them, but in the absence of any such

assistance I can recollect no more than that I liked the hills better than the plains. I next saw the mountains on the Asiago Plateau in 1918, and I can recollect only that I liked the Venetian hills better than the Flanders plain. But this is not evidence; it may well be that I had a more comfortable nursery in Simla than in Lahore, and there is no doubt that the Asiago pine woods were more comfortable than the Yser Canal.

But on my way home the train passed through the Mont Cenis Tunnel and stayed for some time at Modane. I saw the pine-trees and huts mantled in snow and the great mountains beyond. From that hour I have loved the mountains; I promised myself an early return to them.

But the promise was tardy of fulfilment. A few years later I managed a brief ten days; nearly ten years passed before I could look forward to a yearly visit. For the way of the mountains is a hard road for the indigent. A young man cannot look farther than Cumberland or Wales; if he is employed in London he cannot visit them more than once a year. Only when he becomes prosperous, and if he remains unmarried, can he voyage abroad to the great mountains of the Alps or Pyrenees. Once there a further problem awaits him. It is not enough to find the railway fares and hotel expenses. If he is to set his feet on the great peaks, he has the cost of expeditions, and in particular the cost of a guide during that time, and it may be many years, when he is learning the trade of the mountaineer.

Some are fortunate. They have parents who can afford to take them to the mountains; they can learn

the elements of the trade as children. In early manhood they can join parties led by their parents, or by friends of their parents, and in the later twenties they are competent to lead parties on their own account. But for the others the way is more hard. They begin later in life and they must learn their craft by trial and error on little mountains, and from a guide on the great mountains. They will not find experienced amateurs willing to add them to their parties. And who is to blame the experienced amateur? It is not selfishness, it is elementary self-preservation. On a difficult expedition the inexperienced man may get himself into trouble; he may also get others into trouble. The leader of the party cannot face these risks. In particular an inexperienced man, however courageous and resolute, is slow, and time counts for everything on the great mountains. The inexperienced man, if he is wise, never seeks assistance from another amateur. He takes a guide, who is paid to face the risks just mentioned in regard to the safety of his person, and is in fact so confident in his own powers that he is unaware of the existence of those risks. "A good man," say the Zermatt guides, "can get a cow up the Matterhorn."

My way was the way of the indigent. Year by year I walked on the Lakeland hills, learning a little more each year of the craft of the hills. In 1928 I was able to contemplate a yearly visit to the Alps. Two big mountains in each year, with a guide, fell within my means. My ambition, shared with many others, was to climb one by one the sixty-seven Viertausender,

peaks of 4,000 metres, or 13,000 feet, of the high Alps.

On many winter evenings I pored over the *Siegfried Atlas* deciding the programme of the coming year. For the rest of the Alpine holiday, with my sister as companion, I climbed lesser mountains and explored the glaciers. I am afraid that I have never passed out of the category of tourist into that of climber, but I can at least say that I have been a very happy tourist and that I have greatly loved the high hills.

An autumn evening in 1920 introduced me to the Lakes. A drive of eight miles through Borrowdale, past Derwentwater, ended at Seatoller. Those, and they must be many thousands, who have known Mrs. Pepper and her daughters, Mrs. Woodend and Mrs. Honey, need not be told how warm was our welcome. I have often meant to stay in another valley, and at another house, but I always seem to find myself at Seatoller.

Enchanting days followed. Who could forget his first sight of Styhead under the menace of oncoming storm, or of the great crag of Fleetwith Pike, sentinel over the Honister Pass, or of Great Gable, dark guardian of Ennerdale?

Soon I was destined to know these hills and dales better than any other country; I could wander over them no matter what the weather without serious risk of losing my way. Indeed I used to welcome weather bad enough to destroy all visibility, for then I could be sure that I would meet no one on the unfrequented

ways. After months of arduous employment in a great city, my natural pleasure in the society of my fellow-men would give place to a passion for solitude. I was able to gratify it through my intimate acquaintance with the country at the head of Ennerdale. I remember sitting on the summit rock of Great Gable, unable to see more than a few feet in any direction, and thinking that as there was almost certainly no one within several miles of distance, and 2,500 feet of height, I could be sure of a little quiet. No bell could ring, no letter could be delivered, no one could ask me to do anything. I was also able to sing. Ever since I was asked not to sing in the Chapel of my preparatory school I have been diffident of my powers, but wandering over the hills surrounded by mist and low-lying clouds, unembarrassed I sang to my heart's content. But not always to the content of others, for once I found a party huddled under a rock just above the gap which separates Great Gable from Green Gable. For some time they had been able to see little or nothing, but out of the swirling mists strange noises had been echoing round the rocks. They were so relieved to find the explanation of the phenomenon that they omitted to register any complaint.

My first visit to the hills was in the guise of a walker, and an indifferent walker at that. I was pleased with myself for ascending Scafell Pike. I achieved the four passes (Honister, Scarth Gap, Black Sail and Styhead) with the aid of an opulent tea in Wasdale. On my next visit I cheered up a little and essayed the very modest climb of the south-east gully of Great End. It

was my first experience on the rope, and my recollection is that I used it somewhat in the way in which it is commonly used in a gymnasium. Arthur Bryant, who was following me on another rope, said that my climbing was very remarkable and had inspired him with terror. (I was pleased until I found that his anxiety had been for his lunch which was in one of my pockets.) But he had some occasion for annoyance, as my companion had, in the words of the old adage, left no stone unturned in his effort to climb the mountain.

At that time also I had a small misadventure on the Lord's Rake, the easiest route up Scafell on the side of the Scafell precipice. In order to help a companion who was essaying a more difficult route I took all his kit in addition to my own. The Lord's Rake is a gully full of loose rock and scree and is nothing but a scramble, but it is a long scramble for an overloaded man and the last few feet are steep. Hopelessly out of breath by the time I reached the last few feet, I had not the strength to raise myself, nor could I find any foothold on which I could rest. Fortunately some one was coming up behind. He climbed round me and pulled me up. I learned there a valuable lesson, that as many accidents take place on the easiest rocks as on the most perilous climbs. Many a party, having achieved a difficult ascent, has suffered disaster, owing to carelessness, on easy rocks on the way down. A year or two later I was one of a rescue party which went out to bring in a man who had fallen, after a considerable climb, on rocks easier even than those of the Lord's Rake.

Many other visits followed, made ever more delightful by my membership of the Lake Hunt. There is no record of the Hunt in the guide books to the shires. It is a man-hunt. On three days at Whitsun, three hares with red bands over their shoulders disappear in the early morning into the mountainous country at the head of Ennerdale. Half an hour later the hounds, some eighteen in number, follow, some up Honister Hause on to Brandreth and Hay Stacks, others up Gillercomb Head on to Green Gable, Great Gable and Kirk Fell. A day of long chases over the hills, of ambushes, of chance meetings, follows, and it is but rarely that a hare escapes capture. I never escaped capture, when a hare; and as a hound I only once caught a hare, and in circumstances not wholly to my credit. I thought that I knew where the hare was likely to have lunch, and I ambushed him when he had just finished his lunch and I had not begun mine. This was on the loveliest of the passes, Black Sail.

Days of enchantment in the free air of the high hills were succeeded by portentous meals and the singing of the Hunt Songs, both under the direction of "Charles" and "Molly". In the long, low room of Seatoller, before twenty hungry men, "Charles" carved the Lakeland lamb and "Molly" the Lakeland ducks.

"Charles", Master of the Hunt, made me a member out of the goodness of his heart. I had no speed or skill to commend me as a hare or hound, and no songs to sing, but I was a minor official of the Board of Education, of which he was President in the first Labour Government. His brother George Trevelyan,

with Geoffrey Winthrop Young and A. S. McDougall, founded the Hunt in 1898, but Charles Trevelyan succeeded to the Mastership many years ago. May he ever retain it.

The Hunt asks only one thing of its members, a love of the hills. There is no other qualification, and men of diverse creeds, religious and political, and very diverse interests, have belonged to it. Politics and the Civil Service had a very full representation in the early days. Glancing at the list of old members I see eight who have since been cabinet ministers. But there are no politics in Seatoller, and it was possible for the members of the Hunt to meet three days after the conclusion of the General Strike in 1926, and to exchange reminiscences of the various parts which they had played, some as strike-organizers and some as strike-breakers. I doubt if this would be possible in most other lands.

A year later the Hunt was called upon to do in all seriousness what it had learned to do in play. On the last night of the Hunt, after three long days on the hills, every one had settled down to an enormous dinner and subsequently to the songs of the Hunt. Vincent Baddeley responded to the usual call for his famous ditty, "O Romeo, O Juliet". In the middle, the door was thrown open. A few words were sufficient to tell the tale of disaster on the hills, a few minutes sufficient to muster a rescue party of six, accoutred again in their climbing boots and with all necessary supplies.

A car took us as far as Seathwaite Farm. Here we took

to the rough track towards Styhead. We had gone but a little way when we saw a party coming towards us, and a glance was sufficient to tell us that he whom we had come to aid was past all such need. He had met his death on Great End many hours before. But we heard a tale of another accident, on Scafell. No one knew what had happened, except that a doctor, very exhausted, had been summoned from Great End and had gone on to Mickie Door, the narrow ridge dividing Scafell Pike from Scafell.

We held a hurried conference. In the most favourable circumstances, it would be good going to reach Mickie Door by the most direct route over Esk Hause and Scafell Pike in two hours. But already it was late twilight. Low clouds were settling on the hills. As far as Esk Hause there was a track which I at any rate knew well. From Esk Hause it would be necessary to find the way, in darkness, over the very rough path to the summit of Scafell Pike, and then over rocks without the semblance of a track, down to Mickie Door. With luck we might do it in three hours. The alternative was to go over Styhead, down to Wasdale and then up again to Mickie Door. A longer route, eight miles and 3,500 feet of climbing, first up Styhead and then up Mickie Door, but a route easier to follow in the dark. We chose the latter.

We pressed on at speed. Up Styhead we panted. Well I knew that I had walked and run all day, that I was lame, and that I had had too much dinner! Well I knew also the weight of the extra clothes and thermos flasks which we were carrying. The low clouds

came on us, the twilight deepened. We hurried on, stumbling and slithering over the rocks on the upper reaches of the Wasdale track under Great Gable. The track improved, we could almost run. We reached Wasdale Head, five miles from Seathwaite Farm, in an hour and fifteen minutes.

A light was burning in a farm. There was news. A party had just come down from Mickle Door, bringing an injured man. The rest of the party was safe. I leaned over the wall of the Inn and was very sick.

A little after midnight we set out again, with the three uninjured members of the party, to return to Seatoller. My heart was behaving quaintly, after my bout of sickness, and I had great difficulty in keeping going. But I called to mind an experience in the war to help me. I had once to march twelve miles in a high fever, and I found that so long as I could see the man in front of me, and could keep in step with him, I could go on marching. I could not keep in step with the man in front of me on the Wasdale-Styhead track, but I put my foot where his had been, and never letting him get more than two paces from me I reached the summit of the pass in good order.

We had made slow progress up the pass. Once we had missed the track, and had wasted some time in a wilderness of boulders before we found it again. A dim moonlight filtering through the low clouds which clung to the surrounding hills helped us but little. We had two lanterns, but we had become a large party. Those who were near to the lanterns were assisted by the light, but for those who were far away the bright-

ness of the distant lantern only served to make their immediate surroundings, and particularly the rough track under their feet, more dark. It became necessary to count the party every few minutes, and to wait till stragglers arrived.

A halt was therefore indicated when we reached the summit of the pass, and we gathered the party under the sign-post which marks the divergence of the ways to Wasdale, Langdale and Borrowdale. We hung our lanterns on the sign-post, and distributed the warm clothing and the contents of the thermos flasks, and of such other flasks as the more thoughtful of us had slipped into our pockets. We resumed also the interrupted songs of the Lake Hunt, and at 1.30 a.m. the rocks of Great Gable resounded to the chorus of the *Darkies' Sunday School*, contributed by James Wilkie of the Board of Education.

“Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
Join the Darkies' Sunday School, and make yourselves
at home,

Bring your sticks of chewing gum and sit upon the
floor,
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you never heard
before.”

This night was very like the war and it seemed quite natural that we should sing a ribald song on the summit of the pass, though death and injury had taken their toll in our presence. There are but few moments in a man's life when an emotion sufficiently compelling

has given to him mastery over fear and fatigue, and perhaps only then does he see life and death in their true perspective.

Many climbers gave their lives in the war. The summit rock of Great Gable bears a tablet placed there by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club "in glorious and happy memory of those whose names are inscribed below, members of this Club, who died for their country". This tablet was carried to the summit by members of the Lake Hunt, and its founder, Geoffrey Winthrop Young, paid a memorable tribute. "Upon this mountain summit," he said, "we are met to-day to dedicate this space of hills to freedom. Upon this rock are set the names of men—our brothers and our comrades upon these cliffs—who held, with us, that there is no freedom of the soil where the spirit of man is in bondage; and who surrendered their part in the fellowship of hill and wind and sunshine, that the freedom of this land, the freedom of our spirit, should endure.

"This bronze," he continued, "stands high upon the crowning glory of our free land, as a sign between us and them."

Extravagant language, many will say, but not the mountaineer. Great Gable to me has no peer. I have climbed in the Lakes, in the Welsh Mountains, in the Black Coolin. I have wandered far afield in the Alps. I have seen the great peaks girdling the Tasman Glacier in New Zealand. I know snow and rock, glacier and

precipice, blue lake and flower-carpeted moraine. But to me the most beautiful of all mountains, in the most beautiful of all lands, is Great Gable towering over Ennerdale. And I love her none the less though she betrayed me. It was on Great Gable that I fell.

The rock on which I lay was stained with blood. The shock of falling had numbed me and I was not sure what had happened. I saw my right hand. It was not a pleasant sight. I tried my thumb. It worked. I tried each finger in turn. Each worked. Flesh wounds only, I thought, with immense relief. But how about my knee? A deep gash, full of grit. How could I stop the blood flowing and get the grit out? I had a handkerchief; soon I had other people's handkerchiefs, but they lasted for a very short time. Matters were becoming serious, when a figure was observed crossing the near horizon. He was hailed and his handkerchief was demanded. He produced a bottle of iodine and a bandage. (Since that incident I have never found fairy stories difficult of credence.) Four strong men held me down and a fifth poured a bottle of iodine into my knee. I hope that he did not resent what I said to him.

A few days later a great surgeon inspected my knee. He beamed on me. "A quarter of an inch more that way, or that way, or that way," he said, "and you would have lost your leg. As it is, you will recover." I did.

I forgot to ask him about my hand. It was giving me no trouble, and I was bandaging it myself; but three weeks later I was dictating a letter, when my secretary turned pale. My secretaries are not in the habit of

turning pale, and I asked what was the matter. "Isn't your hand rather a queer shape?" she said. I looked. It was. I showed it to my friend Harris, who is eloquent in several languages, but chiefly in Welsh and Latin. He took an X-ray photograph, and after examining it spoke both Latin and Welsh with great fluency. He explained that my bones must stay where they were; it was too late to do anything. But I had the satisfaction of learning that my hand would, like one of Peachum's friends in the *Beggar's Opera*, become "a specimen at Surgeons' Hall".

Some time afterwards I broke my thumb playing pat-ball over a tennis net on a Sunday afternoon at a country house, and as I broke my arm in the war, my equipment, on the right side, is definitely incomplete. But in these days, when Geoffrey Young climbs the Matterhorn, and more difficult mountains, with one leg, no one could deny to me the freedom of the high hills.

Once only was I persuaded that there might be hills to the south which might compare with my familiar hills. I came through North Lancashire by Broughton-in-Furness to the River Duddon, and ascending the Old Man of Coniston, still mantled in snow, saw the Langdale Pikes and Bowfell from the south. I thought of Angle Tarn under Bowfell, surely the most secret, the most lovely of mountain tarns, and soon I was again in Wasdale. But I found a way, full of enchantment, from the south to the north. From Seathwaite in Dunnerdale a path leads across stepping-stones and ascends

the hill-side to a remote farm bearing an ancient and romantic name, Grassguards. Then the traveller must find his way through the peat bog of Birker Fell with never a dwelling in view for many miles, till he reaches a deserted farm above Eskdale. From there the path leads by the loveliest of mountain streams to Boot, the terminus of the comic little railway which wanders through Eskdale. The traveller then takes the well-known track over Eskdale Fell, past desolate Burnmoor Tarn to Wasdale, and so over Styhead to Borrowdale.

From Borrowdale once I took train to the far north. A committee of the Lake Hunt, meeting after dinner under the genial chairmanship of Kenneth Spence, decided that I was ignorant of Scotland, and an itinerary was drawn up to lead me ultimately to the Sligachan Hotel and the Black Coolin. I lost the itinerary, and followed a route dictated purely by chance. I arrived in Glasgow on a Saturday afternoon, and left twenty minutes later, with the aid of a friendly policeman, for Loch Lomond. I took a boat; it was a beautiful evening and I would willingly have stayed on the boat, but I was put ashore at Arrochar. The next day I grew weary on the steep grass slopes of The Cobbler, but was rewarded with an incomparable view over the Western Hills. Early the next morning I caught a train to the north. I meant to get out at Fort William, but I was carried on to Mallaig, where there was nothing to do but to get on a boat. This took me to Kyle of Lochalsh, where there was another boat. On this I embarked, and in the evening was put ashore at Portree after a day of pure enchantment, sailing between the

Red and Black Coolin of Skye and the mainland of Inverness, range after range of dark blue mountains and russet glens under a cloud-flecked azure sky.

At Portree I stayed at a commercial hotel which I have never forgotten for two reasons. The first was the kippers fried in oatmeal; the second was the sixpence which they took off my bill for every course which I missed at dinner. A kindly person drove me to Dunvegan Castle and I was so fortunate as to be shown round the Castle by Canon Macleod. Here I listened to many tales of blood and heard of the infamous Macdonalds of the Isles, the Campbells, and others. "That was a wicked thing to do," I whispered to my companion, after we had inspected the room where several Campbells died after a feast. "Man," he replied, "if they were Campbells, they dessairved it." The next day I placed myself under the hospitality of a Campbell, and was more comfortable than his ancestors on their fateful visit to Dunvegan.

I spent five days at Sligachan, and then wearying of the clouds which were permanently settled on the roof of the inn, took a train to the Isle of Wight. In the meantime I had seen but little of the Coolin, but I had been very wet. But on the last day, the barometer rose a trifle, and thinking that perhaps the clouds might lift for a while at sunset I set out in the late afternoon over Drum Hain to Loch Coruisk. At sundown I reached the far end of the loch and my enterprise was fully rewarded. The clouds rose, as a stage curtain might rise, and revealed the great peaks, the blue granite glistening after rain in the rays of the setting sun. At

my feet, and as a foreground to all this splendour, was the loch, unruffled, reflecting the beauty girdling it on every side. But I could not wait, for I was nine miles from Sligachan, and I did not wish darkness to overtake me on these trackless hills. For some minutes I was occupied in finding my way; when I looked up again, the stage curtain had fallen. I hurried home seeing little but the mist.

An attempt to see the glories of the Welsh mountains was even less successful. Fate was opposed to the scheme from the outset. Piers Thompson, a member of the Lake Hunt and (once) of Parliament, undertook to drive me there in his very ancient and battered car. I thereupon caught a cold and could not go at the appointed time. When I was well enough I lunched with him and gave him my cold, so he could not start. But the day came when we were both able to start. We left Gower Street in great form and reached Trafalgar Square, where something happened to the magneto. Not without encouragement from the crowd, we pushed the car out of Trafalgar Square and all the way to the Embankment, where a garage was discovered. After several hours, and lunch at the National Liberal Club, of which Piers Thompson thought that he had once been a member, we started again, and arrived in good order at Hayes Rectory, where Canon Thompson put us up for the night. In the morning we re-entered the car, which promptly burst into flames. After the destruction of an overcoat and some rugs, an intelligent and friendly person produced a fire-extinguisher. By this time our blood was up. All the resources of the

local garage were mustered. The car gave it up as a bad job, and brought us through the lovely parklands of Shropshire and over the hills of Montgomery to Dolgelly.

We saw Cader Idris; the next day we wandered over it. I little thought that it was soon to claim my friend T. H. Venables, President of the University College Union and a man of whom everybody had the highest hopes. Descending, we called at a tumble-down farm, remote and right in the hills. There was but little glass in the windows. We wondered if it was still occupied. A woman came to the door. We mentioned tea. She busied herself with making tea and gave us what she had in the way of bread. When we rose to leave we asked how much we owed. "Nothing," she replied.

We drove north by Harlech to the Llanberis Pass. Mr. Owen entertained us at the inn, with admirable fare and still more admirable reminiscences of the two wars he has enjoyed. Who does not know Sergeant Owen, the only Welshman in the Hussars, the smartest man in his regiment? Who has not heard what he said to the colonel, and what the colonel said to him, when as a recruit he knocked out his sergeant on the parade-ground? Whose command of words has not been enriched out of the largess of his apocalyptic vocabulary? Yet I hope that he will fail to achieve his last ambition, which is to enjoy one more war before he dies.

Low clouds masked Snowdon. We found the pig-track and followed it as well as we could through the snow. We could see but a few yards in any direction.

But we knew that we had reached the summit, as we found the railway station, providentially shrouded in a mantle of white. On this day no beer bottles rattled down the majestic gullies of the east face. The bad weather continued. We tried another route, over Lliwedd, but the visibility was even worse. A gale from the west blew frozen particles of snow into our eyes. Again we saw nothing but the railway station. This is the only mountain which I have climbed twice but have never seen.

My first visit to the Alps followed the precedent of my first visit to the Lakes. A pair of stout boots was my only equipment; I had neither rope nor axe. I did no climbing of any consequence, but a modest programme of walks brought with it some rather ludicrous misadventures. It was wholly appropriate that our chosen district was that once graced by Tartarin.

John Lancelot and Francis Charles were my companions. In the train from Victoria to Newhaven, and from Dieppe to Paris, we were engaged in a heated dispute as to our plans. John Lancelot was attracted by the Pyrenees. Francis Charles wanted to drift down the Rhone in a boat. I advocated Savoy. A railway time-table and a pin (or some such weapon) settled our difficulties. We agreed on Moutiers-Salins, a name full of attraction. It proved to be a station on a branch line which ends in a valley somewhere near the Mont-Cenis Pass. John Lancelot was commissioned to take the tickets at the Gâre de Lyon, as he knew the lan-

guage. He was a French master at a public school. He asked for three second class tickets to Moutiers; he received six third class.

When these misunderstandings had been adjusted, we went quietly to sleep in the train, and woke, with morning, in a lovely valley in Savoy. A bowl of hot coffee in a wayside station took the must out of our throats. Soon we were at Moutiers; we found an old town, seat of a bishopric, and with many traces of Roman occupation. It was near the frontier and held a substantial garrison.

It was agreed that we should ascend Mont Jovet, which was reported to have a marvellous view. It had the further advantage that the Club Alpin Français had erected a chalet-refuge near the summit. It was a very long walk and involved an ascent of more than 6,000 feet. The valley in which Moutiers lies is very narrow and enjoys almost tropical heat. We started in the morning, myself through inexperience laden with a far too heavy pack. Such was the heat that we were well nigh exhausted by the time that we reached a height where we could breathe without discomfort. It was still a long way to the chalet-refuge; the afternoon drew on, and I, with my ridiculous pack, was very tired indeed. We could see no refuge. The sky darkened. We looked to the west. It was black. An Alpine thunderstorm was on its way.

We hurried on, convinced now that we had missed the track. We halted to decide on a plan. If we went back, we were sure to find a cow-shed on the pastures, an unattractive place to sleep in and affording little

protection against the storm. If we went forward we might find the refuge and spend the night in comfort; but if we failed we would spend the night in a very exposed position and get exceedingly wet. Some one produced a flask of brandy which induced an atmosphere of hope. We went forward; over the brow of the hundredth false horizon of that long day. The refuge was but a few yards away. As we pushed open the door the storm broke.

I was utterly exhausted. I could not eat. I could not even drink the remaining brandy. I lay down. The others became rather anxious. I looked ill. Meanwhile the lightning and thunder were continuous. The rain beat against the wooden walls of the hut. Attracted, I suppose by the light of our candle, the cattle came in from the high pastures. Soon we were surrounded by a considerable herd, terrified by the storm and jingling their cowbells in a mad cacophony. We put out the candle, but it made little difference. It would have been possible to read, so continuous were the flashes of lightning. The storm raged unabated; the barrage of thunder broke on us, passed on, and returned, time and again.

Two of us were awake; the third fell asleep. Suddenly there was a piercing cry in the hut and a voice cried some words of terror. The mad play of the lightning, the intolerable jangling of the cowbells, the massed batteries of the thunder, were nothing compared to that cry in the dark. The sleeper, unconscious of his cry, turned over. The storm died down. Sleepless I lay in darkness till the coming of dawn.

In the morning, however, I mastered my weariness and ascended the few hundred feet to the summit of Mont Jovet. Range after range of snow-girt mountains rose to the north and east, enthroning that mountain of which I had read in my childhood as Sovran Blanc. White, majestic, aloof, she reigned over High Savoy.

Descending we were able to enjoy to the full all that in our weariness of the day before we had missed, the rocks and pine woods and green pastures against a background of blue sky. We were able also to identify a mysterious traveller who had come over one of the false horizons of yesterday and had taken a very personal interest in us. Never able to resist a raffish type, I had engaged him in conversation. He had come, he said, over the near-by frontier in search of work. A newspaper now revealed that a well-known *ladrone*, after many murders, had escaped from Lombardy over the Italian frontier but had been apprehended by customs officers and police in the valley below.

After a day of rest in Moutiers we made our way up the valley to Pralognan-la-Vanoise. A mountain of no difficulty, some 8,000 feet in height, attracted us, the Petit Mont Blanc. It was so easy that we thought that we could descend wherever we wished, and we were taught a very valuable lesson. For during some two hours we struggled along a steep and narrow grass slope with a precipice above and below us; ultimately we made our escape across a precipitous gully full of loose debris, and were thankful.

Our plan was to cross the passes into the Val d'Isère, and we made our way to the refuge on the Col de la

Vanoise. We were preceded by two young Frenchmen who lost their lives on the Grand Casse. The custodian of the refuge was very eloquent and very distressed; he had done his best to dissuade them from a hazardous climb. What more could he have done? We tried to comfort him. Hopper, of the Board of Trade, turned up with his guide. He had lost an arm in the war, perhaps an even greater disability for a climber than the loss of a leg. Shortly afterwards he died on the mountains which he loved. An avalanche overwhelmed his party on a ski-ing expedition.

We started early the next day as we had to find our way over an unfrequented pass, the Col de la Leisse, a journey of some eight hours at best. We might have experienced great difficulty, as we had a very small map, and there was no track. The Col de la Leisse is crossed by perhaps six travellers in a normal year. But in this year the French Army was holding manœuvres on the French-Italian frontier, and a company of infantry filed through the pass leaving many traces of a character to give unholy joy to a Boy Scout. None the less we had some anxious moments, as two of us climbed down a steep gully and disappeared from the view of the third. Two hours of shouting and whistling in a wilderness of boulders ensued, before we found each other again. We came at last to the bluest of blue lakes, at Tignes, and the precipitous gorges of the Val d'Isère. Evening found us at Bourg St. Maurice.

We had now reached the Mont Blanc massif, and we set out for Chamonix over the high pass of the Col du Bonhomme. At this time an unfrequented track, it

has since become a motor road. At a height of some 8,000 feet we picked up a thunderstorm. At first we were somewhat apprehensive of the vivid flashes of lightning, but we seemed, in some peculiar way, to get above the lightning while remaining in the thunder. The clouds enveloped us, so that we could see little or nothing but the boulders through which we picked our way; round us the thunder boomed and echoed on the steep crags on either side of the pass. I felt like a speck of dust on a billiard table during an exciting game of pool. Drenched to the skin we hurried over the Col and down the far side. A *châlet* appeared out of the clouds; we entered it. We were at Nant Borrant, and in luck's way. The patron could not do enough for us. Wrapped in his blankets, and with a pail of milk enriched by a bottle of rum, we fell into great content.

We went down the pass to St. Gervais and so by train to Chamonix. Here we were greeted by a rainbow and an Italian band, which distracted our attention, but only momentarily, from Mont Blanc. There was the mountain of dreams, rising 12,000 feet from the green pastures. There was the way, Glacier des Bossons, Petit Plateau, Grand Plateau, Dôme du Gouter, Bosses des Dromadaires, by which even the humblest climber might attain a new world of incomparable beauty.

But it was not to be. Two modest walks filled in the remainder of our holiday, one to the summit of the Brévent, where we saw nothing but swirling clouds, the other that delectable way by Montanvert over the Mer de Glâce and the Mauvais Pas and back by the

River Arve. Fascinated, I looked for the first time on the Glacier du Géant. There is always a tendency to depreciate a view made familiar by photographs and made accessible by mountain railways. But it would be a bold man who depreciated the view from Montanvert of the Glacier du Géant girt by the great Aiguilles and closed to the south by the Col des Hirondelles and those mighty cliffs of the north wall of the Grands Jorasses, still unscaled, still exacting their yearly toll from the ambitious mountaineer.

Our party dissolved at Chamonix, and I made my way to the Châteaux of the Loire, to the sophisticated, but none the less exquisite, beauties of Chenonceaux and Amboise, of Blois and Azay-le-Rideau and Chambord. So much of beauty, yet so much of bloodshed. It is curious to me how often the two are associated.

Henry accompanied me on my next visit to the Alps; we never reached them. A little climbing in the Tirol was the idea, but we allowed ourselves too many distractions on the way. Henry spoke German. I did not. I thought that here was a golden opportunity to see a little of Germany and Austria. We decided to approach the Tirol by the curious route—Dresden, Prague, Vienna. Later we were discovered in a boat on our way down the Danube to Hungary.

We landed at Flushing, in the happy mood which results from an expensive lunch on a Dutch boat. We were made happier by the consideration shown to us by the officials. Standing at the back of a large crowd, all anxious to be the first off our very crowded boat, we heard a cry, "Any Breeteesh passports?" We held

our passports negligently in the air. The crowd parted. The officials waved us off the boat, and we spent twenty minutes in Flushing station before any more passengers arrived. In the morning we reached Dresden. It was very hot, but the terrace above the river, the beer, the music, and the Vermeer *Girl Reading a Letter*, delayed us for two days.

We were delayed yet longer at Prague, fascinated by the domestic architecture, the towers, the bridges, the castle on the hill. Henry, who is a linguist, picked up some Czecho-Slovak to help us along. The Czechs had achieved liberation after many centuries of oppression, and it was a common and very natural affectation on the part of the populace to pretend not to understand German. I found, however, that complete ignorance of a language is no bar to social intercourse. Having an introduction to the Minister at the Legation, I called there, and learned by the language of signs, and the use of the dial of a watch, that the Minister was asleep, but was expected to wake at or about ten minutes past five.

We reached Vienna and lost more time. Schönbrunn was one explanation; another was the gallery with the loveliest of Velasquez portraits. It was our duty to turn west to the Tirol; we turned east. Early in the morning we embarked in a boat, and for a long day of pure enchantment we sailed down the Danube. For a few miles there were traces of Vienna in pleasure gardens and the like, but soon we reached a less sophisticated world. Water-wheels in the river ground the corn of the great plains. Peasants and gipsies came

on board, travelling by this great highway of Eastern Europe to their markets. The gipsies paid for their passage by gipsy music; its motif seemed to me a savage lament.

In the evening we saw the lights of Budapest in the distance; we were in the modern world again. I dined at the Donauplatz, and made the waiters happy. I ordered a bottle of Imperial Tokay, in the belief that it was a wine. I found out afterwards that it was a liqueur, but in the meantime I had given the waiter a 100,000 kroner note in mistake for 10,000 kroner. Budapest was still affected by the troubles succeeding the War. Admiral Horthy and the Whites had succeeded Bela Kun and his Reds; for the first time I saw, in the faces of the population, that grim look, a blend of fear and suspicion of every neighbour, which is the aftermath of Civil War.

We now became virtuous and decided to adhere to our original plan. We returned to Vienna and took train to Zell-am-See. We intended to make our way from there into the Venediger Group and perhaps to climb the Gross Glockner. Zell has a very beautiful lake, but we closed our eyes to the pleasure boats. We were going to the mountains. Our immediate need, however, was accommodation for the night, and this was not to be had. We were not proud, we could dispense with beds, but we could not find even floor space. We left Zell and, climbing the hill-side, slept in a barn where I twitched gently through the night. Indeed, I was very uncomfortable, for my face and hands were already covered by a multitude of tiny but intensely

irritating spots, brought on, I believe, by overmuch indulgence in 'schweinerschnitzel, and 'wienerschnitzel' in hot weather. I did not mean to confine myself to these opulent delicacies, of which I am far from fond, but I had never been able to translate any of the other choices on the menus, and most of them sounded horrid.

We rose early, and setting out towards Heiligenblut, we got as far as Fusch. Here we were confined in a 'gasthaus' by rain. It had rained, they said, for three weeks. It would probably rain for three more. In any case no mountain would be fit for climbing for several days. After a day of intense boredom in the 'gasthaus,' we fled. Night found us approaching Innsbruck.

It was eleven when we arrived. Henry asked at the station what was the prospect of getting rooms. Not a bed in Innsbruck, every one asserted. But a porter was helpful. He had a friend who might allow us to have his bed, for a consideration. He gave us the address. We found it. The house was in complete darkness. We rang. After a time a window on the first floor was pushed open, and a head appeared. Hair fell down, reaching almost to us. If the worst comes to the worst, I thought, we can climb up that way. Henry explained our needs. But indeed, the porter had been mistaken, she said. There was but one bed in the house. She had already retired to it, with her husband. Henry, undaunted, suggested that things might yet be arranged. They were. Henry and I inherited a warm bed. We had a momentary glimpse of the husband, ensconced for the night in a very small armchair. His wife was

lost to view; I expect that she had the larger armchair. Trying to find the bathroom, I found a very large dog and completed my ablutions in a state of great embarrassment.

Innsbruck was full of attraction, but we were homeless and grew tired of walking up and down the streets. We decided to go to Brittany and bathe. As soon as we reached our decision, and entered the train for Paris, it became brilliantly fine. This was too much. We descended at St. Anton von Arlberg. But we had learned caution. "Are there any beds here?" said Henry to a porter. "None within ten miles," he replied. We leapt back into the train, and passed into a tunnel. When we emerged, the clouds had gathered again. We accepted the omen and found ourselves on the Brittany coast at Paramé.

I had telegraphed to a friend to get us rooms. But Paramé was very full, and he achieved only two rooms in a block of working-class dwellings. It was dark when we arrived. Henry knocked. A door opened. We asked for two rooms. Madame beamed. We were ushered into them. In the morning we were awakened by a resounding clamour. We were in the wrong rooms. Our proper landlady had waited for us. We had never arrived. We had been discovered in the rooms of her rival, a lady, she alleged, of no reputation. Two Breton washerwomen howled and stormed. We lay in bed and refused to interest ourselves in the matter. 'J'y suis. J'y reste.' After two hours the storm died down, but not before I had added some very picturesque phrases to my French vocabulary.

We did not stay for long. Money ran short. The weather was bad and grew worse. Henry, a bad sailor, had enough to go back by Paris, Calais and Dover, first class. I had not. The prospect of the St. Malo—Southampton crossing in bad weather was unalluring. I decided to see if a little Boule at the Casino would improve my prospects. It did not. As my small store of francs ebbed away, the storm rose and beat against the windows. The next evening I went on board. There was a handful of passengers, although it was the height of the season. I supposed that they were all in the same straits as myself. They were in worse straits as we pitched and rolled through the heavy seas of the Gulf.

The time at last came when my income made possible a month in the Alps each year. I spent the rest of the year thinking about that month. I inaugurated the new era at Chamonix, accompanied by my sister Vera. Her experience of the mountains was very brief indeed, but it included an ascent of the Kolahoi glacier in the Himalaya. It included, also, an ascent of Mont Blanc, made during a stay of forty-eight hours or so in Chamonix when travelling by train from Venice to Paris. A bantam in weight and stature, she caused much amusement in high huts on the night before a climb, but less amusement on the day after. Climbing together, we were never passed on a mountain. Untiring, intrepid and silent, she was the ideal companion alike on the great mountains and on the long glacier expeditions in which we both delighted.

I have mentioned silence as an attribute, for indeed

it is an indispensable quality in a mountaineer. He sees around him at every step some new beauty. From the green pastures he mounts by way of the swirling waters of the torrent and the rainbow-flecked waterfall to the rugged world of moraine and glacier. In the moraine he sees the loveliest of flowers struggling bravely to the light. In the glacier he sees the miraculous colours of ice-fall and crevasse. Before him looms the majesty of the crags, the purity of the high snows. In the midst of unimaginable beauty, speech is impious. It is considered impolite to chatter during a performance of the Ninth Symphony; it is no less a crime to exchange small talk on the snows of the Lotschenlucke or the Theodule. Still worse is it to distract the attention of the leader of a party on rocks or on glacier by asking questions, and in particular by the question whether he is sure that he is following the right way. The mountaineer on every expedition uses an immense fund of acquired knowledge, but he uses it unconsciously. His instinct tells him where there is a way through a wilderness of crevasses. He follows it with unerring confidence. But once shake that confidence by the asking of questions, and disaster is likely to follow. Once only was I asked on a glacier whether I was sure of the way: I promptly lost it.

We had chosen Chamonix for our first few days in the Alps, because we both knew it. Our arrival was inauspicious. The town was increasing in size and getting more like Deauville every day. We were without a sports car. We had no beach pyjamas. We did not wish to buy a loud-speaker encased in a gilt chamois.

We had therefore to grovel in order to get accommodation. But once on the mountain paths, all this was forgotten. Overwork and a recent accident made climbing out of the question for a while. But I recovered my strength, and tested my limbs, in long days on the woodland paths, which led to the Glaciers of Bossons and Tacconnaz, to Montanvert and the Mer-de-Glâce, to Lognan and the Glacier d'Argentière. The weather improved. Mont Blanc, serenely white against a background of blue sky, beckoned. After a week I succumbed. I decided that I had recovered my strength.

At this time John Dover Wilson arrived. An invitation to give a course of lectures at Geneva had provided him with a return ticket to Switzerland. He took the opportunity, long denied him, of seeing Mont Blanc. It was agreed that he should accompany us as far as the Grands Mulets and perhaps farther. We acquired Jules Tournier and his son as guide and porter, and counted ourselves fortunate.

I approached Mont Blanc much in the spirit of Albert Smith, whose famous ascent in the year 1851 is well-known to all mountaineers. His book, illustrated by an artist with a vivid imagination, is pure delight. Albert Smith was one of the ardent duffers to whom sport owes much. His climbing, like mine, was of village cricket standard. Yet he loved Mont Blanc, and his ascent was as exciting to him, and on account of his gift of description to a great public, as the great ascents of the Brenva Glacier and the Brouillard Ridge have been to other and much greater mountaineers.

Albert Smith walked the hospitals in his youth. But he had a greater gift for narration than for medicine. He gave a little of each of his gifts to the world in his first work, *Confessions of Jasper Buddle, a Dissecting-room Porter*. As a young student, almost penniless, he had made his way from Paris to Chamonix. From that hour he had but one ambition, to climb Mont Blanc. It was an ambition which had at that time been gratified by few. Chamonix was very far away. The expedition was still accounted hazardous. Men made their wills before setting out. The expense was considerable. Albert Smith could not afford it for many years. He afforded it in 1851.

In that year he visited Chamonix and announced his intention of making the ascent. The populace was delighted. He met some young gentlemen in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Londres, and arranged that they should join his party. The populace was even more delighted, and spared no pains to make the expedition a success. "Each of us had four guides, making twenty in all." The provisions cost 456 francs.

Customs change, and climbing parties do not usually include wine among their provisions to-day. It is very heavy in a pack. But these were the heroic days. The caravan set out with 94 bottles of wine and brandy, 11 large and 35 small fowls, and a great quantity of mutton, beef and veal. Before starting "all our guides and porters had a feast in the garden". This also is a custom which has fallen into disuse.

The caravan crossed successfully the terrible "crevices" in the Glacier des Bossons and reached the rocks

of the Grands Mulets. There was no hut on the rocks at that time, but a night in the open had no effect on the exhilaration of the guides. As each bottle was emptied it was thrown on to the glacier and raced downwards, leaping crevasse after crevasse until it was engulfed. It needed only a bookmaker to make the party a complete success.

In the small hours the caravan set out, and surmounting many perils which are recorded in graphic language, and in yet more graphic illustrations, in his book, reached the summit by the old route, by the Mur de la Côte. Albert Smith was overcome, as so many of his successors have been, by an irresistible desire to sleep. Triumphantly he returned to Chamonix, greeted by an assembly of the whole populace, and by the firing of cannon. He was so moved by his reception that he does not seem to have resented his little bill, 2337 francs, 75 centimes.

Our smaller caravan set out, without the junketings of 1851. The late afternoon found us above the pine-woods. We crossed the couloir of the Aiguille du Midi and took to the Glacier. An hour of easy progress brought us to the Jonction, where the convergence of the Glacier des Bossons and the Glacier de Taconnaz exerts a tremendous pressure on the ice and breaks it into a riot of seracs and crevasses. We roped and made our way on narrow ledges between crevasses, sometimes traversing rough ladders, till we were above the ice-fall. The rocks of the Grands Mulets rose on our left. We saw the hut put here many years ago by the Chamonix guides, and now maintained in conditions of

luxury by the Municipality of Chamonix. It is possible here to obtain a hot dinner, at a price. Unhappily, it is also possible to obtain wine, and after half a bottle of something imported from Algeria I was consumed by the torments of thirst throughout the night.

The weather, which had been fine for several days, now showed signs of deteriorating. The guides inclined to pessimism. We retired. In the darkness I lay vainly seeking sleep. For the first time I heard the eerie sounds which break the stillness of the night on a glacier, the groans which come from the slow downward movement of the ice, the sobbing of the glacier streams. But these sounds were dimmed by the rising of the wind. It beat against the walls of the hut in ever greater fury. My heart sank. I had looked forward so much to this day. Would the guides say that we must turn back?

Jules Tournier came with a light. It was one in the morning. Could we start? Yes, but he could make no promises. The Grand Plateau, perhaps. More than that he could not say. In a jumble of tourists, guides, warm clothes, lanterns and ropes, we munched bread and drank something indeterminate. We roped in the hut, in order, Jules Tournier, Vera, myself, his son. We were the last to start, but quickly caught the three other parties which had preceded us. The caravan moved across a level and easy glacier towards the Petites Montées. It was a picturesque scene. The lanterns of the guides swaying in the darkness, the dim outline of Mont Blanc above us, the lights of Chamonix far below us, the blackness of the Auguille

du Midi to our rear. From time to time heavy falls of stone roared down the Couloir of the Aiguille; the guides cursed. Of all the dangers of the mountains, the guide most abhors the falling stone. It is a danger against which all his skill and experience are of no avail.

We moved forward slowly. The high wind delayed us. Coming in gusts it extinguished first one lantern and then another. My Orilux lamp, heritage of trench warfare, of which the guides had been scornful, began to come into its own. Soon the caravan broke up. We went ahead.

A dark object broke the limitless expanse of dim whiteness around us. A guide held his lantern to it. A bird lay dead on the snow. Poor little bird! Flying south he had chosen the most difficult way, the highest obstacle to surmount.

We halted on the Petit Plâteau; the guides discussed the weather. The Algerian wine was still doing its deadly work. I was consumed with thirst. Jules Tournier told me to keep a prune in my mouth. For the first time in my life I felt an affection for the prune. A steep incline of snow faced us, the Grands Montées. I had my first experience of mountain-sickness. We had reached 12,000 feet, the height at which it always affects me. Higher up, it disappears, but this I did not know at the time. We had still 4,000 feet to climb, and every step had become an effort of the will.

We halted again on the Grand Plâteau, and the guides had a conference. Dawn was near, but there was no light in the sky. Black had turned to grey.

Protected as we were by the wall of the Dôme du Gouter, we were yet harassed by the gale. A thunder squall passed over us, blotting out the lights of Chamonix; the clouds eddied, the thunder pealed in the gaunt crags of the Aiguille du Midi and the great Aiguilles to the East.

The guides shrugged their shoulders. Our porter, with the confidence of youth, had long asserted that there was no chance of reaching the summit. But his elders would not give up. We moved forward up the steep snow wall of the Dôme du Gouter. We reached the Col. Hope died.

The gale from the south-west struck us with full force. It was difficult to stand, impossible to see. Frozen snow lashed our faces. The cold bit through our gloves. Tournier threw in his hand. He led the way into the Vallot Refuge; the other parties followed.

Pitch darkness reigned in the hut, but it soon became evident that it was tenanted. Jules Tournier sought for blankets to put round us; we were shuddering with cold. He found two. There were loud protests in English. The dispossessed climber came over to us to say exactly what he felt. It was George Trevelyan, a member of the Lake Hunt.

We were a motley crew in the Vallot Refuge. The Grands Mulets caravan was composed of French guides and English, German and Russian tourists. Two parties had taken shelter in the Vallot Refuge the night before, two Italians and four Englishmen. The Italians had previously spent some hours trying to escape the fury of the gale in the shelter of a crevasse.

The Englishmen had come on to the Refuge from the Bionnassay Hut, finding it full. Fortunately no one had ventured forward from the Bionnassay Hut that morning; the Vallot Refuge was tightly packed as it was.

At this time I was feeling very ill from the effects of mountain sickness, and was suffering, as Albert Smith had suffered many years before, from an overwhelming desire to sleep. The guide prodded me continuously to keep me awake. Meanwhile the storm appeared to be lessening. Activity began to reign in the Refuge. The guides conferred again.

It was agreed that the porters would remain with the women in the Refuge. The guides and men would go forward. I woke into new life. But to my dismay I found that parties of four were contemplated, and that on my rope there was a stranger who had attracted my attention on the Grand Plâteau by his obvious inexperience and weariness.

We went forward through swirling eddies of snow, and came to the foot of the great snow cones known as the Bosses du Dromadaire. We met one party coming back, then another. But Jules Tournier pressed on. We began the long ascent of ice-steps, but progress was slow. For the most part we were halted bending before the storm and clinging with our ice-axes to our temporary anchorage. It was my first experience of a steep ice slope in bad weather, and I found it very intimidating. At last we reached the summit of the first of the Bosses. We looked down on the narrow arête leading to the final and easy ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc. But a narrow arête

is a formidable obstacle in a hurricane. Jules Tournier shook his head. "We can go no farther," he said.

"If caught by a storm at a height of 14,000 feet," said a President of the Alpine Club to me, "run for it." We ran; but not for far. The stranger was now first on the rope descending the ice-steps of the Bosses. He went slower and slower. Soon he stopped. We roared curses into the storm. He would not move. We were in a ridiculous plight. The ice-steps were cut in the narrow ridge of the Bosses; on either side ice-walls fell at a steep angle into nothingness. We could not move unless the stranger moved. We could not pass him; if we could, we could not leave him behind. We could do nothing to help him, clinging as we were with our ice-axes hooked into small crevices in the ice. At last, when we had shouted ourselves hoarse, he moved, then stopped again. After an age we came safe to the Vallot Refuge, to find a state of scare prevalent. We had been away so long that prophecies of disaster had been circulating freely. I was a horrid sight, my face covered in a film of congealed blood from the battering of the tiny particles of frozen snow driven by the storm.

We re-formed our parties and set out again for the Col du Dôme. Soon we were under its protection; the wind from the south-west drove over the Col. We felt warm again. We felt also the need of lunch. Greed drove us forward, out-distancing the other parties and delighting Dover Wilson, who had watched our progress from the rocks of the Grands Mulets and had not expected lunch for several hours.

Negotiating the ice-fall, and one by one the couloir of the Aiguille du Midi, which in the late afternoon and after a change in the weather was beset with falling stones, we returned to the woods and green pastures, and so to Chamonix. We sat in a little beer-garden on the banks of the torrent of the Arve and Arveyron, and followed our climb up the glaciers and snow-slopes, till it was blotted out by storm clouds above the Grand Plâteau.

The next morning, bound for Zermatt, we caught the train which climbs to Vallorcine and then descends to Martigny and the Rhone Valley. To the east were the mighty Aiguilles of the Vert and Dru, to the south Chamois, Grepon, Blaitière, Plan, Midi, the Elysian Fields of every mountaineer. Storm bound these crags, storm destined to take its toll on the Dru. For three days and nights men fought a battle on these grim crags. Near the summit a man fell but was not killed. His companion unroped and descended alone through the storm to summon aid. It was not denied. From the Charpoua Hut party after party set out on a climb at all times difficult, in conditions of storm perilous in the last degree. It was almost impossible that the injured man could be alive, yet while there was a doubt, no hazard was too great for the Chamonix guides and other mountaineers, among them an English doctor, who, true to the traditions of his calling, refused to disclose his name.

Our visit to Zermatt was prompted by a chance meeting on the mountain track which leads to the Lognan Woods and the Argentièr Glacier. We fell in with a

veteran climber, nearly blind, and his wife. They asked us what were our plans. "I thought of Zermatt," I said, "but we probably could not get rooms. It is difficult enough at Chamonix." "You need not bother about that," said the wife, "Seiler would never turn away an Englishman with an ice-axe." The veteran climber sighed. "What would I not give to see Zermatt, for the first time, again." To Zermatt we went.

Dover Wilson had but three days left of holiday. We made the most of them. We walked up the old mule-track through the woods to the Riffelalp, and on through the pasture and boulders to the Riffelberg and the Gornergrat. Clouds were everywhere, but through them we caught glimpses of mountains, Monte Rosa, Lyskamm, Castor and Pollux, Breithorn, the Theodule Pass, the great battlements of the Matterhorn. On the next day we visited the Schwarzee and followed the track to the Hornli ridge on which the Lower Matterhorn Hut stands, returning by the Staffelalp. On the third day we mounted by the Furggletscher torrent to the Gandeegg Hut, the gateway to the Theodule. Days of pure enchantment; I knew why the veteran climber had sighed.

Dover Wilson was apt to refer to us, in uncomplimentary terms, as "le Chamois et la Chamoisette". He beguiled the tedium of his train journey to Paris by writing a little poem. No one else has ever written a poem about me, and I am minded to place it on record. (I was once the hero of a serial in the *Daily Sketch*, but the authoress grew tired of me and had me

murdered in the ninth chapter.) The poem had four stanzas.

I P.M.

Where are they now? Breasting a slope
Half way between the pines and snow,
Where barren wastes with blossoms glow—
Rocks hard as life, roots tough as hope?
Where are their feet and faces set,
Le Chamois et la Chamoisette?

3 P.M.

What do they now? The destined height
Accomplished, quench they now their thirst,
While unimagined visions burst
North, south, east, west, upon their sight?
And, soul-slaked, turn then with regret,
Le Chamois et la Chamoisette?

5.30 P.M.

What say they now? Is it a peak
Peering with hoary brow through mist
Or snow-breast blushing sunset-kissed
That takes the eye and bids them speak?
Feast well your gaze, lest you forget,
Mon Chamois et ma Chamoisette !

8 P.M.

What think they now? At Seiler's met,
Perhaps in silent toast they greet
Who late pursued with pedant feet
Le Chamois et la Chamoisette.

While Dover Wilson was amusing himself in the train to Paris, we were making ourselves ridiculous above the Trift gorges. We had an ambition to climb the Mettelhorn, a very easy peak of some 11,000 feet, which affords a magnificent view of the Weisshorn. I had, however, not yet supplied myself with a proper map. On the way we found a fat German fast asleep, and woke him up with an ice-axe. He knew no English, we knew no German, but we assumed that he also wished to climb the Mettelhorn. After wandering in a waste of scree and loose rocks we found ourselves at last on a summit. The Weisshorn rose majestic before us. "Schön," yelled the German. "Schön," said I, not knowing what it meant. The German yodelled. Back came an answering yodel. We looked round. There was the Mettelhorn a mile or more away. We had climbed a dismal peak, shown on the map as the highest of the Plattenhorner.

The Theodule was ever in my thoughts, the most romantic of the high passes, to my mind the most beautiful. At one time the Theodule was the easiest of passes; there were few crevasses in the glacier. Now it is, in places, rather seriously crevassed, and when the crevasses are covered with newly fallen snow it is desirable to have a rope and not less than three people on the rope. So we were told. There is an old adage that whatever may be the right number on a rope on a snow-covered glacier, two is always wrong. I am afraid that in time to come my sister and I yielded rather frequently to the temptation to disregard this adage. But at this time, we were still virtuous.

Fortune, however, favoured us. We wandered up to the Gandegg Hut, on the chance of finding some one to add to our rope. We found a guide, just back from an expedition. His name does not matter; we could not pronounce it. To us he was Inky-Pinky. We crossed the Ober-Theodule, and climbed direct up the ice-cliff of the Theodulhorn, Inky-Pinky cutting diminutive steps. There was the easiest possible route further on, but Inky-Pinky had a preference for direct routes, and loved obstacles. From the summit of the Theodulhorn, sitting partly in Switzerland and partly in Italy, we looked down on the Theodule Pass and the Valley of the Valtournanche.

We discussed with Inky-Pinky the merits of Monte-Rosa, highest of the Swiss Alps and second only to Mont Blanc of all the Alps. Inky-Pinky thought that it was within our modest abilities, amply reinforced by his own.

Monte-Rosa has ten summits, of which nine are commonly neglected, the tenth and highest, known as the Dufourspitze, attracting all the traffic. We had looked long and earnestly at the mountain from many view-points, and were much attracted by the Nordend, which is joined to the Dufourspitze by a narrow arête. From here the great wall of the Macugnaga Precipice drops 12,000 feet into Italy. Most guides tend to press strongly the claims of much-frequented routes for the simple reason that the first party to ascend in any year cuts all the ice-steps and all subsequent parties make use of them. Inky-Pinky was however quite agreeable to climb the Nordend, though it had not been climbed

previously in the season and a prolonged orgy of step-cutting awaited him.

We made our first mistake in Zermatt. I was overcome with an excess of virtue and decided that we would follow in the footsteps of the pioneers. We would not use the Gornergrat railway, which relieves the tedium of several miles of distance and three thousand feet of height. We would climb the mountain, 10,000 feet of it, with no adventitious aid. I then overloaded my pack and carried it through sweltering heat to Roten-Boden, consuming energy which I badly needed the next day. Inky-Pinky was not so foolish. He went up by train. From Roten-Boden we descended the path cut out of the side of the Gornergrat cliffs till we came to the Gorner Glacier. Some two miles of easy glacier led us to the Bétemps Hut. There were very few crevasses, but a multitude of ice-streams. Into one of these Inky-Pinky fell, and I learned a lot of German. The hut was very full, and we were glad to sit outside till sunset, drinking our fill of the marvellous scene before us. The sun sinking ever lower in the sky cast evèr-changing light on the vast snowfields of the Gorner, the Theodule and the Furggen Glaciers. It reached the Italian ridge of the Matterhorn and passed behind it. At once it was bitterly cold. We hurried into the hut.

Soon after midnight lights began to move among the climbers lying, some sleeping but most wakeful, wrapped up in blankets on the straw paillasses which lined the hut. I had not slept, and further sleep was impossible. We pulled on tiers of woollen clothing,

and our heavy climbing boots. Our heads disappeared in Balaclava helmets, very comforting for the ears. We passed out of the vitiated atmosphere of the hut into the purity of the night. Our route lay across the easy rocks of the Untere Plattje. Not yet was it necessary to rope.

It was a perfect night, no cloud dimmed the stars. We moved in a world which was a miracle of beauty. Before us rose an immensity of snow-covered glacier rising to the twin peaks of Monte-Rosa, joined by the Silbersattel. Above the Silbersattel was poised the Sword of Orion. To the south was Lyskamm, bathed in burnished silver under the light of the moon. To the north the Great Bear rose over the white radiance of Strahlhorn. Before us the lanterns of many parties moved among the rocks.

The rocks ended. We roped and moved on to the glacier. Hour by hour we moved forward by a devious way, winding through the crevasses. When light began to come in the sky we had climbed more than 3,000 feet of glacier. Inky-Pinky halted. We were ahead of all the other parties. We had come to the parting of the ways. Would we go with the others to the Dufourspitze, or would we try the Nordend? We agreed on the Nordend.

The other parties deviated to the right to climb on to the rock and snow arête which leads to the Dufourspitze. We went forward, climbing ever nearer to the Silbersattel. Inky-Pinky, his axe continuously in play cutting, as it seemed, an infinity of ice-steps, remained warm. We were bitterly cold. We were climbing due

east. Light was coming on either side of us, but the great ridge before us kept in shadow. There could be no warmth till we reached the ridge.

Nearer and nearer we came; our spirits rose. In a moment they were dashed. We found ourselves standing by Inky-Pinky. He was delivering himself of a flood of patois. Before us was a huge crevasse, twenty feet or more wide, falling into illimitable depths, overhung on the far side by fantastic pinnacles of ice. Inky-Pinky pulled himself together and lapsed into English. Always there had been a snow bridge over the crevasse. This year had been very fine. Even at this great height the crevasses were open. The snow bridge had disappeared.

But Inky-Pinky was not defeated. If we could not climb the Nordend by the Silbersattel, he would find some other way. We followed the crevasse to the north, hurrying recklessly across the steep ice-slopes. At last he found a place where the crevasse had narrowed and some snow debris had congealed, forming a bridge some distance down. He descended into the crevasse and began to cut his way up the precipitous ice-wall on the far side. At last he had cut his way out of the crevasse and on to some rocks beyond. We followed.

On the rocks we halted and I asked what was the plan. Inky-Pinky said that we must climb the rocks and find our way up. I demurred. It was an unknown route. It has never, I believe, been taken. A year later two Germans lost their lives on the Nordend, and I have always thought that, checked in the way that we

had been, they may have been tempted to try this route. We were both bitterly cold. Mountain sickness, as usual, had me in its grip. Vera was shivering as if she had fever. She looked very ill. I was afraid that she might get frostbite. She had, in fact, already lost all sensation in the tips of several fingers. I said that we would go back until we reached the sunlight and consider a new plan.

Inky-Pinky cursed fluently, but assented. We descended again into the crevasse, and rapidly down the ice-slopes till we reached the sun. We had some chocolate. "What would Vera like to do?" said I, half-hoping that she would like to go back to the hut. Vera would like to climb the Dufourspitze.

We turned south again, and following in the track of the other parties, reached the arête of snow and rock which leads to the Dufourspitze. From this narrow ridge steep precipices fall to the Monte Rosa glacier and the Grenz Glacier. At 15,000 feet above the world, it is difficult to negotiate in a high wind. But this was a perfect day. We made our way forward, now on snow, now on rock, till we came to a steep ladder of ice-steps up a snow ridge. Here we caught up another party, some of whom wished to go no farther. Inky-Pinky hurried us up the ice-steps along a very narrow stretch of ridge, and up a rock chimney. We were suddenly aware that we had reached the summit.

On all sides we looked down on the world. To the east were the Macugnaga precipices and the Val Anzasca, twelve thousand feet below. To the south we

looked down on the great snow saddle of Lyskamm and the romantic Lysjoch, which, some believe, Leonardo da Vinci once climbed. To the west was the Matterhorn, and beyond range after range of great mountains as far as the eye could reach. At Zermatt I had looked up at the Matterhorn, towering so high into the heavens. Now we were looking down on the Matterhorn.

We romped down the mountain, now ablaze with sunlight, warm again, and with an infinity of content in our hearts. What matter if our holiday was over. We had many memories to beguile the long months till August came again.

August of the next year found us again ascending the gorges of the Visp. We had intended to stay at Zermatt, but in the event we found ourselves at the Riffelalp. Seven thousand feet of height gave us incomparable air. I needed it. I was worn out by a year of grave misfortune and unceasing overwork. Climbing formed no part of my programme. We walked on the mountain paths and explored the glaciers. We crossed the Boden Glacier to the Schwarzee and the Gorner Gorges. We crossed the Findelen Glacier and climbed the Unter Rothhorn over a carpet of new-fallen snow, descending three hours later over a carpet of Alpine flowers. We ascended the Unter-Theodule Glacier, and climbing the cliffs of the Leichenbretter, found a new way to the Gandegg Hut. We crossed the Gorner Glacier and revisited the Bétemps Hut on Monte Rosa. We made

our way (in wickedness, for the glaciers were snow-covered and we were two on a rope) over the Ober-Theodule and Furggen Glaciers from the Gandegg Hut to the Hornli. Every moment was one of delight as we moved over the great expanse of snow-covered glacier, dominated by the dark cliffs of the east wall of the Matterhorn, rising sheer for thousands of feet above us. As we approached the east wall, there was a tremendous fall of rock on the Furggen ridge. A cloud of dust obscured the ridge, and for many minutes a cannonade of rock and stones swept into the great crevasses at the foot of the wall. We retired with more speed than grace.

We paid off a grudge of the year before, descending to Zermatt and climbing from there the Mettelhorn. I indulged in the immoral sport of diverting ice-streams on the Findelen Glacier. Between the Findelen and Triftje Glaciers I found a happy valley of green pastures and flowers, inaccessible to the world. Day after day we moved, at speed, for eight or ten hours over the paths and glaciers, surrounded by incomparable beauty, breathing pure air. In three weeks I was myself again.

Playing on the Findelen Glacier we had looked often at the Adler Pass between the high peaks of the Strahlhorn and Rimfischhorn. I had been told that no lover of the mountains could count himself happy until he had crossed one of the high glacier passes between Zermatt and Saas Fee, or, to speak more accurately, between the gorges of the Mattervisp and Saaservisp. Some praised the Adler, others the Allalin or the

Alphubel. It was our plan to cross to the Saas Valley to take part in a small ceremony at the Britannia Hut. This hut, given by British members of the Swiss Alpine Club, had recently been enlarged. A formal re-opening had been arranged, and I had had a letter suggesting that I might attend. But the ceremonies concluded with a dinner in a hotel in Saas Fee, and I was worried about clothes. I did not then know how efficient the Swiss posts are, and I thought that I must take a change of clothes with me in my pack. The Adler Pass is well over 12,000 feet high, and no one knew the state of the pass. I saw myself floundering for hour after hour up to my thighs in snow with the heaviest of packs. Discretion overcame me. We descended to Stalden by the mountain railway. I found my pack heavy enough on the twelve-mile walk by the mule track to Saas Fee.

Arriving at Saas, I found suit-cases awaiting us in our rooms at the hotel. I had posted the suit-cases in the afternoon of the day before at Riffelalp. They had travelled on two mountain railways and twelve miles on mules and had reached the hotel early the next morning. I cursed my suspicious nature which had inflicted on me the burden of my heavy pack, destroying much of the pleasure of the track, surely one of the most beautiful in the world, which mounts from Stalden and Saas-Balen to the high pastures of Grund and Fee.

At four the next morning a caravan of British and Swiss set out across the pastures of Fee towards the cliffs of the Mittaghorn. Soon we were on the track

which winds to and fro through pastures and woods to the mountain inn of Plattje. The light came in the sky; on the summits of the mighty Mischabel, Dom and Täschhorn, a golden finger rested. An amber flood raced down their eastern precipices, burying itself in the green pastures. It was day.

From the Plattje we mounted to a new track which had been cut on a shelf of the precipice of the Egginergrat, which joins the Mittaghorn to the Egginer. Far below us the torrent of the Saaservisp re-echoed in the cliffs. The path cut in the rocks came to an end; we were on the moraine of the Kessjen Glacier. We crossed the glacier to the rocks dividing the Kessjen from the Hohlaub Glacier, and entered the Britannia Hut. Some one handed me a glass of rum. The day was beginning well.

The caravan which had set out from Saas Fee several hours before was now much dispersed. Some had arrived in the hut, some were on the glacier, some were far away on the Egginer track. We settled down on the rocks to enjoy our breakfast. More parties began to come in. There was a stir in the crowd. General Bruce had been sighted. He arrived. I knew him of course by reputation, soldier and mountaineer, Commander of the 6th Ghurka Rifles on Gallipoli and the North West Frontier, leader of the Mount Everest expedition, a name to conjure with in the Himalaya and the Alps. I now met him for the first time. A new animation had taken possession of the crowd. General Bruce was bemoaning his loss of weight since he left Saas Fee, and shaking hands with every one at

the same time. Following his example, I had another glass of rum.

The ceremony of the opening of the hut followed. There were several orations; one of them delivered by a Roman Catholic priest, well known as a mountaineer, has never left my mind. He had many advantages. He had as inspiration a scene of almost incomparable grandeur. Ten thousand feet above the world, he could see before him the great peaks and glaciers of the mighty Saas-Grat. He was addressing a congregation which shared with him his love of the high hills. He told us of his friend, to whom he spoke before he set out on a climb of great hazard in the Alps. "Je n'ai pas peur," said his friend. "Quelqu'un me gardera là haut." Such indeed is the creed of the mountaineer, but that from which he seeks protection is not death.

The ceremony ended, the caravan set out again across the glacier, and descending another path, re-assembled to drink a "verre de l'amitié" at Saas-Almagel. In the evening there was a dinner at Saas Fee. There were several speeches. I left at 11.30. A man who woke at 3 a.m. told me that he heard another speech before he dropped off again.

At Saas-Almagell we had made the acquaintance of R. V. Vernon and his wife. Vernon preferred Saas-Grund to Saas-Fee and took us down to the little Monte Moro Hotel at Grund. He suggested a climb, and we eagerly assented. Vernon was an experienced climber, a member of the Alpine Club; it was an opportunity not to be missed. After much poring over maps we

agreed on the Fletschhorn, a 13,000 foot peak on the east of the Saas Valley, overlooking the Simplon Pass.

We spent the night at the Weissmies Hut. Shortly before dawn we started. We had no lantern, but we hoped to find our way without difficulty up the moraine of the Trift Glacier. In the half-light we made one mistake and then another. We climbed on to some rocks to avoid cutting steps across steep ice. We found ourselves on loose scree and climbed above it for greater security. We could see no way back on to the ice. We climbed higher. Dawn revealed to us our ridiculous plight. We were on steep rocks overlooking the ice-fall of the glacier. On the far side of the ice-fall were the rocks of the south-west ridge of the Fletschhorn. We could not cross the ice-fall. There was not time to retrace our steps. The map revealed that we were on the Laquinhorn. We observed that the Laquinhorn was a higher mountain than the Fletschhorn; we decided that it had always been our intention to climb it.

The first problem was that of finding the way. We were on a pioneer route; no one else had ever been so foolish as to take it. But after several weary hours we reached the main ridge, and knew by the marks of nailed boots on rocks that others had been there before us. The ridge narrowed and became steeper. We met a party descending and were warned of verglas on the rocks. We put on the rope. It seemed but a few feet to the summit. We climbed steadily. Every few minutes I looked up, but the few feet had never

grown less. I had almost abandoned hope of ever reaching the summit when suddenly we were there. I looked down on to the Simplon Road, 8,000 feet below.

In the evening we arrived back at the Weissmies Hut. Our climb had taken fourteen hours. We abandoned our plan of climbing the Weissmies the next day. A little sleep was indicated.

One day only remained to us of our holiday. We had long heard of the Monte Moro Pass. Dover Wilson had visited it, accompanied by a select party of the Fabian Society on mules. The story had often made us laugh. Others had told us of the magnificent view of the Macugnaga precipices of Monte Rosa. But, said they, you must get there before midday; in the afternoon clouds come up from Italy and you can see nothing.

We had the best intentions, but we started late, and it was twelve miles away. We arrived, breathless. Dark clouds shrouded Monte Rosa, yet as they eddied we could see the dark precipices of the grandest cliff in the Alps.

Pilgrims once used the Monte Moro Pass, and the traveller may find vestiges of the paved way which they trod. But times have changed, and a sentry with a carbine barred our way into Italy. He was glad of some one to talk to, and after a while he allowed us to climb the St. Joderhorn, watching us with his carbine across his knees. The rain came down. He asked us to go, for then he could retire into his little hut. We turned north to Mattmark and Saas-Grund, and the

next day to Stalden, travelling throughout its length the Saas Valley, one thought only in our hearts, that next year we might return.

August 1st found me sleeping under a seat on the deck of the Tilbury-Dunkirk packet. I had crawled under the seat, as there alone was there room to stretch my legs. An express of three coaches and a van, running as the railway time-table expressed it "*à titre temporaire et de l'essai*", bore us at incredible speed across Northern France and through the Vosges. We clung to our seats, unable to read, and longed for the comparative safety of the mountains. In the evening we were at Berne, the least known, perhaps, of European capitals, and one of the most beautiful, a city of arcades and fountains, set high on a rocky promontory above the gorges of the Aare. We passed through streets beflagged for the Swiss National Festival, seeking the terrace which is said to command a splendid view of the snow mountains of the Oberland. It has never commanded it when I have been there.

But the next day a friendly Swiss pointed out to us the great peaks of romantic names and romantic history, Jungfrau, Eiger, Mönch, Wetterhorn, as our train climbed to Kandersteg and the Lötschberg Pass. As we came out of the long tunnel the Rhone Valley came into view and the gorge of the Visp, the highway to Saas and Zermatt. We could not but have a moment of regret when we saw the little train, drawn up in Brig Station, start on its way to that lovely valley,

Stalden, Randa, Taesch, Zermatt. We took the other train which climbs to the Rhone Glacier and Andermatt. From Fiesch we walked up through the woods to the Eggishorn Hotel, one of the highest in the Alps, built in the heyday of the early climbers, and still maintaining a library of the quaint literature which they left behind them.

Herr Cathrein welcomed us and did everything in his power to make us happy. But he could do nothing about the weather; it was wretched. Day after day we woke to the same dismal scene. Clouds were all around us. We could see nothing, hear nothing. We groped our way along the mountain paths, to the Bettmeralp and Riederfurka, to the Märjelenesee and the Great Aletsch Glacier. The prevailing gloom was made worse when in the course of a ridiculous adventure on the Great Aletsch Glacier I caught a severe cold.

For once dawn had come with some promise of light. The clouds were higher. From time to time it was possible to see a considerable distance. We thought that the day might clear, that we might find our way to the Concordia Platz, several miles up the Great Aletsch Glacier. Here four great glaciers meet, and a hut marks the parting of the ways to the Jungfrauoch and the Jungfrau, to the Grünhornlücke and the Finsteraarhorn, to the Lötschenlücke and the Aletschhorn.

We hurried along the four miles of mountain path to the Märjelenesee. The weather grew worse, then better. As we reached the big rock above the Märjelen-

see, from which it is usual to descend on to the glacier, the sun came out. We succumbed to temptation, and as we made our way up the glacier, mile after mile of enchantment, we recked all too little how far we had gone. Nearing the Concordia Platz, we turned to look down the glacier. There should have been a marvellous view of the great mountains of Valais, the Mischabel, the Matterhorn. There was no view. Storm had come on us unawares from the south-west.

We were six miles up a glacier with which I was wholly unfamiliar. At the end of that six miles it was necessary to find a way through the maze of crevasses at the edge of the glacier to a rock standing between the cliffs of Strahlhörner and the Märjelensee. The easiest of routes on a fine day. With every landmark blotted out, less easy.

We decided to rope. We could then take a chance on jumping crevasses which on our way up we had worked round, and save valuable time. Then, we ran for it. The storm reached the glacier and moved up it, a blanket of dark cloud, enveloping all. We raced the clouds to the Märjelensee. For a time I thought that we would win. Then I knew that we had lost. The clouds blotted out the Märjelensee. At the last moment I took a bearing on the rock. Then the clouds swept over us. We were almost in darkness. We could see but a few yards.

Groping our way, we followed the bearing which I had taken. We reached the maze of crevasses, and could follow the bearing no longer on our tortuous path. At last I saw rocks. We cut our way down

steep ice and scrambled on to them. We had missed the rock on which I had taken a bearing, but we knew that we could not be far away. Following the edge of the glacier, sometimes on rocks and moraine, sometimes on ice, we came to the mark of a nailed boot. We had found the way at last. Soon we were on the rock. Overheated with our race against the storm, and having discarded everything but a cotton shirt and shorts, I deservedly caught an abysmal cold.

The weather improved a little, and we debated our first climb. Should it be the Jungfrau or the Finsteraarhorn? I had long intended to make the classic expedition from east to west of the Oberland, from the Gemmi Pass to the Lötschental, by the Oberaar Glacier, the Grünhornlücke and the Lötschenlücke, climbing the Finsteraarhorn on the way. This ambitious programme, postulating three consecutive fine days, seemed incapable of realization. One fine day would suffice for the Jungfrau. We chose the Jungfrau.

The view of the Jungfrau from the north is well known to the countless visitors to Grindelwald and Interlaken. But those visitors cannot see the route by which the Jungfrau is usually climbed. If they mount by the electric railway tunnelled through the crags of the Mönch and Eiger to the Jungfraujoch, they can follow the route without difficulty. At their feet is the vast snowfield of the Jungfraufrn, the headquarters, so to speak, of the Great Aletsch Glacier, eighteen miles in length, the longest in the Alps. To the west of the Jungfraufrn is a wall, usually deep in snow, rising some 1,500 feet to the Rottalsattel, a very narrow ridge con-

necting the Rottalhorn and the Jungfrau. From the ridge the climber turns north and ascends steep ice 1,000 feet or more to the summit. The climb is without intrinsic difficulties but has a very bad record of accidents. Steep ice is treacherous after bad weather. There is then a thin surface of newly formed ice, which appears to be a part of the solid foundation of durable ice formed during the winter. The climber who, with his ice-axe or his crampons, fails to penetrate to the winter ice, has no sure foothold. Climbers also tend to be careless, or, on account of fatigue, indifferent after reaching the summit of a mountain, and a moment of carelessness on the descent of the Jungfrau is fatal. The steep ice is bounded by great precipices. There is no chance to arrest a fall. Unhappily the prestige of the Jungfrau, and the reputed lack of difficulties, attract many young climbers who cannot afford, or think that they do not need, a guide. There are many more difficult climbs which they would be better advised to attempt. The mountains which take the heaviest toll of life are those which are dangerous but not difficult. The Jungfrau takes first place in this class.

The opening of the Jungfrauoch Railway has provided an easy means of access to the Jungfrau, and with a good guide, and on a fine day, the climb is highly practicable to persons of little experience. They will not be overcome by fatigue, for the distance is short and they start but 3,000 feet from the summit. Before the opening of the railway, climbers from Grindelwald toiled up to the Bergli Hut and crossed the

Ober-Mönchjoch to the Jungfraufirn. Those who cannot afford the mountain railway and hotel, or have conscientious scruples against using them, still adopt this route. (They will not, however, receive much encouragement from the Grindelwald guides). A few climbers still come from the Rhone Valley, ascending many miles of glacier and sleeping at the Concordia Hut. We were numbered among them.

We engaged a guide, Victor Minnig, and when George turned up from England, we added a porter. Five hours of mountain path and glacier brought us to the unrivalled splendours of the Concordia Platz. To the north and west, Mönch and Jungfrau reigned over the illimitable snow-fields. The light of the setting sun flooded over the Lötschenlücke to the west. The great expanses of snow were tinged with ever-new colours. Then in a moment they were grey. Night had come.

Into yet greater beauty we came, when during the night we set out on our climb. We were in a vast amphitheatre of snow-field aglow in the radiance of the moon. Snow peaks rose before us, and on every side, from the mighty Aletschorn in the west to the Grünhorn in the east. Before us rose steeply the Jungfrau, peerless in beauty, queen of this enchanted world.

Victor Minnig, Vera and I were on one rope, George and the porter on another. Hour after hour we toiled up the Jungfraufirn. The sky became lighter. A glow of amber light touched the summit of the Jungfrau. Dawn came magnificent. Our hearts rose. Then a new

light came in the sky. "The weather is breaking," said Victor. "We have but little time.

We reached the foot of the wall; for 1,500 feet we kicked steps in the snow. I was in the humiliating grip of mountain sickness. I saw no hope of reaching the top. At last we reached the *bergschrund* under the Rottalsattel. It was choked with snow, providing an ideal breakfast-place. We halted for a few minutes. I managed to swallow a mouthful of food without disaster. We went on.

I climbed over the lip of the *bergschrund* and found myself looking down a 4,000 feet precipice. We had reached the Rottalsattel. On the right, some 600 yards away and 1,000 feet above us, was the summit rock of the Jungfrau. A steep ice-slope led to the summit. From the Rottalsattel it looked very steep and very exposed.

Our way lay first across the face of the ice, above the Rottal precipices, a scene of many disasters, for a false step on the part of any member of a party means disaster to all. Then we turned directly up the slope and our difficulties were at an end. (On the steepest ice-slope the leader of a party can hold a falling man who is directly behind him, assuming that the rope is taut. But it is another thing to hold a man who slips when crossing steep ice, for the pull comes sideways and jerks one man after another out of his ice-step.) Victor found the steps cut by a preceding party, and we made all haste to the summit. We had obeyed his injunction to hurry. The night before he had said that the climb would take seven hours. We had done it in five.

We had but a moment on the summit, for the storm clouds were coming up apace. Yet in that moment we were amply rewarded for our pains. From our great height, more than 13,000 feet, we looked down the precipices of the north wall of the Oberland. Below us clouds were gathering round the summits of great peaks, the Tschingelhorn, the Lötschentaler Breithorn, the Mönch. To the east rose magnificent the mighty cliffs of the Finsteraarhorn, against a dark background of oncoming storm. Under its menace we descended our long ladder of ice-steps. We moved at speed. George turned a somersault under the Rottalsattel. I fell into a crevasse on the Jungfraufirn. The storm broke. For two days it snowed.

We deserted the Oberland, and sought better weather in the Pennines. We made our way up the Saas Valley to Saas-grund, in our minds the long-cherished plan, abandoned the year before, of crossing one of the great glacier passes to Zermatt. We hoped also to find Heinrich Burgener. A year before, meeting him on a mountain path, we had told him of our comic ascent of the Laquinhorn. He had found it very funny. A sense of humour is a great asset on the mountains. A Yorkshireman had taught him English with no little success. As a guide he had the best of reputations, and he was received by his fellow-guides in mountain huts with great respect. He conformed, most conspicuously, to the standard admirably expressed in the *Instructions pour les Guides* of the

Monte Rosa Section of the Swiss Alpine Club: "Mais le qualité qui doit primer toutes les autres c'est l'honnêteté. Le voyageur confie à son guide sa bourse, sa santé et sa vie; on ne doit donc admettre pour ces fonctions que des hommes qui par leur conduit et leur moralité se sont acquis la confiance publique."

We found Heinrich. We climbed with him. His company added a new pleasure to the mountains. We had found, for us, the ideal guide, and a fast friend.

Our first climb tested his temper and his quality. We had chosen the Allalin Pass, and included in our plan the Allalinhorn, one of the "viertausender" which it was our ambition to climb. It had another interest. In that delightful record of the early climbers, *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, there is an account by E. L. Ames of the first ascents of the Laquinhorn and Allalinhorn. We had climbed the Laquinhorn, by mistake. We thought that we might follow in the footsteps of E. L. Ames on his other first ascent, by intention.

Unhappily I was far from well. The severe cold which I had caught on the Great Aletsch Glacier, and over-exertion climbing the Jungfrau against time, had affected me more than I knew. When I reached the Britannia Hut, 5,000 feet above Saas-grund, I was doubtful if I could climb the next day. As I lay in the hut, sleepless and very sick, through hours of darkness, my heart performed amazing tricks. I wondered if I could even get back to the Saas Valley without aid.

No one likes to be rescued, and when Heinrich

arrived with a lantern I thought that I had better go on. All hope of climbing the Allalinhorn had passed out of my mind. But I thought that if I could only get up the pass, barely 2,000 feet above the hut, then I could get down by easy stages to Zermatt. I struggled up the glacier, Heinrich showing every consideration. On our right rose the great crags of the Allalinhorn. The glacier grew more steep. Light was coming in the sky. We moved off the glacier across steep snow and rocks. I could go no further. Heinrich thought that a little food would be helpful. I thought so too, but I had lost the capacity to swallow. I bore the strangest resemblance to a recently landed fish.

"When we reach the pass," I gasped, "we will go down. I cannot climb." "But we are above the pass," said Heinrich. I looked down. We had reached the pass while it was yet dark, but I had been in no mood to take in my surroundings. "We will wait a little," observed Heinrich with his usual tact. We waited.

Two figures appeared over the summit of the pass and climbed the rocks up which we had come. They came up with us. They passed us. This was too much. I struggled to my feet. We followed them, passed them, and climbing over a pinnacle on the ridge, found ourselves on the southern precipices. We climbed on narrow ledges on the face of the precipices, ever gaining height. We moved slowly, one at a time, each belaying the other. I had plenty of time to recover my breath. My heart began to behave more reasonably. We cut our way through a snow cornice over-

hanging the precipice, and emerged on to an ice-slope. In a few minutes we were on the summit, in time to watch the coming of dawn.

It came, a strange dawn. We were high on the Saasgrat, on one side the great rock ridge of the Rimfischhorn, on the other the long snow saddle of Alphubel. Beyond Alphubel were the mighty Mischabel. To the south, and far below us, a storm-tossed sea of clouds enshrouded Italy. Dawn brought but little light on the great crags. But the sea of clouds turned red.

On the Mellichen Glacier, on the way down, I mistook some grit-covered ice for solid moraine, and falling was covered with dirt. Unshaven and dirty, in battered climbing clothes, I found no little difficulty in fitting myself into an overcrowded Zermatt. But, when fitted, we were so comfortable, and ate such excessive meals, in the little Hôtel du Parc, that we could do little but waddle along the mountain paths. Barbara Marling arrived and stirred us into some activity. We walked up to the Schwarzee and essayed the crossing of the Furggen and Ober-Theodule Glaciers to the Theodule Pass.

The glaciers were covered with snow; the crevasses were difficult to detect, and, when detected, required care in negotiation. After several hours we found ourselves on the Furggrat, looking down a precipice. The Theodule Pass was far below. We lost our virtue and decided to bask in the sun and enjoy the view of Italy. We basked too long, and night overtook us on the Gandegg-Hermattje path. The patron of the Hôtel du Parc was so delighted to see us back

that he excelled even his previous record in the size of our dinner.

August of the following year found us once again mounting the mule track to Saas-grund. The next morning I looked down from my window and discovered Heinrich seated on a bench. I explained to him our quaint ambition, to climb the Strahlhorn. Ever since I had seen the Great Bear erect over Strahlhorn on the night of our climb of Monte Rosa, I had cherished this ambition, but it is not one which meets with much sympathy from the ordinary guide. Though one of the "viertausender", and commanding a magnificent view, it is rarely climbed. The ordinary guide foresees an eternity of step-cutting and politely suggests the neighbouring Rimfischhorn, which imposes no such burden. It is also a very long way from Saas. But Heinrich saw no difficulty.

The weather was unpromising. Heinrich was frankly pessimistic. He suggested that we should go to the Plattje Inn, some 3,000 feet above Saas-grund, and await events. If the weather continued bad, we might climb the rocks of the Egginergrat near at hand. If the weather cleared, we could, by starting very early, attempt the Strahlhorn. On our way up the mountain path, low clouds and drenching rain augured ill for the morrow.

I lay awake in the Plattje Inn, listening to the wind. At eleven o'clock I looked out of the window. Fortune had come to our aid. The wind had veered to the

north and had blown away the clouds. All around there were stars. The moon rose, and the great peaks of the Saas-grat were agleam above the darkness of the valley.

At two o'clock in the morning we were on our way to the Britannia Hut, by the track under the crags of the Egginergrat. We roped on the edge of the Kessjen Glacier, and put out the lantern. We could see our way on the ice by the light of the moon and stars. In less than two hours we reached the Britannia Hut; without halting we descended the steep track leading across the lower slopes of the Hinter-Allalin to the glacier. Threading our way through a maze of crevasses, we passed on to crisp snow. For three hours we mounted steadily towards the Adler Pass, false horizon succeeded false horizon. The snow became less crisp, the going more difficult.

The moonlight faded out of the sky. The light which precedes the dawn outlined in sharp edges the great peaks to the east. Then came the most wonderful of dawns. A faint rose flush tinged the summit of the Strahlhorn. The light turned to primrose, and then to gold, and flooded down the great peaks till it washed into and over the glaciers below them.

We reached at last the summit of the pass, and looked down the steep slope, almost a wall of ice, which falls to the Findelen Glacier far below. We put on our crampons, no easy task on a narrow col in an icy wind, and turned to the south up an easy ridge of snow. Soon we were on a narrow rock ridge, the summit of the Strahlhorn.

We were high above the world, 13,750 feet, on the most perfect of days. We could see illimitable distances over all the Alps. Every peak was clear of cloud. To the south were the tremendous precipices of Monte Rosa; to the west the Matterhorn and the Dent Blanche, beyond them the Grand Combin, in the distance the great southern precipices of Mont Blanc; to the north the Mischabel, and in the distance the snow peaks of the Bernese Oberland. Over Italy there was no view at all, clouds far below us blotted out the plains.

Regretful we turned back to the Adler, and ploughed down steep slopes now no longer crisp. We grew weary of the taut rope and the unceasing vigilance; yet with all our care I fell through a snow bridge into a crevasse. The guides in the Britannia Hut would not believe that we had climbed the Strahlhorn from the Plattje; it was not possible, they said, in the time. Heinrich appeared with hot soup, and silenced criticism.

We intended that our next climb should be the Nadelhorn, a 14,000 foot peak on the Saas-grat, but Heinrich disliked the idea. There was, he said, too much new-fallen snow. He advocated the Weissmies, on the east of the Saas Valley, as more suited to the state of the weather. The Weissmies Hut was very cheerful and very noisy. At three o'clock we had breakfast and soon afterwards were on our way. The evening before had given every promise of a perfect day. During the night a dry fog had enveloped the hut, but every one thought that dawn would dispel it.

We groped our way on a rough track over moraine to the Mellig Glacier. A little light came. We put out the lantern and roped. An easy glacier led us to the foot of the ice-fall. We put on our crampons. The steel prongs bit into the ice. We had hardly to cut a single step. The route, usually a long walk over crisp snow, had taken quite another character. The new-fallen snow had frozen, and for 4,000 feet we climbed on a surface akin to that of a much-used skating rink.

It was the hour of dawn. There was an ominous calm, then a sighing of the wind. It came from the north, and with it flurries of snow. It was bitterly cold.

Conditions worsened. A thousand feet from the summit I had relapsed into a state of acute misery. I had torn my trousers with the steel prongs of the crampons, in making a false step on an ice-slope, and a bare patch of leg was exposed to the icy wind. I had lost all sensation in my fingers; I was sure that they were frost-bitten, and I wondered idly whether I would ever be able to write again. I had a sweater in my pack, but in the state of my hands I could not get at it. The north wind, and the driven snow, lashed our faces. I cursed myself, and all climbers, for the fools that we were. "Never again," I vowed to myself, "Never again."

We had led up the ice-fall, and thereafter, but now Heinrich waited till the next party came up. This party was led by a young guide, and Heinrich thought that the young guide could get some useful exercise in

cutting the steps up an ice-wall which guarded the summit ridge. He had a second, and more benevolent, object. We were lost in whirling eddies of snow; we could see nothing. Step-cutting, and finding the way at the same time, under such conditions, are well-nigh incompatible. The young guide cut the steps; Heinrich told him where to cut them. Standing in the ladder of ice-steps, while the young guide cut his way up the ice-wall, I descended into an abyss of cold and misery.

We emerged on to a platform of snow. We had reached the summit. We could see little but the snow under our feet. Another party came up the ice-wall. I had a little brandy. They were in great need of it. We shared it out, and felt better.

The guides conferred. The other parties advocated an immediate return by the way we had come. Heinrich demurred. We might find shelter from the north wind if we descended by the south arête. Heinrich carried the day. There are two summits of the Weissmies, joined by the narrowest of ridges, adequately described in the *Guide des Alpes Valaisannes* as "une courte arête de neige que beaucoup des gens trouvent désagréablement étroit et vertigineuse." To reach the south arête, a ridge of easy rocks, we found ourselves in a gale of wind from the north it offered no amusement. But we were amply rewarded. Descending the south arête, a ridge of easy ricks, we found ourselves protected from the north wind. An overhanging rock presented itself. We scurried under it.

Heinrich undid his pack. Breakfast was on its way.

Heinrich produced a bottle of wine. This seemed too good to be true. It was. Heinrich said something vehement in German. The wine was frozen.

We examined the bottle in disgust; then we looked at each other and began to laugh. We were a comic sight. There was Vera farthest under the rock, her Balaclava cap and hair festooned with icicles, through which she peered, as through a yashmak. I was in like case, covered with ice and snow and all mixed up with crampons, ice-axes and rope. There was sturdy Heinrich, farthest out, ferreting in his pack and finding a bottle of ice. On all our faces, blank disappointment.

We turned again to the rock ridge. The snow fell incessantly on us, as we made our way by rock ridge, glacier, moraine and pasture to the Almagelleralp. Here at last, 6,000 feet below the summit of Weissmies, we passed out of it.

"Never again," I had vowed, as the driven snow lashed our faces high on the Weissmies. Two days later we were again in the Weissmies Hut, bound for the Fletschhorn. It is one of the 'viertausender', but only just. The Siegfried Atlas records it as 4,001 metres. Once before we had set out to climb it, and had found ourselves on the Laquinhorn. This time, with Heinrich, we made no mistake. Yet at one time it seemed that we were again to fail. Dawn came in anger; over the Bernese Oberland a storm was raging. Hurrying before it, we reached the summit. It broke as we passed under the shelter of the crags of the Jägihorner on our descent.

We left Saas-Grund bound for the Engadine, a brief distance as the crow flies, a two-day journey in fact. Evening found us at Andermatt, avid to see the gorges of the Reuss, the Devil's Bridge and the St. Gothard road, scene of so much of history. In the evening of the next day we saw for the first time the glories of the Lake of Sils and the Bernina Alps.

We climbed the little Pizzo Lunghino, curious to see a mountain from which three rivers flow, one into the North Sea, one into the Black Sea, one into the Adriatic. We made our way up the Forno Glacier to the Forno Hut, and saw the marvellous amphitheatre of ice from which steep granite pinnacles rise on every side, the Cima di Castello, the Cima di Rosso, the Pizzo Bacone. We whiled away the hours by the enchanting lakes of Cavloccio and Bitaberg. We descended the Val Bregaglia and basked in the sun at Vicosoprano.

August came to an end. We had but part of a day. The Piz Salacina, so near to the hotel, beckoned. We set out, a party of four. I was entrusted with the lunch. We climbed unending slopes of grass and scree. The Comic Spirit, which has always dogged my footsteps in the Alps, followed. The afternoon wore on. We reached good rocks at last. We had had nothing to eat since early morning coffee and rolls. We found a suitable rock, and prepared for lunch. I took off my pack. The Comic Spirit took it into his safe keeping. He gave it a little push. It turned over, slipped

off the rock, and falling 2,000 feet disappeared out of sight.

August ended. The train bore us north through the gorges of Rhaetia. "Next August," beat the rhythm of the wheels. "Next August." But next August I was twelve thousand miles away.

THE MUSES

"THIS is a very truculent young man," said the doctor who brought me into the world. I was half an hour old at the time. The tribulations of childhood, suffered at the hands of those who had the grim task of educating me, did not diminish my truculence. It expressed itself in many ways, and chiefly in a determination not to like the books I was told to like. I accumulated a private library, which I read and re-read. It travelled about the country with me in my tuck-box, and was jealously guarded at all times. But the books I was told to read, I would not read, with the disastrous result that I am blatantly ignorant of the English Classics. I have never read a novel of Scott or Dickens. I have read only one of Thackeray, and that took me four years. I am therefore never able to solve a cross-word puzzle, I failed recently on one which was intended only for country gentlemen and their grooms.

My private library is now of considerable size, and no record of my life would be complete which made no reference to the pride and pleasure afforded to me by my books. Glass-fronted bookcases have taken the place of the tuck-box; where I had one book I now have a hundred. But the pleasure is of the same quality.

Standing in front of my bookcases and looking at the rows of neat volumes, I live again all the adventures of the mind, the excitement of the new idea, the delight of the new friend.

There are two books on which my eye never rests without feelings of pleasure, a *Treasure Island* in a leather binding, and a pocket edition of *The House of the Wolf*. These were the first books which I possessed. I do not know how many times I have read *Treasure Island*; I hope to live long enough to read it many times more. In my childhood I never tired of *The House of the Wolf*. It gave me a love both for France and for history, and I owe to it more than I can say. For in my later school days the reading of history out of school hours made a pleasant interlude in a day rendered tedious by natural science and other subjects for which I had not the smallest aptitude; and when at last I was allowed to devote all my time to history, I obtained, to my own surprise, and to the yet greater surprise of my masters, a history scholarship at Oxford. To this history scholarship I owe my employment to-day.

The House of the Wolf made Stanley Weyman my favourite author, and I was happy to find, when I went to school at the age of eight, many more of his books in the school library. It was moreover the practice of the headmaster to read stories from *Memoirs of a Minister of France* to the assembled small boys on Sunday evening. This gave me great pleasure. At the conclusion of the reading each small boy passed on to a platform, seized a cake from a large plate with his

left hand, and proffered his right hand to the headmaster, who shook it. By the ceremony it was understood that bygones were bygones, and many were deeply affected at the thought. The cakes did not, however, contribute much to the reconciliation, as even small boys were rarely able to digest them. It was the custom to poke them into the ventilators in the dormitories, and for all I know they are there still.

It was unfortunate that at this time I received as a present *Stories from Dickens*. I read them with some interest, and committed the more important names to memory. This created the illusion in the mind of the headmaster that I was very well acquainted with Dickens, and exempted me from pressure to read any more. It had a less fortunate effect on my relations with the other small boys, who thought me a little prig.

This ruse set me free to enjoy the school library to the full, and by the age of thirteen I was widely read in Stanley Weyman, Baroness Orczy, A. E. W. Mason, and Conan Doyle.

I had also undertaken as a labour of love, and in association with another small boy, a catalogue of the library. This arose out of a failing, which is with me still, a love of handling books, as distinct from reading them. I like a good binding and good print. Almost any book is interesting for a few minutes, and I am often under the illusion that I have read a book when I have, in fact, flipped through its pages for a quarter of an hour.

On attaining adolescence, and passing on to Rugby,

I found myself under the influence of Tennyson and G. F. Watts. Not yet for me were the delights of Shakespeare. He represented in my mind an hour's urgent preparation in the evening, and twenty one-word questions on the following morning in that dismal hour after morning chapel and before breakfast. But I was not cross-questioned on the etymological significance of chance words in *Idylls of the King*. I craved, as I suppose every boy of that age craves, for romance, "high heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honouring eyes." I found it in the *Idylls*.

"Leodogran, the King of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child,
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth."

What splendid names! What power to create a vision of another world, a world of colour and beauty and romance. With Bleys and Merlin I watched the dying King Uther in Tintagel:

"Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending through the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seemed in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks."

Soon I knew almost all of *The Coming of Arthur* by heart. At that age I could have hardly been ex-

pected to note the imperfections in the character of Arthur, or to deprecate the deplorable language which he used to Guinevere on parting.

My other love was Anthony Hope, and I knew well every line of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Rupert of Hentzau*, and *The Dolly Dialogues*. How remote that world seems to me to-day, as remote indeed as the world of the *Idylls*. It is hard now for me to believe there was ever a world in which men and women spoke to each other in quite that way. My ideas of chivalry have changed. I no longer admire a man who risks his life to receive as reward the cold tips of a woman's fingers to kiss. But in the literature which I read and admired in those boyhood days, women were very chaste and very exigent.

Tennyson was my favourite poet, but my appetite for poetry was insatiable. I spent half a term's pocket money in buying a Wordsworth in eight volumes. Byron and Shelley and Keats followed. The *Oxford Book of English Verse* was my constant companion; it remained so through the years of war.

The coming of the war dissipated much of my hard-won library. I left school at the shortest notice; my books and pictures, or some of them, reached my home long afterwards. For the next four years I had few books, and truth to tell, I did not greatly miss them. The circumstances of the time, the passion and violence of everyday life, the extreme weariness of mind and body, made me unable to appreciate the literature of

the past. Living in circumstances well-nigh intolerable, the soldier was wise not to seek escape, even for an hour, into that happier world. The return to reality was too painful, and the resolution to endure is not enhanced by remembering happier things.

My love of poetry remained, but I cared only for contemporary poetry. Well I remember the day when first I read the five sonnets of Rupert Brooke, and that later day in the summer of 1915 when I opened *The Times* and read *Into Battle*.

"Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour," wrote Rupert Brooke before he died on a lone Aegæan island. Such was the mood of those days, a splendid and exalted mood, and fitted to great poetry. The poetry came. The life of the soldier seemed a life without compare.

"All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog Star, and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and Sworded Hip.

"The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend ;
They gently speak in the windy weather ;
The guide to valley and ridge's end."

Death had but little meaning in such splendid company, under the great expanse of heaven. Dying we would not leave this well-loved world. The living and the dead were one company.

“They flame in every star,
The trees are emerald with their presences.
They are not gone from us. They do not roam
The flaw and turmoil of the lower deep,
But have now made the whole wide world their home,
And in its loveliness themselves they steep.”

So wrote Robert Nichols; his *Ardours and Endurances* was added to my *Oxford Book of English Verse* in France.

The Somme came, and Passchendaele. To the reckless courage and self-sacrifice of the earlier battles succeeded the unfaltering resolution of 1917. War poetry took on another mood. Siegfried Sassoon began his war against the War. I read his poetry, and I recognized full well that his indignation was a noble indignation, that he was aflame not at the thought of wrong done to himself, but at the thought of the wrong done to his men.

“Their wrongs were mine; and ever in my sight
They went arrayed in honour. But they died,
Not one by one: and mutinous I cried
To those who sent them out into the night.”

It is the nature of the generous mind to resent the wrongs of others more bitterly than one's own, and the generosity of his mind could not be doubted. Yet I would not allow myself to admire his poetry so long as the war lasted. It was our duty, I thought, to endure to the end.

I read the war poetry avidly. I would have read the prose if there had been any of consequence. I was interested at this time in nothing else. It is curious that prose and poetry took so different a course. I believe that poetry is supposed to be emotion remembered in tranquillity, but every war poem for which I have any regard was written during the stress of war. On the other hand, nearly every war book which interests me was written some ten years after the war ended.

But I must except that wonderful picture of the New Armies of 1915, *The First Hundred Thousand*, which month by month I read in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Never shall I forget those sturdy paladins of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, whom Major Wagstaff and Captain Blaikie led at the Battle of Loos, nor their successors Angus M'Clachlan, Sergeant Mucklewame and Private Bogle at Longueval on the Somme.

The aftermath of war found me greatly changed. I felt some of the anger to which Siegfried Sassoon had given such noble expression. I fell under his spell, and this led me to Housman and Hardy. A pocket edition of *The Shropshire Lad* was ever to be found in my overcoat pocket. This was hardly necessary. I knew so much of it by heart. I had lost my Byron and Shelly and Keats. I had a Tennyson somewhere, but I never looked at it. *Poems 1918-19* in the five volumes of *Georgian Poetry*, and *The Shropshire Lad*, were to me a sufficient anthology. Fifteen years have passed, and with them something of my first enthu-

siasm, but my anthology would still include a dozen poems of Housman, and several of Siegfried Sassoon and Francis Brett Young. I could not omit *The Portrait*.

“I watch you, gazing at me from the wall,
And wonder how you'd match your dreams with
mine,
If, mastering time's illusion, I could call
You back to share this quiet candle-shine.

“For you were young, three hundred years ago;
And by your looks I guess that you were wise.
Come whisper soft, and Death will never know
You've slipped away from those calm, painted eyes.”

Nor could I omit *Marching on Tanga*, or *Prothalamion*.

“When the evening came my love said to me:
Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool;
The garden of black hellebore and rosemary,
Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool.

“Low we passed in the twilight, for the wavering heat
Of day had waned; and round that shaded plot
Of secret beauty the thickets clustered sweet:
Here is heaven, our hearts whispered, but our lips
spake not.”

Late in 1919 a great and new pleasure came into my life. I joined a subscription library and was given the work of an author with whom at that time I was wholly unacquainted. *The Arrow of Gold* introduced

me to Conrad. My membership of the library was from a financial standpoint unprofitable. I had *The Arrow of Gold* out the whole winter. In 1920 came *The Rescue*. I still remember the review in the *Westminster Gazette*. "It is books such as this which reconcile man to the burden of mortality". With this review I found myself in full agreement. One after another I read the earlier novels. I read and re-read *Nostromo* and *The Mirror of the Sea*. At no time did I find Conrad easy reading, but every novel once read was unforgettable. In the normal course I forget a book in two years and then can read it again with almost as much pleasure as if I had never read it before. Conrad remained fast in my mind. He had the power to create for me scene and character with an intense vividness, such as Shakespeare alone of all authors with whom I am familiar has equalled or surpassed.

Travelling in ships on distant seas, I have no sense of unfamiliarity with the changing scene. I have been there before with Conrad. After reading *Nostromo* I could not believe that I had never been to South America. I knew it so well. I have friends, intimate, vivid, real. Surely I have talked with Lord Jim leaning over the rail of the pilgrim ship in the Red Sea in the silence of the night. Was I not with Dominic when he steered his beloved *Tremolino* to her death? Was I not with the magnificent Capataz de Cargadores when in the light of the moon he rowed across the gulf containing his conquests of treasure and love? I cannot but have heard Captain Lingard's

last words to Mrs. Travers on the sandbank. I remember them so well. "What has hate or love to do with you and me? Hate. Love. What can touch you? For me you stand above death itself, for I see now that as long as I live you will never die."

It is with an intense surprise that I call to mind from time to time that certain of my friends have had no real existence. Lingard is much more real to me than any man whom I first met in 1920. It is hardly credible to me that Falstaff never lived. He is more real to me than any other man of his time. Such is the majesty of art.

Conrad gave back to me for a time that love of romance which had been mine in the days of boyhood and had languished in the harsh discipline of war. It was a better romance than that of boyhood. Conrad's men and women were of greater stature. And while this mood lasted I met in *Cyrano de Bergerac* the most romantic figure of all, the character in literature whom most I love. The tragic, the exquisite, poetry of the scene in which Cyrano wins Roxane for his friend is to my mind among the greatest ever written.

" Certes, ce sentiment
Qui m'envahit, terrible et jaloux, c'est vraiment
De l'amour, il en a toute la fureur triste
De l'amour—et pourtant il n'est pas égoïste!
Ah! que pour ton bonheur je donnerais le mien,
Quand même tu devrais n'en savoir jamais rien,
S'il se pouvait, parfois, que de loin, j'entendisse
Rire un peu le bonheur né de mon sacrifice!"

With Cyrano, and perhaps because of Cyrano, romance died. For all other romance seemed trivial.

My change of mood was marked by the appearance of the green volumes of Bernard Shaw on my bookshelves. But I cannot claim to be a true Shavian. For I never tire of *St. Joan*, *Plays Pleasant*, and *Three Plays for Puritans*, and I tire very easily of *Heartbreak House* and the Shaw prefaces. This, I know, is rank heresy in the eyes of those who accord to Shaw the same measure of infallibility as their grandfathers accorded to the Bible. I admire Shaw, but on this side idolatry.

In time my old love of history re-asserted itself. When I became a member of the Lake Hunt I met George Trevelyan, and a very little of his company made me eager to read his books. I found the Garibaldi trilogy more exciting than any novel. I could not help wishing that the Englishmen of another war, which I still believe to have been a war in defence of an ideal of liberty, might have the great good fortune of the Garibaldini and so might find a historian who would tell their story with truth and justice. Garibaldi at least will be honoured in history through one who has shared his love of country and love of freedom, and indeed of the hills and the sea, where those loves are kept most strong and most pure. But if the Englishman of yesterday has no such fortune, he can at least take full consolation in some of the last words in George Trevelyan's great book. "The history of events is ephemeral and for the scholar; the poetry of events is eternal and for the multitude. It is the acted

poem that lives in the hearts of millions to whom the written words of history and the written words of poetry are alike an unopened book."

My library, already large, now received a great accession of war books sent to me for review. This was due to a wet Bank Holiday in August 1927. Sitting at home, and watching the rain, I called to mind that my friend, John Dover Wilson, had once asked me to write an article on the education of the soldier. I wrote it and so entered journalism, a profession in which I did not prosper.

Ever since my childhood I had had the ambition to write, but except during the war period when practically anything written 'in the trenches' (or near them) was sure of a welcome from patriotic editors, I had never achieved the dignity of print. But Dover Wilson always asserted that I could write, and he was supported in his view by the fact that he had never read anything which I had written of a greater length than one sentence. This sentence was brief and to the point, "H.M.I. Mr. J. Dover Wilson. For your observations, please."

For he and I enjoyed a common interest, some might say a common servitude. He inspected, I administered, Adult Education so far as that came within the purview of the Board of Education. His observations on the merits of a University Tutorial Class determined whether it received a grant from the Board, in other words, whether it lived or died. In practice it always lived. Dover Wilson had a kind heart. He had also a completely illegible handwriting. As I

could never read his recommendations, I remembered his kind heart and assumed that his report was favourable. University Tutorial Classes grew and prospered.

But in time Dover Wilson wearied of the Board and became a Professor of Education in King's College. Here in the greater freedom of the academic world, and on account of his exceeding good nature, he assumed the Editorship of *The Journal of Adult Education* which came out twice a year and cost half a crown.

It was a very learned, and at times very abstruse, publication, and Dover Wilson thought that if I wrote something for it the intellectual atmosphere might become less highly charged. My first contribution was considered by many to be unworthy of a serious journal; my second, written in the emotion arising out of a wet Bank Holiday, was entitled *The Education of the Soldier*. The storm broke. An indignation meeting was held at Oxford, and the chief of the apostles of a better, and socialist, world expressed his opinion in unbridled language. I retired into private life. I bore my fate with no little fortitude. At no time had I received any remuneration for my services.

But *The Education of the Soldier* brought me new friends, among them Carrol Romer, editor (at that time) of the *Nineteenth Century*. He asked me to write an article, and invited me to lunch at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. I was immensely flattered, but I was also dismayed. I had just taken over my duties

at University College, and I had already learned that they were, and always would be, in the last degree onerous.

But I succumbed to the charm of Carrol Romer, and to an excellent lunch, and after a glass of brandy I rashly undertook to write a series of articles on the soldier in the Great War, using Hakluyt as my model. I had not read any Hakluyt (except for a passage quoted in an anthology), and the task was far beyond my powers. I descended into the easier course of autobiography, and owing to the complaisance of Carrol Romer I was allowed to talk about myself over eight numbers of the *Nineteenth Century*. Worry and overwork imparted a sombre atmosphere to my writing which accorded well with the scenes and emotions described. Some time afterwards the articles, edited and much revised, appeared under the grim title: *The Weary Road: Recollections of a Subaltern of Infantry*.

Fortune kindly arranged that the book should catch the tide of interest in war books in the autumn of 1929, and a generous chorus from the reviewers sent it into a second impression and ultimately into a cheap edition. I was enchanted.

Meanwhile Carrol Romer had sent me to see *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe*, and had commissioned two more articles in the *Nineteenth Century*. I had a letter also from a fellow Rugbeian, Charles Davy of the *Yorkshire Post*, who had seen a review of *The Weary Road*, and I found myself reviewing war books for the *Post*.

This did not last long. I was too prolix. I could not say all that I thought about some of the war books (particularly those translated from the German) in sufficiently brief compass. I was too candid. "Blatant flapdoodle", I wrote of some he-man stuff from Chicago. Charles Davy did his best. He censored my reviews. He removed objectionable phrases. But even so they were too pungent. I passed out.

But I still have a lingering suspicion that I was right and that the extravagant praise extended to the flood of literature translated from the German, after *All Quiet* had swept Europe, was undeserved. Some, intended no doubt to be serious, I could not help finding funny. *Class 1902*, by Ernest Glaeser, for example, had a great vogue. The high authority of Arnold Zweig conferred on the author the distinction of having "justified a generation". Ernest Glaeser was twelve years old in 1914, but he and his friends were very mature for their age. They had already found out the older generation. At the outbreak of war the parents are overcome with patriotic enthusiasm; the socialist deputy, the trade union leader are alike swept away by it. It is left to the German boy and the French boy meeting in Switzerland to see through all the folly and wickedness. "La guerre—ce sont nos parents." Another boy raises the note of doubt in ultimate victory. "England has never lost a war yet." Twelve is a great age! Much of the book is concerned with the frustrations of adolescence, but the reader will be glad to know that the hero, after many psychological disturbances, achieves success with his first love when she

discovers that the goose's drumstick offered to her as a present was stolen from his mother.

Schlump, The Story of an Unknown Soldier, also had its entertaining moments. Schlump was just sixteen years old when the war broke out, and on the same evening came face to face with a wide chain of laughing girls, one of whom selected him for her favours. A year later he joined the Army, and his amorous successes increased and multiplied. An old reservist talked to him about life. "Listen, sonny; there's only one thing I'm heartily sorry for: the moments I could have been good to a pretty girl—and wasn't." Certainly Schlump ran no risk of having anything to regret in his old age. Schlump was twice wounded, once appropriately enough while attending to the calls of nature, a matter which though equally important in peace as in war appears to have a special significance in German war books.

Some of the English books, too, struck me as curious. I had hardly expected to find a book, published ten years after the Armistice, such as *Field Guns in France*. In the preface the author thanks his men, "the good partners I found them in the game of killing the Hun." "In Vaux Valley," wrote the author, "we had a gorgeous killing yesterday." A few days later on Sunday, "it was as cold as ever, nevertheless a padre turned up and held Holy Communion for quite a big congregation in one of the deep dug-outs. Immediately afterwards I went up to the O.P. and I think I added three fresh scalps to my tally."

I reviewed some forty war books in all, and I very

soon came to the conclusion that no war book could be a good book. Great quantities of war books were published which had no literary merit. The characters in them were without interest. The apparent reason for offering them to the public was that they contained a full measure of mud and blood. There is plenty of mud in a main drain and plenty of blood in a butcher's shop, but intimate descriptions of these have not yet brought fame to their authors. A war book becomes interesting when it ceases to describe the war scene, which was always ugly, and begins to describe the soldiers, who were usually interesting. *King Lear* is not a play about a thunderstorm on a heath. The storm in the sky is of no import, the storm that matters is in the heart of a man who was every inch a king.

Fortunately among the war books sent to me for review there were some which had no real claim to that title. They were literature, and great literature. The war background was immaterial. The story was of universal significance. Their theme was that of the brave man in adversity. This is the very stuff of literature, the greatest of the world's stories. "He saved others, himself he could not save."

They were few in number, but they were memorable, and there are passages in them which will surely not be forgotten. If I were charged with the duty of compiling an anthology, there would be at least one passage from *Undertones of War*, *Her Privates We*, *The Wet Flanders Plain*, and *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe*. Could anyone forget Edmund Blun-

den's tribute to the infantry soldier of the dreadful winter of 1916-17?

"Man, ruddy-cheeked under your squat chin-strapped iron helmet, sturdy under your leather jerkin, clapping your hands together as you dropped your burden of burning cold steel, grinning and flinging old-home repartee at your pal passing by, you endured that winter of winters, as it seems to me, in the best way of manliness. I forget your name. I remember your superscriptions, 'O.A.S.' and 'B.E.F.', your perpetual copying-ink pencil 'in the pink', 'as it leaves me'; and your rifle was as clean as new from an armoury. It is time to hint to a new age what your value, what your love was; your Ypres is gone, and you are gone; we were lucky to see you 'in the pink' against white-ribbed and socket-eyed despair."

Yet more did I admire *Her Privates We*. Here is the common soldier in all his essential sanity and good humour, the common people in whom the real strength and wisdom of this great nation have always rested. Proud, self-reliant, strong, and simple, they know well what they are doing. Sergeant Tozer, Weeper Smart, Little Martlow, Shem, Madeley, Pacey, they were the men we knew and loved! They have faith in themselves and in their comrades. They are soldiers of their own free will. They are masters of their fate. We see them as they prepare for battle, and we know that they will not break.

"These apparently rude and brutal natures comforted, encouraged, and reconciled each other to fate, with a tenderness and tact which was more moving

than anything in life. They had nothing; not even their own bodies, which had become mere implements of warfare. They turned from the wreckage and misery of life to an empty heaven, and from an empty heaven to the silence of their own hearts. They had been brought to the last extremity of hope, and yet they put their hands on each other's shoulders and said with a passionate conviction that it would be all right, though they had faith in nothing, but in themselves and in each other."

We may bid this sturdy battalion farewell, undaunted and undismayed. "They marched out of the village, past the stone calvary at the end of it, and men who had known all the sins of the world lifted to the agony of the figure on the cross eyes that had probed and understood the mystery of suffering."

I am not sure that *Le Tombeau* is not the greatest of them all. Here in this great play is on record the manner in which an ill-starred generation met a fate which they had done nothing to deserve; here is the point of view of men who lived in circumstances of horror and died in agony that they might expiate the failure of others to think clearly and to realize the consequences of their actions and policies, or, if you will, that they might buy through tragic experience a better world for generations yet unborn.

The point of view of the man of intelligence and imagination brought face to face with the harsh verities of war has nowhere been stated with greater power or eloquence. The soldier has returned home on leave from the front. He has lost one by one his friends. He

knows that his little hour is drawing to a close. He has come home, his leave bought at the price of a hazardous enterprize, to seek a few hours of forgetfulness, a brief interval of happiness, before he joins his comrades in the shadow and the dust.

For more than a year he has lived in a world in which the thought of self has no place and the energies of all are directed to common ends. He returns to another world, but a few miles away, a civilized world, in which the compelling problems are personal problems, and the individual has not only a right but a duty to society to cherish his personality and to watch with interest its growth in the warmth of his own self-esteem. He finds himself much at odds with the world to which he returns.

He is drawn into an argument with his father, who seeks in vain *‘l’élan d’un guerrier’* and finds only *“la constance hautaine et glacée d’un galant homme condamné iniquement à mort.”* Surely there must be an element of romance in war. The soldier will have none of it. Joy of battle, he observes, is not mentioned in military text-books. Fidelity to an idea is all that a soldier needs to support him in battle. He has made his choice; it was of his own free will that he went to war, and of his own choice that he will set out on a hazardous enterprize which can have no end but death. He denies that his life as a soldier has in it any element of servitude. He is obedient not to others but to himself alone. *“Tout ce qui est, ne l’ai—je pas voulu, ou consenti? Je connaissais très bien quels engagements je prenais en jouissant de la mienne. Je tiens avec*

probité ce que j'ai promis." For war and its supposed majesty he has nothing but contempt: "Eh voilà cette fameuse guerre, beaucoup plus embêtante encore que terrible. Je ne la crains pas, et je l'abhorre. Je la fais, et je la méprise." For military glory he has the fighting soldier's derision; he knows that the courage of the soldier is moral in its origin, that, indeed, any other form of courage could not support a man in the conditions of modern war. "Ne crains—tu pas," says his father, "que cette frode détermination, puisqu'elle remplace en eux le vieil enthousiasme, finisse par s'user, si par impossible la guerre dure? Que les courages s'amollissent?" The soldier replies in scorn: "Au contraire. L'enthousiasme passe. Cette volonté sans illusions ne bronchera pas." Despairing but undefeated he goes back to the trenches and that chance before which his head remains unbowed.

Le Tombeau moved me profoundly. It recalled to me emotions almost forgotten, and made the war live again in my mind to a degree which was at once painful and of doubtful profit to a harassed and overdriven man. But *Journey's End* went further. It haunted me. I think that it haunts me still.

It is the darkest hour of the war. The great German attack of March 1918 is immanent. Captain Stanhope's company is doomed, and every man knows it. If they spoke the language of rhetoric, if they were men inspired by consciousness of heroism, their fate could not stir our hearts in such measure. But they are true to type; they are the men whom we knew; their common humanity gives them a claim to our intimate regard

and heightens the sense of tragedy. To me the two officers of the company who in this regard are unforgettable are Trotter and Stanhope; Trotter, the middle-aged ranker, a man of infinite good nature, without imagination, stolid, invincible; Stanhope, the young captain, his nerves in rags after three years of infantry fighting, supporting his courage and resolution by whisky in preference to quitting his post.

Perhaps Stanhope has the greater tragic stature. When the cup of bitterness overflows he turns to the young subaltern straight from England, who, knowing nothing of what he has endured, appears to be rebuking him for attempting to drown his sorrow and despair in drink. "To forget, you little fool, to forget, do you understand, to forget. Do you think there is no limit to what a man can bear?"

There cannot but be a certain sense of the triumph of the spirit when on that dark morning of defeat the shelling rises to a fury and Stanhope goes up the dug-out steps to play, for the last time, his captain's part, to lead the men to whom he has been faithful, for whom he has sacrificed much more than life.

I suppose that all the books which I have mentioned as having in them elements of great literature enjoyed a much lesser fame than *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It seemed to me a book in which indubitable excellence of writing had given an air of verity to doubtful testimony. But the excellence of writing was there, though whether we have to thank Erich Maria Remarque or his translator, A. W. Wheen, I cannot tell. There was one passage which I could not forbear

from adding to my anthology, the passage in which the soldier finds himself lost in No-Man's Land and then hears the voices of his comrades in the trench.

"At once a new warmth flows through me. These voices, these quiet words, these footsteps in the trench behind me, recall me at a bound from the terrible loneliness and fear of death by which I had been almost destroyed. They are more to me than life, these voices, they are more than motherliness and more than fear; they are the strongest, most comforting thing there is anywhere: they are the voices of my comrades.

"I am no longer a shuddering speck of existence, alone in the darkness;—I belong to them and they to me; we all share the same fear and the same life, we are nearer than lovers, in a simpler, a harder way; I could bury my face in them, in these voices, these words that have saved me and will stand by me."

Popular discontent with the incompetence of my reviewing led to a cessation of the flood of war books into my library. This was fortunate. My library was already of formidable size. Often I remembered with amusement its modest beginnings in the small room of a London boarding house in Pimlico after the war. There was no room for books except on the mantelpiece, and the mantelpiece was very small. One day I found a first edition of the *Temple Shakespeare* in a second-hand bookshop in Bayswater. I could not afford it, but I could not do without it. The forty volumes arrived. I had forgotten that there was nowhere for them to go. They inherited the mantelpiece, and my other books retired to a heap on the floor.

In those days I had many opportunities of reading, and but few books. There were sixty guests in my boarding-house, and I was the only man. My life was very quiet. I had plenty of time to read. As I have become more prosperous I have acquired more and more books, but I have much less time to read. I have also to admit that the tired mind has laid my standards in the dust. For years I have read nothing but detective stories, and I care more for Lord Peter Wimsey and Hercule Poirot and Mr. Fortune than for the heroes of the classical novel. In my choice of detective stories I have always at my call the services of the well-known expert, the Professor of Byzantine History and Institutions in the University of London, who lectures in the grand manner and with equal skill on the Empress Theodora and Dr. Watson.

It may be that it is immoral to possess so large a library and to read so little. But I maintain that even if one does not read a book, it is a pleasure to possess it. For when I look at my great glass-fronted bookcases, each book recalls to me some part of my life, some enthusiasm, transitory it may be, but at the time very real. They are a record of my adventures of the mind in the field of letters; they are a record also of adventures in other fields, travel, mountaineering, the fine arts. Here are the silver volumes of the *Mediaeval Towns*. Here are a dozen volumes on the Florentine Artists, bought in the long-lived enthusiasm succeeding my first visit to Florence. Here is Cripps, *Old English Plate*, which led me to haunt Christies in search of that lovely work of art, the early Georgian spoon.

Here are books on furniture, to remind me of all my visits to the dealers, to remind me also that I have saved no money, having spent it all on making a lovely house. I look at my books, and I look at my other lovely things, and I have no regrets.

VI

TEACHER

I BECAME a teacher by mistake. One morning in the autumn of 1922, I was examining my correspondence in the Board of Education, and I came across a curious letter, bearing the Manchester postmark. "Why is there no education in prisons?" ran the letter. I was nonplussed. I had no idea. But the Chairman of the Prison Commissioners lived but a few yards away. It was not even necessary to go outside. There was a bridge. I wandered into the Home Office. The door of the Chairman's room opened. I entered and was lost.

I have never read any Dickens, but I once obtained, for the purposes of a wedding present, a first edition of one of his novels, so far as I can recollect, *Little Dorrit*, and while glancing through it on the way home, I came across a page in which the visit of a Mr. Arthur Clennam to the Department of Circumlocution was described. Mr. Clennam was interested in one of the Dorrit family, who happened to be in prison, and it was tolerably clear that his reception was unfriendly. My reception was not.

Maurice Waller, Chairman of the Prison Commissioners, was at this time trying to live down the reputation for extreme dignity enjoyed by his predecessors. He had moreover recently acquired as a fellow

Commissioner Alec Paterson, author of *Across the Bridges*, and a cheerful and determined advocate of change in the way of treating prisoners. Unheard-of things were happening in prisons. A daily shave. No more broad arrows. Alec Paterson had even played football against the Portland Borstalians and was still alive. The natural kindness of heart of Maurice Waller was as effective as the enthusiasm of Alec Paterson in furthering these measures, while his diplomatic ability commended them in quarters where enthusiasm is not always of avail.

Maurice Waller died before he could see the fruits of his labours. His work was done as a civil servant; he has therefore no memorial. The men and women whose voices were raised in time past to condemn the injustices of the social order, whose lives were spent in a struggle to remedy them, have won their meed of fame. The names of Howard and Wilberforce, of Shaftesbury and Plimsoll, are known in every home. To them is paid the honour rightly due to all great adventurers. But their struggles do not make up the whole history of social reform. In silence and unnoticed, a thousand abuses have disappeared under the unyielding pressure of Mr. Tite Barnacle and his successors.

Maurice Waller showed me to a chair. Already rather embarrassed, I asked my question. Why was there no education in prisons? Maurice Waller did not know. Had I any ideas to sell him on the subject? I had not. Would I like to do something about it? For very shame I could not say no, and although I had

entered the room without any attention of occupying my spare time in prison education, I left in a chastened spirit and in the enjoyment of the dignified title of Educational Adviser to Wormwood Scrubs Prison. I held the title for five years.

A few days later I presented myself at the gate of the prison. It was a dark night and the architecture of the prison appeared to me to be of a forbidding character. When I rang the bell it seemed to me to make an immoderate amount of noise. I was also conscious, as on many other occasions, that I was not in time for my appointment. In fact, at that moment I bitterly regretted that I had ever let myself into so sorry a business. Shortly afterwards I found myself in the prison chapel, and saw my first prisoner. He happened to be engaged on mending the electric light. It struck me as odd that, in pursuing this occupation, he was being superintended by an officer of the prison, although three iron gates had already been locked behind me. I then arrived in one of the halls of the prison, which had a close resemblance to a cloak-room.

Four tiers of cells rose on each side with a narrow balcony and wire netting, whose purpose did not need to be explained to me, between. It was after five o'clock and the population of the prison had been carefully locked up for the ensuing thirteen to fourteen hours. I had a feeling that solitary confinement for fourteen hours a day would be particularly trying to that part of the population, probably the major part, who have never known what it is to have a room of

their own, and whose idea of Heaven is represented by Southend on a Bank Holiday. In fact I was reminded of two friends of mine, apprentices in the printing trade, who, when their factory moved out from London into the country and supposedly happier surroundings, preferred to remain in Bethnal Green and to travel two hours a day to their work, on the grounds that they would go melancholy mad if they lived anywhere else.

I was then faced with the difficult position of finding some subject to teach. I sought out an old soldier of my acquaintance, whom I thought the prisoners would like, and obtained from him a promise to take a class. I then asked him whether he knew anything. He replied No, he had been at a Public School. I suffered under the same disadvantage, and we were at our wits' end to know what to do. I have no doubt that things have changed very much since I was at school, but at that time English was almost the only language in which no instruction was given, and when I was compelled to undergo a Matriculation examination, for the purpose of obtaining a family scholarship, I had to spend one night with a towel round my head studying an English grammar. It had not previously been brought to my notice that the English language had a grammar.

However, after some conversation my friend admitted a very slight knowledge of Dr. Johnson and I a nodding acquaintance with Shakespeare. We decided on Shakespeare, because all the prisoners could read the parts and thereby have an active interest in

the business, and because it transpired that the Army Education Scheme, which came into being towards the end of the war, had been over-optimistic as to the demand for Shakespeare. In fact, many hundreds of volumes of Shakespeare were at that time encumbering the purlieu of the Stationery Office. Some of these I inherited, and we set to work.

I am afraid that the classes which we were able to organize did not fulfil modern requirements as regards educational equipment. Insurmountable difficulties appeared to present themselves in the way of taking prisoners out of the hall in which they were imprisoned, and we were compelled to take our classes in the passage between the two rows of cells. The passage tended to represent the North Pole in winter, and the Sahara in the summer. A few additional electric light bulbs in the locality represented the prison's contribution to educational furniture. The prisoners brought their three-legged stools from the cells. The tutor was also allowed a stool, sometimes made more comfortable by a prisoner's blanket; and occasionally when a chair happened to be under repair by a basket-maker confined in the hall, he was permitted the use of the chair.

The composition of the classes was also rather odd, as they were selected on the basis of length of sentence and without regard to any educational qualifications. In many respects I think that this arrangement, which suited the prison authorities very well, had considerable advantages. There were always people in the class who preferred to have small parts rather than big, and

I often noticed that the more illiterate members of my class seemed to understand Shakespeare better than the smarter type who tended to be superficial and glib.

We made certain other arrangements. The first was that we would maintain order ourselves; there must be no warder present at our classes. The second was that the private history of the prisoners was no concern of ours, and that we would take no steps to ascertain for what crime they were in prison. The third was that sentimentalists and all persons interested in morbid psychology should be rigorously excluded from the prison.

My first evening passed happily. The class was gathered together out of their cells. I gave a brief lecture on Shakespeare with the object of dispelling the suspicion in the mind of every prisoner that Shakespeare was hopelessly dull, that I had a "message," and that they were going to be got at. I pointed out to them that of literary men Shakespeare was generally supposed to have had the most considerable experience and understanding of life, and it might be interesting to compare their experiences with his. I also said that I had found certain of the plays amusing and others consoling on those occasions when I was depressed. I then took a vote on the play which we should read first. The zest with which the discussion proceeded surprised me, till I remembered that a chance to determine one's course of action, even in the smallest matters, is no part of prison routine. *As You Like It* was preferred to *The Merchant of Venice* on a show of hands.

Volunteers were asked for each part, as at that time

I had no means of knowing which of the class could read well, or indeed read at all. I observed with feelings of some regret that a gentleman whose home was east of Suez was anxious to take the part of Rosalind, and that another gentleman, who appeared to come from the Rhine, fancied himself as Jaques.

On my return the next week, some degree of animation reigned in the class. We got through the dull first scene very well. Shortly afterwards, we arrived at Rosalind's entrance. Complete silence reigned. I then ascertained that Rosalind had not yet acquired the elements of the English language. His part was transferred to some one else. I expected that, in the circumstances, he would have preferred not to attend the class any more, but he appeared to enjoy sitting there. He laughed when the others laughed, and I have little doubt that he enjoyed it in his own way. At any rate, he was a regular attendant to the end of his sentence. Jaques also was not a success as, although he had formed an acquaintance with a few English words, his pronunciation of them was apt to make the class laugh, and after an unsuccessful attempt on his part, lasting several minutes, to get through his first line, I was compelled to hand over his part also to one of my own countrymen. Orlando proved to have a fluent command of the English language, but unhappily he had learnt it at Stratford-atte-Bow. The class thoroughly appreciated the line, "When I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content."

Soon afterwards we entered on *The Merchant of*

Venice and I fortunately had a Jew who proved an excellent Shylock. In fact, he was so good and so relished his part, that I feared an outburst of race feeling. Portia did not seem to cut much ice till she delivered herself of her well-known sentiments on the subject of mercy, which proved very popular. I felt unable, however, to permit a discussion, initiated by a solicitor, of the more personal applications of the theory. *A Midsummer's Night Dream* also went down very well. The class was very much interested to find that Robin Goodfellow, whom they had previously come across only as the racing correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, had another existence. One of my class made an outrageous pun on his name, and then told me that he personally did not agree with the description of Robin Goodfellow in the *Dream*. "You do their work and they shall have good luck." Still, the connexion between Shakespeare and racing appeared to give the prisoners a much higher opinion of Shakespeare. On another occasion, in the course of an historical play, the class was enchanted to hear that I had seen the Earl of Westmorland, one of whose ancestors appeared in the play, win a race on his own horse at Hurst Park the day before.

Many other Shakespeare plays followed. *Macbeth* was not very popular, perhaps owing to a heat wave in which the structural defects of the prison became somewhat apparent. I remember an interesting criticism which one of my class made at the end of the play. He said that, in his opinion, the play was rotten and the psychology all wrong. I asked him why, and

he replied that Macbeth was no true Scot. He was, in fact, the most typical of Englishmen in his attempt to find moral motives for his actions, however reprehensible they might be. Scotchmen, in his opinion, did not suffer from this disability. If they wanted something they were quite certain that it was the law of nature that they should have it. They went straight ahead.

We read *Othello* under happier circumstances, at a time of the year when it was very cold. We had an interesting discussion on Swinburne's description of Othello as "the noblest man of man's making". *Twelfth Night* also was very popular and the class was always interested in the fact that the Captain lodged "in the south suburbs at the Elephant".

Some time afterwards we were fortunate in obtaining some money, so we purchased some modern plays. Of these the most popular were *Saint Joan* and *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. Sir James Barrie, ever generous, gave us copies of his play, *Dear Brutus*. In some ways the prisoners preferred modern plays to Shakespeare, because they found the language much easier. On the other hand, the working-class element was much more familiar with the language of Shakespeare than the more sophisticated element, and Ancient Pistol and Corporal Nym seem still to be familiar figures in certain parts of London.

At a very early stage I found that a little poetry at the end of each class meeting was very much appreciated. I did not find that many of the prisoners had any use for imaginative poetry, and I very soon

abandoned the reading of anything but poems which have a direct relation to common experience. I was somewhat surprised to find that the prisoners particularly liked *The Hound of Heaven*. They were carried away, I think, in the first instance, by the wonderful rhythms; in the second, by the excitement which any description of a chase always provokes; and lastly, in the case of a few, by a sense of the identity of their experience with that of the man who wrote it. There were two passages which always seemed to me to make a very particular impression:

“Nigh and nigh draws the chase
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noised Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
‘Lo! naught contents thee, who content’st not Me.’”

and again:

“Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
with it?”

I found quite a lot of charred wood lying about in prisons.

Out of the Night that covers me was always in demand, and the prisoners were very much impressed one evening when I brought with me Will Rothenstein, who told them of a visit he had paid to W. E. Henley in hospital, and how Henley practised that

high courage which he preached. *If* always went down very well. I remember once being asked by a prisoner how triumph could be an imposter. I was content to leave the explanation to the other members of the class.

Another type of poem which always gave great pleasure was the narrative poem, and I was compelled to devote a certain amount of my time to reading to them *The Everlasting Mercy* and *Reynard the Fox*. I was much impressed in the latter by the extraordinary popularity of the catalogue of the people arriving at the Hunt, until I remembered how often the epic poems of antiquity started off with a catalogue. No doubt the men of Argos and Mycenae, summoned to the King's Palace on the arrival of the wandering bard, felt much the same emotion and delivered themselves of the same rustle of satisfaction, when they recognized one by one the familiar heroes of the *Iliad* mounting their ships, as a latter day audience of men greets the arrival of Sir Peter Bynd of Coombe, Charles Copse of Copse Hold Manor, Pete and Ock Gurney and other heroes of *Reynard the Fox*. Charles Copse has, I think, the greatest claim on their affection, or perhaps Cothill of the Sleins:

“The downland where the kestrels hover,
The downland had him for a lover,
And every other thing he loved,
In which a clean free spirit moved.”

The whole situation was altered after two years when the prison became an institution for first offenders, and

the old offenders were removed to other prisons. Colonel G. D. Turner (later to win fame for his courage in the Dartmoor mutiny) was appointed Deputy-Governor, with wide discretionary powers to advance the scheme of education as part of a general system of putting first offenders through a course of training in civic responsibilities. A notable part of the scheme, borrowed perhaps from the Borstal Institutions, was the earning of privileges. In his very early days the prisoner was in some ways in much the same position as his less fortunate predecessor in the past. If, however, he contrived to observe the rules of the prison, he could earn certain rights of association at meal times and in the evenings from 5 to 7.

Our difficulties disappeared as if by magic. The classes moved out at once from the passages between the cells to temporary accommodation in a disused building outside. At the first meeting in the new surroundings I felt a certain doubt as to the wisdom of the move, as I had to dodge so many cockroaches. The Chief Warder was sympathetic and helpful. His studies in natural history had led him to suppose that cockroaches formed the staple diet of hedgehogs, and that they were usually washed down with milk. He thought that he could arrange for the milk. I applied to the Prison Commissioners for the hedgehog, but the usual difficulties with the Treasury supervened, and I was compelled to solicit one as a gift from a country gentleman in Dorsetshire. I had just arranged for a supply of gold leaf, with which a broad arrow was to be picked out on the bristles, when another disused

building was discovered. This was converted without difficulty into a college containing several classrooms.

The carpenter's shop produced in a short period a large number of admirable desks; lighting and heating also presented no difficulty under the new régime. To this building the classes were at length transferred. The prisoners, after earning certain privileges, were put on their honour not to make any attempt to escape, and foregathered in this building on their own account, traversing considerable distances in the open after dark in order to reach the building. At the same time classes multiplied, and eventually attained the number of forty each week, thus enabling a prisoner to attend as many as three classes a week if he wished.

I began to get large ideas as to the possibilities of prison education. I had lately met Dorothy Massingham. I was in touch with the traditional generosity of the stage. Why should we not have a play?

Wormwood Scrubs had its play, *The Tempest*. Dorothy Massingham produced it. For the first few minutes I could not understand what was happening. We had an admirable boatswain, Charles Carson, but the prisoners sat silent. Soon afterwards, somebody dared to laugh and thereafter the whole play went to a storm of laughter and applause. I saw then that the innovation was of such a character that it had not been fully understood. The prisoners had not realized that they were going to be allowed to laugh. In fact, they

thought they had come to hear some "message". One man told me afterwards that he had not laughed for nine months and it had done him more good than any medicine.

About this time Jean Cadell also became interested, and I asked her to revive *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, which had attracted me very much when I was on leave in 1918. Jean Cadell not only revived it but collected the original cast for the purpose. The old charwomen (Clare Greet, Polly Emery, and Ivy Williams) talking about the war, and in general the constant echoes of the war, proved too much for many of the prisoners. I was really quite embarrassed when several men broke down. Afterwards Jean Cadell gave *The Twelve Pound Look*, and Dorothy Massingham gave *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Sybil Thorndike then gave a reading of *Saint Joan* with Ernest Thesiger, Lewis Casson, and Laurence Anderson. Some months afterwards Sybil Thorndike offered to give *Henry VIII*, which was running. I talked to the prisoners and found that every one who had seen *Saint Joan* wanted nothing else but to see it again; indeed one man told me that he could still hear Sybil Thorndike's voice. Fortunately *Saint Joan* was revived at the Lyceum Theatre and she was able to bring her company to the prison. There are scenes in *Saint Joan* which have a certain poignancy to men who have lately undergone trial and imprisonment for the first time. This was brought home to me once when I was reading *Saint Joan* in class. Joan is accused, after her victories, of pride, and she is reminded of the fate

attending those who were guilty of hubris in the Greek tragedies. After commenting on the improbability of any one in Rheims Cathedral at that time being familiar with the Greek poets, I called to mind the closing lines of the *Œdipus Rex* in Gilbert Murray's splendid translation, and quoted them as illustrating the doctrine of hubris:

“Ye citizens of Thebes, behold: 'tis Œdipus that
passeth here,
Who read the riddle-word of death, and mightiest
stood of mortal men,
And Fortune loved him, and the folk that saw him
turned and looked again.
Lo! he is fallen, and around great storms and the
outreaching sea.
Therefore, O Man, beware, and look toward the
end of things that be,
The last of sights, the last of days; and no man's
life account as gain,
Ere the full tale be finished and the darkness find
him without pain.”

It seemed to me that the class was very much impressed at the time, but the incident had almost passed from my mind when, six months later, a prisoner on his release came to say good-bye to me, and after some hesitation asked where he could get the book in which those lines appeared. He had been right through the whole prison library without being able to find them.

In the summer of 1925, Margaret Yarde gave *The*

Merry Wives of Windsor, with Wilfred Walter as Falstaff. From this time onward she appeared, Sunday after Sunday, with a new play, marvellously cast. I hope that the storm of appreciation and applause with which the prisoners always greeted her was some reward to her for her devotion to them. *Arms and the Man* followed. When Bluntschli (Felix Aylmer) announced his intention of attending the duel with a machine-gun, we had to stop for several minutes. Similarly in the next play, *The Importance of Being Ernest*, there was an interruption when Ernest (Leslie Banks) appeared with a black-bordered handkerchief, as one of the prisoners had hysterics. *Julius Cæsar* followed, Claude Rains resuming his part of Cassius after an interval of five years. But of the plays the most successful was *King John*, in which several actors who had appeared in the performances by the Fellowship of Players and at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre took part. On two occasions during the play proceedings were terminated for several minutes owing to a furore of applause and excitement which made it impossible to continue. I remember also *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The School for Scandal*, *You Never Can Tell*, and *Henry V*. The reception of "Once more into the breach," rendered by Victor Lewisohn, was tempestuous, but was somewhat marred by the appearance afterwards of Ancient Pistol (Henry Oscar), whom the prisoners recognized as an old friend.

But the most memorable performance staged by Margaret Yarde at Wormwood Scrubs was a concert.

It was Christmas Day. I was in a state of much apprehension. I had given an undertaking that the concert, though secular, was to be serious. I stood in the great archway of the main gate. A bus stopped. (The buses were now used to stopping at what the bus conductors called the 'otel). Margaret Yarde descended, followed by her company. My heart sank. The music halls of London had been called upon to do their best. They had done it.

We moved across the courtyard to the concert hall, once the carpenter's shop. My heart sank yet lower. Colonel Turner, ever intrepid, had admitted the whole prison without distinction. The "old lags" were all there, but worse still there was a contingent of Borstalians whom even the Borstal officers in despair had sent, as irreclaimable, to Wormwood Scrubs. There was possibly one warder to every hundred prisoners.

As each representative of the music halls entered, the prisoners sent up a howl of delight. But I was alarmed. The prisoners, already over-excited, were now showings signs of mass hysteria. They would not sit still and they would not allow the concert to start. We had a conference. We decided to give them a chance to shout some choruses. That might work off some of the pent-up emotion. One of the artistes went to the piano and began playing some of the war songs. Every one joined in, and I hoped that all would be well. Then the Borstalians started a song of their own. There was an angry snarl as the other prisoners turned on them. Colonel Turner and I stood up, in a vain hope of quelling the riot. The artist on the

stage bravely played on. The Borstalian relapsed into silence. Some more choruses followed. It was then deemed possible to begin.

But the performance was doomed to interruption. A very favourite artist came forward and began to tell a story. A man with no roof to his mouth was attempting to explain to a lift conductor that he had left his false teeth on the top floor of the building. The story was never finished. Several prisoners had hysterics, and we had to stop.

We ended with a massed chorus of *The Old Folks at Home*. Afterwards I went home and had some rum. I needed it. Margaret Yarde was unperturbed. "When I was younger," she said, "I used to act in a Glasgow music-hall on a Saturday night. This evening was child's play."

After the performance of *The Tempest* I wrote to Dorothy Massingham, but when I read the letter, I thought that she might find it tedious, and I did not send it. But Dorothy Massingham is dead, and my tribute cannot weary her now. "Think what it meant to them," I wrote, "these first offenders, men of hitherto unsullied reputation, and now fallen into disgrace, herded into a compound, surrounded by high walls, labelled with a number, pushed into a cell at a stated hour in the evening, and taken out at a stated hour the next morning, for all the world like a suit-case in a station cloak-room. Think what it means to them when from the world outside, shut out from view by those high walls, come people whom perhaps they have seen in other days, almost forgotten in the abyss

of time occupied by their trial and imprisonment, bringing with them the recollection of happy hours spent with their family or their friends in the theatre, friendly people who do not come to sit in judgment on them, but rather to share with them the pleasure or the consolation which the master spirits of the world have vouchsafed to perplexed humanity through their high art. I like to think that had Shakespeare come for one evening in this last year from the Elysian Fields he would have spent it, not at any Shakespeare festival, nor at some West End theatre in the midst of a hurrying and forgetful audience, but at the first performance ever given of the last, and greatest, of his comedies before a prison audience. Would he not have found many old friends there, men whom he best of all the world understood, men on whom the world has passed judgment, but whom with a greater tolerance he never judged, Autolycus and Ancient Pistol, Bardolph and Sir John? Surely no audience has ever been more appreciative. From the first moment to the last no man spoke to any other, some because they were too interested, some because they did not dare to meet any other man's eyes for fear of what they might see there, or for fear of what might be seen in their own. Surely *The Tempest* was a most happy choice, the last words of the greatest, the most profound, the most generous of human minds, asserting to a scandalized world that forgiveness is better than retribution, compassion better than hatred, and that the beauty of the world lies in young love. Had the greatest of preachers stood in a pulpit and spoken

these great truths, how many would have listened, or, listening, have remembered? But the art of the dramatist and the actor has a greater power. I know that no one who was present on that evening will forget."

Some time later an august visitor was ushered into my room. He had come from beyond the Rhine to investigate new theories of the treatment of prisoners. He knew all about psychology. He knew little English.

He bowed.

I bowed.

"You are an authority, is it not so, on the psychology of prisoners?" he said.

"My dear sir," I replied, "I am nothing of the sort."

"But you have taught much in prisons."

"I have learned much in prisons."

"But has not the Herr Doctor prepared a thesis? Has he not given the results of his researches to the world?"

"I would not dream of such a thing. These poor devils . . ." I choked.

He was scandalized. So was I. We parted.

But afterwards I wondered what I had learned in prisons, and whether it had any relevance to the world outside. I decided that it had but little. Prisoners are quite exceptional people. They do not represent a microcosm of society. They have odd ideas. It is unprofitable to have any illusions as to their moral qualities. A few, a very few, I should regard as unfortunate.

They have perhaps been careless. Most have been weak. A few at the other end of the scale have been clearly incapable of appreciating real honesty. Morally and intellectually they represent a low level. But few are bad all through. Many have qualities of courage and resolution which have merely needed diversion into nobler channels. Men, guilty of one offence, often hold all other forms of crime in horror. I remember a bigamist who was seriously concerned with the freedom of language in *Romeo and Juliet*. To those who in any way win their regard they accord that peculiar personal loyalty of which perhaps "hard cases" alone are capable. It will be remembered that the fallen angels in *Paradise Lost* retained two qualities, courage and fidelity. "Yet faithful how they stood."

But certain lessons I could not fail to learn. I realized in those grim halls how infinitely various a thing is human nature, how unwise it is to generalize, how absurd to sit in judgment. I learned, too, something of the power of the drama to enable man, as Dr Johnson said, to enjoy life or to endure it. Surely there is in the drama a basis of common experience and common humanity which can bring healing into our lives, possibly even into our social disorders. I must turn to Clifford Bax to express more eloquently the most certain of my conclusions:

" Read in old books and you will find
How all the ages through
Men have made wars, but bear in mind
That they made gardens too.

Oh, all our tears and all our sighs
Will never right the wrong;
Perhaps the way of healing lies
In laughter and a song."

VII

TRAVELLER

My grand-uncle Harry ran away to sea at an early age and rose to be master of a sailing ship. In those days married quarters were provided for masters in the mercantile marine, and several of my cousins were born at sea. Uncle Harry named them after the wind prevailing at the time of their arrival; my cousin Roaring Forty was, I believe, a boy of unusual charm. Uncle Harry had several brothers and sisters, who settled themselves in Australia, India and South Africa. My grandfather went to India. Hardly any member of my family is to be discovered in England, until a pension brings him home. Travel is natural to them, and welcome. I have never embarked on a ship without a sense of exultation, nor landed without a sense of regret.

The opportunity to travel far afield did not come to me for some years. When it came, I grasped it, and in three journeys undertaken within a few months I travelled 45,000 miles. Before that chance came, I missed no opportunity of travel, but my range was very limited owing to considerations alike of time and of money.

But even a week-end had its possibilities, especially after the Tilbury-Dunkirk service offered the chance

of two comfortable nights on board ship and eighteen free hours of Sunday to roam over Belgium and late familiar scenes on the Western Front. A week offered a much wider range, but whatever my intentions may have been, I always found myself in Paris.

Shortly after the end of the war, my brother Frank, a soldier by profession, alleged that his French was in need of improvement and took up residence in Paris with a French family, long connected with the Opera. My sister Vera and I followed, when a holiday offered the opportunity, and we saw something of the life of that part of Paris which is French. The French family entertained us to a formal *déjeuner*. It began shortly before one o'clock and was still in progress when we left, owing to a tea appointment, at four. Friends dropped in and out, each staying for a course, each the subject of formal greeting and farewell. We went to Fontainebleau under the guidance of a professor at the Sorbonne and walked through the woods to Melun. We attended a performance of *Faust* at the Opera and *Carmen* at the Opera Comique. We saw lighter pieces, of which I still remember one with pleasure. It took place in the studio of Phidias; his mistress arriving in a pet attacked the "Winged Victory" and "Venus of Milo" with her parasol, reducing them to their present state. We learned where we might dine well for one shilling and sixpence. I found Paris much to my taste.

Particularly did I enjoy Paris in winter, when charcoal fires are set outside the cafés and there is a smell of wood smoke everywhere. My friends Roland and

Eileen Heath loved Paris, as I loved it, and we made many visits together. We did no sight-seeing, we were never seen in the cosmopolitan Paris of the Champs Elysées and the Grands Boulevards. We frequented the Paris of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, the Rue du Bac, the Rue des Saints Pères, the Marais. We took our meals in the Boulevard St. Germain. We whiled away the time between meals among the bookstalls of the Rive Gauche. We learned to know Paris well enough to get value for our money. When we went to the Folies Bergères we sat with the claque in the gallery, spending but a few pence. When we wanted to see the races we went, not to Longchamp, but to Vincennes.

This was not however a profitable day. A wide knowledge of English racing, which we possessed, was not of great importance in the somewhat charged atmosphere of a race meeting held in the east of Paris. I selected a colt ignored in the market, and looked forward to a substantial win. With delight I watched the jockey go into the lead. Little did I know. "Assassin," roared the crowd. "Voleur." The jockey fell back. I lost my money.

I was present at another embarrassing scene when a little theatre in Montmartre presented *Le Baladin du Monde Occidental*. At this time Paris was under the spell of the tom-tom, and any play dealing with quaint customs was sure of a welcome. The Irish in Paris were enchanted when the *Playboy* was announced. Due recognition of the Irish Theatre was to be accorded at last. I found myself with a party of Irish; on my right was a prominent Republican at that time

representing their interests in Paris. Programmes were handed round. The wording was perhaps a little unfortunate. The Parisians, it ran, would be surprised that the crime of parricide should make a man so popular in Ireland, but what could you expect "dans un pays où l'émigration a pris tous les bons éléments pour ne laisser que les mauvais." The Irishmen of my party found neither the programme, nor the performance of the play, in any way funny.

Sometimes on the way from Paris I was tempted to re-visit once familiar scenes on the Western Front. On a bleak day in January, coming from Paris, I was so foolish as to allow myself to be caught by a snowstorm far from Albert on the Somme battlefields. Five glasses of rum and four of brandy were poured down my throat before I felt warm again. I hovered on the brink of pneumonia for days. But of all my visits to the Western Front, the best was one with James Wilkie in the Easter of 1929.

James Wilkie was once a subaltern in the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment. Among other distinctions won during the war, he enjoyed that of being the only combatant officer of his division who was never off the strength of his unit. On Armistice Day he had been for over three years in the line, having survived Loos, the Somme, Arras, Cambrai, the March retreat of 1918 and all the battles of the last advance, not to mention the intervening months of trench warfare. There was therefore very little of the Western Front with which he had not an intimate acquaintance. His war medals included one which no one had ever

been able to identify. It was a Roumanian Order, and was one of the few foreign decorations which slipped the Staff cordon and reached the front line during the war. Here it provoked much searching of heart. There was no precedent to assist; there was no copy of the King's Regulations available. There was however a pack of cards, and James Wilkie, always a lucky card-player, won it.

We took the train at St. Pancras for Tilbury with packs on our backs and without any plan other than that of wandering down the Western Front, revisiting villages and battlefields once familiar to us. At Dunkirk in the early morning we caught a train to Hazebrouck and changed there into the little train which follows the branch line to the Belgian frontier at Abeele. There we interviewed the customs officers. Soon we passed Poperinghe and were running beside the long, straight, tree-lined road, perhaps the most familiar of all roads to the British Army, which led from Poperinghe to Ypres. Down this road to the east many hundred battalions marched during four years. They returned, sometimes as companies, on occasion as platoons.

Arriving at Ypres we shouldered our packs and made our way to the square. We were told that the little Church of St. George was to be dedicated that day. We hurried there, and found a crowd gathered on the pavement. A service of dedication was in progress behind the closed doors. A psalm was dimly heard, then the low murmur of prayers. Louder came the most familiar of English hymns. We had arrived

too late to take part in the service, and indeed we would not have found room in the little church.

We were perforce content to wander round it, admiring the grace and dignity of its architecture, at once reminiscent of England and yet in harmony with the Flemish streets and houses of rebuilt Ypres. But it was good to hear the English church service in a town which, to our generation at least, is for ever England, and to see again in the streets the khaki which was once the only colour.

The door of the church opened, and the buglers of the York and Lancaster Regiment took up their position fronting the church. There was silence, broken only by the rustle of the crowd baring their heads. The buglers played the *Last Post*. Ypres heard again the call which once echoed daily through the ruins. *Reveillé* followed; then *God Save the King*. The crowd resumed their hats, but James Wilkie and I, feeling very conspicuous in old clothes among the neat and orderly Belgian crowd dressed in their Sunday best, bared our heads again and stood to attention, as the Commander of the Second Army, the defender of Ypres, appeared in the porch and answered the salute of the soldiers drawn up in the road.

The crowd surrounding the little church slowly dispersed. We returned to the square, passing the Cathedral, then in process of rebuilding in its ancient form, and the Cloth Hall, which was still in a state of ruin, a witness to the agony of the town during four years. The square, in common with the greater part of the town, has been rebuilt in a manner wholly

pleasing. The Flemish architecture finds here admirable expression; the town is new, but it has dignity and repose and has not lost a sense of the past. We passed down the *via sacra* to the Menin Gate. For a time we sought and found the names there inscribed of many of our friends "to whom the fortune of war denied the known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death". Then we mounted to the ramparts of Ypres and looked out on the grimmest of all battlefields.

Ten years before from horizon to horizon there was nothing but desolation, a vast and noisome swamp littered with the wreckage of war, a wilderness peopled only by the unburied dead. Now farms and villages have re-appeared on their old sites, very clean and new, and unremitting toil has levelled the tormented land and re-established cultivation. Many of the dead have found burial; yet of the British armies more than 50,000 have no known graves, and of the French and German armies an untold number more. Over the battlefield the lion which surmounts the arch of this splendid gateway gazes for ever across the Ypres Salient and the graves of the myriad dead. Within the hall of the gateway is a wonderful sense of power and space and light. The dead are nobly commemorated here for all time.

We continued along the Menin Road to Hooze and Clapham Junction and so to Greenjacket Ride, so full of memories of the far-off days of First Ypres, of the ever-dwindling remnant of the Old Army barring the road to the sea, of the heroic figure of General

Fitz Clarence, "O.C. Menin Road", the inspiration of the defence, dying in the hour of final success.

We found by the Ride the desolate remains of an old German cemetery. No more melancholy scene could be imagined than these rotting wooden crosses overgrown with rank vegetation, against the background of shell-torn woodland, in the oncoming twilight. We hurried on to Zwartelen and to Hill 60, scene of an epic stand by my regiment in the gas attack of Second Ypres. Here my greatest friend, Robin Kestell Cornish, defending the Hill with the four survivors of its garrison, won the first of many honours on the battlefield. Three years later he won the supreme honour, falling on the battlefield of Passchendaele.

From Hill 60 we made our way to Transport Farm, and so home by the Lille Gate.

Monday found us at the Ypres Railway Station, taking tickets for Moorslede. From there we climbed the hill, if so it can be called, to Passchendaele. How little a hill; how great a cost was paid for it. We passed through the rebuilt Passchendaele towards Poelcapelle, but changing our minds we turned south to Tyne Cot and its wilderness of graves, so few with a name, testimony to the conditions under which Third Ypres was fought. We pursued our way along the high ground as far as Broodseinde. On our way home by Zonnebeke and Frezenberg we passed a French cemetery. On one cross there was a crown of thorns, made of barbed wire.

The next day we took a tram to Kemmel and

Steenwerck, then a train to Armentières, from which we walked to Erquinghem and Fleurbaix. Two more train journeys, the first to Berguette and the second to Lillers, led us at last to James Wilkie's billet at Ecquedecques, his first billet in France and therefore of sentimental memory. The next day we set out, as he had set out in the autumn of 1915, to the battlefield of Loos.

A train set us down at Cuinchy and we first turned to the north, as I wished to see the ground where my regiment had been heavily engaged in October 1914. By Pont Fixe we came to Quinque Rue and Festubert and then to Givenchy. Passing the Duck's Bill we crossed No-Man's-Land to the La Bassée Canal, and lunched in an estaminet in Auchy. After lunch we turned south by Fosse 8 to the Hohenzollern Redoubt and reached the Hulluch Road. Up this road James Wilkie had marched to the battle of Loos; it had for him many and poignant memories, and we marched, stopping from time to time at estaminets, all the way back to Béthune.

On Thursday morning we reached Arras by train and found with difficulty the entrance to the vast system of underground galleries which used to lead to the front line. Access to the galleries appeared to be impossible, so we took a train to Roeux and visited the Chemical Works, scene of the bitterest fighting, and so to Monchy le Preux, where James Wilkie had watched the cavalry go into action at the Battle of Arras. Again we walked down a road up which he had advanced into battle years before.

The next day brought us to Albert and the battlefield of the Somme, ground very familiar to us both. On the Bapaume road we met an old soldier. "Were you wounded here?" I asked. "No," he said, "I fell out of a train at Rouen." We continued up the road to La Boisselle and my first front-line trench, still recognizable, for it ran through the old French cemetery on the edge of the mine craters. We looked into the huge crater blown on July 1st, 1916; well I remember the carrying parties to the mines which led at last to that! Then to Ovillers, Crucifix Corner, Aveluy and Bouzincourt, ground most familiar to me in 1916, and to Wilkie in that year and in March 1918. It was on the Bouzincourt Ridge that his division finally stayed the German advance.

Saturday was our longest day. We were in training after a week and we had need to be. We had to include Thiepval, for I had many memories to recall, and Flers, for Wilkie found himself there in the later stages of the Somme. How many miles we walked, I do not know, but veterans of the Somme are asked to believe that we touched Aveluy, Authuille Wood, Thiepval, Mouquet Farm, Pozières, Martinpuich, High Wood, Longueval, Delville Wood, Flers, Ginchy and Guillemont. We were prepared to walk home, but we found a railway station at Guillemont, and an evening train to Albert. We were lucky in having filled our pockets with cheese before starting out, as we were unable to get any food in the estaminets and buvettes. Fortunately we found no difficulty in getting enough to drink, especially at Pozières, where we met

a party from a Lancashire Territorial Division. I took the opportunity of thanking one of the party for the great courtesy of his division, which once relieved us two hours before the appointed time. The memory seemed still to rankle, and at his suggestion we left the estaminet in a considerable hurry.

Thiepval to me is a place of most poignant memories, for here I lost many of my friends. Fortune did not favour the divisions astride the Ancre on that grim morning of July 1st. Thiepval Wood is now an impenetrable mass of undergrowth, and so it will ever remain. That tortured earth will never again be brought into cultivation. By decree of the French Government the commune of Thiepval has ceased to exist.

On the morning of Easter Sunday we were up very early, for by a perusal, lasting some hours, of a French railway guide we had discovered a means of reaching St. Quentin during the day. When in Albert in 1916 I had followed on trench maps the light railway which crossed the Bapaume Road and passed in and out of the German lines in the vicinity of Fricourt, Mametz and Carnoy, and then turned east through Bernafay and Trônes Wood to Guillemont and Peronne. Little did I think then that one day I would proudly buy a ticket from the office of the Chemin de Fer Economique et Agricole in Albert and be transported to Peronne. I have used the word "transport" advisedly, for the movement of the train had a distinct resemblance to that of a G.S. wagon moving fast on a *pavé* road. But a bottle of wine from which, and the

French guard from whom, we were rarely separated, consoled us. We arrived in good order at Peronne. Here we could get no food at the station, where we had to wait for a bus, but we found a gunsmith's shop in whose window was a stuffed fox encircled by twelve different patterns of shot-guns. Vive le Sport.

We were bound for an out-of-the-way village near which my regiment had been heavily engaged when the Germans retreated in March, 1917. We wished also to find the grave of an uncle of James Wilkie who had been a captain in the Highland Light Infantry in my division. The bus set us down at Holnon, and we inquired the way to Savy. Here we met with great good fortune in the person of the custodian of the War Graves, Corporal Butcher, known to Wilkie in the far-off days of 1915. The reunion lasted some hours and led to the consumption of much Amer Picon. In the afternoon we decided that a long walk would be advantageous and we covered the seven miles to St. Quentin in a straight line and without a halt.

Easter Monday was our last day. We entrained for Lille, with a view to intercepting a fast train to Calais. At Lille station we purchased a post card, such as we had not seen for some years. A lady in evening dress, with a tennis racket in the wrong hand, was gazing into the eyes of a French soldier in uniform. The legend ran: "Après le jeu, il faut causer; et ça finit par un baiser." We addressed it to an official of the Board of Education. It arrived, very late and embellished with several hundred thumb-marks.

Summer holidays took me further afield, to Switzerland, to Hungary, to Italy, to Damascus. Once a soldier in Italy, I had every desire to re-visit her, but there was an ever-present problem, that of exercise. A busy man working in London needs exercise on his summer holidays; it is difficult to get exercise in an Italian town; it is hot in Italy in August. A late holiday took me, however, to Italy a year after the March on Rome. I was curious to see what had happened. I found myself in Florence in early autumn, and fell under a spell. Florence seemed to me a city of sunshine and children. The morning sun in the olive groves on the hillside of Fiesole, the mellow light of evening flooding through the windows of Santa Croce, the boy with the dolphin in the courtyard of the Bargello, the putti on fountain and frieze of Mino da Fiesole and Desiderio da Settignano, of Della Robbia and Verrochio, the brown-eyed children on the Lungarno, all spoke of benignity and grace. Then I spent a morning in San Lorenzo, before the tombs of the Medici, Day and Night, Dawn and Twilight, wrought in the bitterness of his heart by Michelangelo for the betrayers of his beloved city, when the enemy was battering at its walls.

Is thine hour come to wake, O slumbering Night,
Hath not the Dawn a message in thine ears?

The dawn had no message in the ears of the creator
of the greatest monuments of the modern world, the

tombs of San Lorenzo, and the two Slaves, fragments of the never completed tomb of Julius II, now in the Louvre. I had no heart for Florence that afternoon, strange city, mother of incomparable sons, beautiful beyond a dream, capricious beyond thought.

I moved to Pisa. A little ill-advised exercise on the wrong side of the Leaning Tower got me into some trouble and a failure to recognize a Fascist emblem into worse. (These were the early days of the new régime). I sought Lucca, on the advice of Max Beer-bohm. Here lived the pathetic little snob, one of the *Seven Men*. I found peace and beauty, a lovely city of small churches and towers and narrow paved streets, girt with trees and gardens set on the old red-brick walls above the moat. Here in the Duomo lies sleeping Ilaria del Carretto, wrought in white marble, exquisite in grace.

The train mounted the foothills of the Alps, through autumn woods, russet and amber and gold. My holiday was over. In the years to come, I saw Italy many times, from the Bosses du Dromadaire and the Theodule, from Monte Rosa and Monte Moro, but never crossed the frontier. When next I visited Italy, I arrived by sea in an American cargo-boat, into which I had been transhipped from a Japanese steamer at Gibraltar.

The cargo-boat had many advantages. There were no dances, no ship's orchestra, no games. It had certain disadvantages. We spent much time in port loading cargo to a cacophony of screaming winches. We were

often in port at midnight; a Mediterranean harbour in August does not promote sleep. We were unfamiliar with some of the customs of the ship; when a steward came on board very drunk and attacked another steward with a knife, a mandoline-player was summoned and played him to sleep. One day we had lunch off a bloodstained tablecloth. But the advantages greatly outweighed the disadvantages and we had a merry time.

In the course of the voyage we revisited Genoa, much changed since I commanded the Garrison Guard there for some weeks in 1918. At that time I was accustomed to lose men for days on end and to recover them, doped and robbed, on the water-front. Now all was order and security. We entered the little port of Leghorn, and revisited Pisa and Lucca. During the day a storm suddenly rose and made precarious our return to the ship in a little rowing boat. I had not thought that a storm could come up so suddenly; it made more real to me the foundering on this coast of Shelley's frail craft a century ago. We visited Naples. Admirably guided, we trod the paved ways of Pompeii; the marks of the chariot wheels made the past seem but yesterday. On an overcrowded boat we crossed the Bay to Sorrento and Capri; but we lost the crowd before the coming of that exquisite moment when first we looked down from the cliffs of Capri on the Gulf of Salerno, steel-blue and silver, without fleck or flaw.

Our cargo-boat carried us through the Straits of Messina to Alexandria. We went to Cairo. It was August. The temperature had been reported to be 116

degrees in the shade. But the heat was dry; we were in no way worried by it. We made the classic visit, on camels, to the Pyramids, escorted by a magnificent policeman on a white pony. I found my attention wandering; it was such a fine pony. But I was called back to the ancient world when we came to the Sphinx. No photograph, no description, can tell the story of the Sphinx. Some of the statues of Michelangelo are unfinished; part of the marble block from which they are hewn remains. I believe that they were never intended to be finished; man is shown still unfree, a slave to tragic destiny. The Sphinx is but partially liberated from the rock. Set in illimitable desert, she gazes with unseeing eyes into the east, awaiting a dawn which will never come.

We were at the Pyramids in the early morning. In the heat of the day, we visited the glories of the tomb of Tutankhamen. How much man achieved long ago which he has never surpassed! Who in all these years has wrought figures more beautiful than those which with outstretched arms close the tomb, more vigorous, more intent, than the Upper and Lower Egypt Guards on the march?

In the afternoon we visited the mosque of Mohamed Ali on the citadel built by Saladin on the Mokhattam Hills. The mosque-keeper busied himself; our dragoman was unimpressed. The mosque-keeper solicited alms; with great condescension our dragoman gave him a cigarette. We left the mosque and looked out over the city. At our feet was the square where the pilgrims gathered on their return from Mecca, the scene at one

time of the ride of the Sheikh of the Dôсах over a carpet of prostrate dervishes. Since the days of the building of the Pyramids, Egypt has reaped little of blood.

We found more interesting the life of the mud-walled villages seen from the train; it seemed that life had changed there but little in many thousand years. But our dragoman was unsympathetic. We set out in a car from Alexandria, and began well in a wayside market on the banks of the Nile, with moored feluccas on one side and the stalls of country produce in the shade of the trees on the other. At this point, however, the dragoman thought that we had seen enough of such sordid life, and diverted us to a Lido on the coast. Here even his eloquence was hardly adequate to describe the new hotels, cocktail bars and 'dancings', the glories of his modern world. I left Egypt without distributing any alms or making any purchases. This caused a sensation among the Americans, and one of them referred to me as an "old-timer" and "hard-boiled egg".

We steamed up the coast of Palestine to the roadstead of Jaffa, where we moored in front of the forts of the crusaders, to Haifa under Mount Carmel, to Beirut. From Beirut we drove over Mount Lebanon to Baalbek and Damascus. Already Beirut, with its boulevards and villas behind high walls, is reminiscent of a French provincial town. The hillsides of Mount Lebanon grow daily more and more like the Riviera. Villas, hotels, casinos abound. Amid all this apparent prosperity, it was strange to meet so many policemen armed with

rifles on the road. We passed over Lebanon and came to Rayak, where the vineyards end and the desert begins. At the side of the road oxen trod out the corn. The Old Testament became real to me. So little had changed with the passing of the years. We came by way of the desert to Baalbek.

The August sun was intolerable to eyes unaccustomed to so powerful a light. We wore tinted glasses, and the colours of the desert and the rocks were denied to us. But from time to time we took off our glasses, and entered a magic world of the bluest of blue skies above an amber desert and a wilderness of pink granite. We came to the oasis of Baalbek and visited the Roman temples built of this pink granite. It was hard to believe that these mighty monoliths were set in position by the labour of men. Tide after tide of conquerors have swept down on this oasis since Rome fell, but their skill was not adequate to the task of pulling down what Rome had the skill to erect. But for an earthquake in quite recent times, the temples would stand to-day.

Our car bumped over the desert-way until we reached the Damascus road. We drove through the pass defended by Emir Faisal against the French when they advanced on Damascus; on our right hand were the graves of the dead of a war later than the Great War. Block-house succeeded block-house, each with its armed guard. We came into a green country again, and there was the sound of water. We saw the rivers of Damascus. We looked down on the oasis, gateway of the desert, a centre of trade and civilization since the beginning of history. For this oasis emperor after emperor

has fought. The tide of battle has surged over it time and again. Three times in the last twenty years it has been carried by assault. On the last occasion the French, in recapturing the town after a revolt, destroyed by shell fire much of the street called Straight.

Who could resist the romantic character of this most ancient of cities? Who could look without emotion on those gates, the portals for thousands of years of the great trade routes of the East, to Baghdad, to Aleppo, to Jerusalem?

We drove through the street called Straight. We visited the most beautiful of mosques. We saw the exquisite tomb of St. John. Here in this mosque there was reverence, of which we had seen little in Cairo. The familiar characters of the Arabian Nights bowed themselves in prayer. No one took any notice of us or asked for alms.

We drove back in the evening. The sun set. The desert was ablaze with a colour more bright than orange, more pure than amber, a beauty beyond compare.

Damascus was far afield for a man whose opportunities of travel are limited to the month of August. In long winter evenings I was accustomed to read the shipping news, and to imagine journeys which I could never hope to make until retirement set me free. Amazing fortune came to my aid; my dreams came true thirty years before their due time.

The fairy godmother was the Carnegie Corporation of New York. The Corporation had made certain

grants in aid of adult education in the Dominions. The president thought that some one should visit the Dominions and see how the grants were getting on. He had a search made in England. I was unearthed. It was true that I had been for six years secretary of the Adult Education Committee of the Board of Education and therefore had at one time been acquainted with the subject. But five years had passed. I had been preoccupied with the multitudinous affairs of University College. I could not quite remember what adult education was.

The invitation came, however, at a very convenient time. Four years of war and twelve years of overwork had overtaxed my strength. An abscess developed. Six operations (albeit minor operations) in three weeks brought me very low. I was convalescing in Dorset when a letter dropped from the sky. Would I like to visit the Dominions? Would I not!

University College was generous in giving me leave of absence. Before me opened unimagined vistas, the Pacific, the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa. The sea, 30,000 miles of sea, would give me back my health. The *Berengaria* bore me triumphant to New York.

The voyage was all too short, for I found myself at the table of the genial Captain Battle and in the company of Albert Coates. I had intended to rest, but who could rest in the company of any one so vital? Hurrying round the decks, playing game after game of ping-pong, splashing in the swimming pool, I exhausted myself in the effort to keep pace with his immense

energy. He was on his way to conduct an orchestra in New York in late July. What a man!

The Nantucket Light, illumining moment by moment the darkness brooding over the Atlantic seas, came into view to starboard. In the morning the towers of New York rose dark against a background of mist. In the evening, dining on the balcony of the forty-third storey of an hotel, I watched the same towers assume a hundred colours in the glow of evening. Then with the coming of darkness a wave of light swept over the city, and the towers, lit from below and from within, stood radiant beacons illumining the darkness of the sky.

The fascination of the scene was inescapable. I was converted to American architecture, and I remain a convert. It has been said that the immense vitality of the American people has sought and found expression in material things, that little has been achieved in the domain of art, letters and music. Whatever validity that criticism may have in general, it is profoundly untrue of architecture. The genius of the American architects has created many of the noblest buildings of the modern world. The ludicrous and vulgar title of skyscraper has created a prejudice against a form of architecture of the highest artistic potentialities. It is noteworthy that the buildings which owe nothing to ancient traditions are the most successful. Those which are reminiscent of Gothic cathedrals or Russian churches and those which include classical or Renaissance decoration do not achieve the same measure of beauty as those, such as the Empire State Building, which are wholly of the modern world, creating a new beauty in

the skilful use of masses. This building, 1,248 feet in height and capable of holding 80,000 people, is so exquisite in proportion and line that its beauty is an ethereal beauty. And there are many others which give the same impression of lightness and grace.

New York was hot. A heat wave was reported, extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. I had tickets for travel by rail for four days and four nights to San Francisco, by Los Angeles, visiting the Grand Canyon en route. On the sea the prospect had appeared formidable; on land it was too much. I decided to fly. I had never been in an aeroplane before. The distance was 3,000 miles. I thought that a first flight of this distance would give me sufficient experience to know whether I was suited to air travel or not.

Some years ago a President of the United States seeking to impress the Sultan of Muscat (who had ventured on a small difference of opinion with the President's envoy) informed him in a dispatch that his territory stretched from one great ocean to another, a journey of one hundred and fifty days. It was no doubt a matter of satisfaction to the President that the journey had recently been so much accelerated. There were railways, he mentioned, such as the Sultan presumably had not seen. The country was making great progress. As he signed the dispatch, perhaps he let his mind dwell for a moment on that long journey, prairie and desert, rivers and mountains, the covered wagon, the dangerous trail. Some day the rivers might be bridged, the mountains tunnelled, prairie and desert

might yield place to thriving farmlands and cities. The railway might stretch from coast to coast. The journey might be made in twenty days, ten days.

But as he looked into the future, he can hardly have foreseen that within a brief span of years a man might see the Atlantic on the afternoon of one day and the Pacific on the morning of the next.

I did not, however, wish to travel so fast, and I broke my journey at Kansas City and Los Angeles, reaching San Francisco on the evening of the third day out from New York. I found every moment of the journey of absorbing interest.

The aeroplane gathered speed and rose over Newark airport. New York receded into the distance. Our three thousand mile journey to the Pacific Coast had begun. We were bound south-west to Philadelphia, a brief stage of seventy-two miles; we gained therefore but little height, and were able to see every detail of the trim country-side beneath us.

A great highway stretched from horizon to horizon; on either side at regular intervals transverse highways intersected the main highway at right angles. Within the transverse highways were plots of land, square or rectangular, each with its homestead. Occasionally we passed over a small town which reproduced in miniature the form of the country-side. The highways were at lesser intervals, the plots of land of smaller extent. Such was our journey for more than 2,000 miles. Residential districts, market gardens, mixed farming, the wheat belt, small towns, great cities; all were neatly ordered in squares and rectangles. How great a contrast to the

English country-side, with its infinite diversity of pattern, where villages cluster haphazard round a church, and great highways wind in and out of hill-side and valley, so as hardly to be distinguished from rivers. The air pilot in the United States has many aids to navigation. He can never mistake a road for a river, and if he follows a road he knows that it represents the shortest route in a straight line from one city to another.

From Philadelphia, at the head of Delaware Bay, we flew to Harrisburg on the Susquehanna River, another hundred miles. We were now at the limit of the country of the Atlantic seaboard. We rose to cross the Blue Mountains, and then the Alleghanies. Below us were forests through which many trails ran. Dwellings were sparse. But there was much to suggest that this was a holiday country. We had attained no great height, and we seemed just to clear the highest wooded slopes of the mountains. Ahead was Pittsburg, city of steel, at the confluence of the Ohio and Alleghany rivers.

We passed from Pennsylvania into Ohio and descended at Columbus, a city conspicuous from the air for a great building on the river-side. It was early afternoon, but we were already 500 miles from New York. We changed 'planes, and retarded our watches. We had gained an hour in our westward flight and would gain another before we descended at Kansas City that night.

The heat was torrid at our next port, Indianapolis, but we were told that it was worse farther west. A long flight through the late afternoon brought us to the

great city of St. Louis at the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. From our great height we could gain no impression of their great extent; we could but judge by the time that our 'plane, travelling at a hundred miles an hour, took to cross them.

For hours we had been flying over the Eastern seaboard and the Middle West, the most populous areas of the United States, and I had learned much. I had always believed the great cities of America to be its distinctive feature. I had imagined towering cities of skyscrapers, vast industrial areas. I had conceived the Middle West to be Lancashire and Yorkshire on an immense scale. The picture was false, and I had learned its essential falsity in the best way, from the air. I saw great cities. On our air journey I saw many of them. But they occurred at great intervals and were for their size very compact. They did not straggle over the countryside. For a few minutes a city was in view, for an hour or more there was a monotonous succession of farm lands. From Pittsburg to Kansas City is more than 800 miles, and in eight hours I saw three cities. I learned then and for the first time, that the great majority of the United States citizens live not in towns but on the land, and have as their main interests those common to an agricultural community.

From St. Louis we flew into the sunset. The Missouri, yellow in colour and now tinged with other lights, was far to the south. It came into view again. We crossed; it passed out of view to the north. Again we saw it in the fast-growing darkness; it led us to Kansas City. It was night and the city was aglow with

myriad lights. The airport was by the river. We flew slowly towards and over it and then circling at an ever lower altitude we seemed just to clear the roofs and tops of trees and finally the telegraph wires of the road to make a perfect landing.

It had been cold in the air since sundown. We descended into a furnace. The temperature had been 97; night had made it but little less. We had flown 1,144 miles. What would it have been like in a train! On the next day we flew nearly 1,500 miles, in part over desert, under conditions of heat and dust incomparably worse. I found myself an ardent convert to travel by air.

We drove to an hotel. Electric fans and air-conditioned rooms made the night tolerable. Early in the morning a little paper was poked under the door of my bedroom. "We are", it ran, "the most progressive city in the United States." Descending to the Tudor Grill, an exact reproduction of the hall of an Elizabethan manor-house, I was well able to believe this. The stag, whose magnificent antlers adorned the wall, winked at me as I ate my cereal.

We took to the air again, heading to the south-west through the wheat belt of Kansas State to the oilfields of Wichita and the Arkansas River. We crossed the state of Oklahoma, and other great rivers, the Cimarron and the Canadian, and reached Amarillo in Texas. The landscape had not greatly altered from that of yesterday. Straight roads, square fields. But now the country-side seemed to be less densely populated. Some of the land was prairie land, uncultivated. The country grew more

wild as we approached the Rocky Mountains and Albuquerque. We were in the romantic State of New Mexico, once Spanish as its names betrayed. The 'plane rocked, for we were flying low over the foothills of the great mountains. At Albuquerque we crossed the Rio Grande. We were nearly 800 miles from Kansas City. It was mid-afternoon. The most interesting part of our long journey was before us.

Our route led over mountain and desert. It was a strange country. Out of the desert rose precipitous cliffs, girdling plateaux of every size. Here the Indians had built their villages secure from raid or pillage. A few men could hold these cliffs against an army. Such a village was Acoma, high on an inaccessible crag dominating the desert. Such another was Zuni. The land was infinitely barren. We passed over a tongue of dark-coloured desolation, the remnant of a great lava bed. To the south was a petrified forest, to the north the reservations of the Navajo and Hopi Indians. We reached Winslow, a station on the Santa Fé railway and our last airport before Los Angeles. It was late afternoon, but we had still more than 450 miles before us.

We climbed high from Winslow, for we had great mountains to cross. Below us was the far-famed Painted Desert of Arizona. At all times a riot of colours, ranging from dark purple to the lightest yellow, it had become in the changing lights of evening a miracle of beauty. There were water-courses ranging the desert, but it was summer and they were dry. We passed a meteor crater of immense size and depth. The painted desert ended; we were above the canyons of the

Colorado Plateau. We flew over an intricate maze of precipitous cliffs, pink in colour, falling into invisible depths, and girt with trees wherever a tree could find anchorage on the treacherous needles and towers of rock. But we were far above them, and seeking ever greater height. For the dark clouds which had gathered athwart the setting sun menaced us. We had reached 12,000 feet, but we could not rise above the storm. We flew into succeeding banks of clouds, each seeming the last and each one at once succeeded by another. Before us were the Hualpai Mountains, dark in storm.

To the south there was a vivid flash of lightning and then another. The oncoming storm became, as it were, a great stage curtain blotting out the crags. In its midst there was a rainbow of surpassing beauty. The stage curtain was shot through and through with every subtlety of colour, red, yellow, and green. We were buried in it and then it fell behind. The rainbow formed an arc around us in the midst of the storm cloud and followed us on our way. Through the clouds and the rainbow we could see glimpses of mountain and forest below. The rainbow dropped farther behind us and moved to the south; it had become a demi-arc and the colours were less bright. A tremendous flash of lightning illumined a great mountain and the dark clouds around it. The storm came nearer again, and as we crossed another great range the dark clouds closed round us anew.

We flew into light again. The mountains held the storm and we had passed the highest mountains. The Colorado River far below us wound through canyon

and forest into the far south. Before us the sun was setting and narrow strips of cloud irradiated with red and gold reclined on the evening sky. But another bank of clouds was approaching. We rose but could not surmount them. Again we were plunged in darkness, and on either side the racing eddies of mist told us of our great speed. The darkness lightened, became tinged with colour, grew more red. We burst out of the clouds into a perfect sunset on the Pacific Coast.

Behind us the sky was ebony, above us dark blue, towards the sunset the blue lightened into azure and the most delicate shades of green. A band of golden light rested on the horizon. It sank, the gold-flecked clouds darkened, lost their light. Night had come.

We flew through the darkness till we came to the San Bernardino Mountains. Before us was a great plain, bearing the myriad gleaming lights of densely populated cities. Amid the bewildering maze of lights we could not tell which was one city and which another. Our engines had slowed down so that we seemed hardly to move; we lost height till we could distinguish roads and houses. A beacon in the midst of an area of darkness suggested the presence of an aerodrome. We circled round it lower and lower till we were just clear of the houses. Then we glided on to the aerodrome which was suddenly full of light. Within a few minutes we were driving from Glendale Airport through wooded hill-sides and fragrant gardens, reminiscent of the Italian Riviera, to the blaze of multi-coloured light which was Los Angeles.

The next morning we drove through the Beverley

Hills to the new University Campus. To the east were the wooded slopes of the Sierra Madre. Around us were a thousand beautiful homes, chiefly in the Spanish tradition, surrounded by green lawns and gardens of bright flowers, created by the enterprise of man on a waterless plain.

In the afternoon we took again to the air. Our route lay across the Teachapi Mountains, and as we had gained little height we were buffeted by air currents. The hill-sides below us bore an exact resemblance to a relief map. It was hard to believe that these were mountains. From above they looked no more than ripples in sand left by a receding tide. The mountains gave place to desert. We descended at Bakersfield, near to a forest of oil-derricks. The desert gave place to a fertile countryside of vineyards and orchards, and this in turn faded away into the hill-sides and barren mountains. The sun was setting in great splendour. We could see the gleam of water and beyond it the promontory which terminated in the Golden Gate and creates the great land-locked harbour of the Pacific. Slowly in the oncoming darkness we descended on the east of the Bay. Before us was the Alameda Airport. Again we landed in the darkness. Soon we were on a ferry crossing San Francisco Bay. To our north was Alcatraz Island, and the wooded heights of Marin County crowned by Mount Talmalpais. Before us, rising proudly on its seven hills, was the goal of our 3,000 mile journey, San Francisco, the gateway of the Pacific, the city of the Golden Gate.

We landed on the water-front and parted company with our air-pilot, with whom I had found much in

common. He had at one time been in the United States Marine Corps, a body with a language and traditions of its own. We ascended a hill of a gradient wholly outside my experience and reached our hotel. I wondered how we would ever get down again, till I learned that motor cars in San Francisco are fitted with special brakes. It was too late for dinner, but we were admitted to a souper-dansant. These were the days of prohibition. Everybody was very drunk.

San Francisco, I have been told, is the city of the United States which has most individuality. I found it wholly fascinating. Spain founded it many centuries ago. Spanish names abound. The Presidio houses the garrison. The water-front is known as the Embarcadero. There is but little trace of the old town, but Spanish traditions have lingered in the architecture of private houses.

The American frontier on its westward march reached the Pacific. California became a state, San Francisco an American city. These were the days of the strong arm. Lawlessness reigned over the Pacific. The skippers of hell-ships shanghaied their crews; the Embarcadero was infested with a plague of crimps. The railways imported Chinese labour; battle royal was joined between construction gangs of white and yellow. Earthquake and fire brought universal ruin.

A new town was built. The Embarcadero is now a boulevard, broad, clean, surrounded by model warehouses. Chinatown, built of stone, a few streets just like any other streets but for the colour of the population, is most reputable. Parties of nervous tourists

are escorted round each night, ably chaperoned by a Chinaman, a graduate of the University, whose gifts of oratory make up for the absence of any intrinsic excitement.

Yet strange things still happen in the streets of San Francisco from time to time. We were told to carry a ten-dollar bill loose in a convenient pocket and to indicate its position promptly in the event of anything hard pressing into the ribs. Ten dollars is the minimum tariff.

We drove round the town; our driver waxed enthusiastic at the signs of wealth and prosperity on every hand, at the giant buildings, the mammoth stores. We drew up before a great building. "Folks," whispered the driver in tones of awe and reverence, "Folks, this is the largest penitentiary in the United States."

The site of the town is magnificent, set high on a promontory between the Pacific and the harbour. The surrounding country is famed for its beauty. We strolled in the lovely gardens of the Golden Gate Park, created by a Scottish gardener out of a wilderness of sandhills at untold cost. We crossed the Bay and drove through Marin County, past the gardens of Sausalito to the hill-sides of Mount Tamalpais and the giant redwood trees over-arching the forest glades of the Muir Woods. We looked down on the rocky shore of the Pacific. We watched the clouds come up; they reached the coast, rose and then broke in a wave over the hill-sides. Suddenly we were in mist and rain.

The *Makura* crossed the bar of the Golden Gate and rose to the swell of the Pacific. A dream of many years had come true, a dream whose realization brought with it no element of disillusion. Day succeeded day, yet I could never tire of the changing colours of sea and sky, the miracle of sunset and fast-coming darkness on the illimitable waste of ocean, the silence of the night, broken only by the rustle of the waters parted by the bows of the ship. Hour by hour I watched the light of moon and stars on the tranquil sea. The Great Bear sank below the northern horizon. The Southern Cross rose. I experienced a peace such as I had never known.

After nine days we sighted land. A few coral atolls rose out of the sea; coconut palms waved in the breeze. We had reached the fringe of the Society Islands. Those who cared to rise at four the next morning, we were told, would see dawn on Tahiti. Breaking the habits of a life-time, I rose.

Tropic night still reigned when I came on deck. No cloud dimmed the radiance of the stars. Against the background of darkness our masthead lights shone bright. Land rose out of the sea, Tahiti to starboard near at hand, Moorea to port far away. We were cruising outside the lagoon, waiting till dawn should disclose the narrow channel between the coral reefs. The air was full of the scent of tropic vegetation. We spoke in whispers.

The darkness lightened. The dark outline of Tahiti

changed colour. An amber light came on the eastern horizon. The sea changed from grey to azure, within the white and broken waters of the reef it was emerald green. Beyond, Tahiti rose dark green from shore to the summit rocks of Mount Orohena. The sun rose. We came to the little quay.

Gauguin has painted, Somerset Maugham has written of Tahiti. There is no more to be said. All the magic of the South Seas is to be found there; the ever-changing, ever-liquid green and silver and blue of the lagoon; the small fishes, red and blue, and striped in black and white; the schooners riding at anchor; the dark-skinned fishermen in their frail canoes; the beaches littered with broken coral and shells and fallen coconuts; the greensward under waving palms; the dark-eyed children of the Pacific; their incomparable youthful grace.

The Tricolour of France flies over the Residency at Tahiti, and a few French officials preside over a population which in other respects is as multi-coloured as the fish in the lagoon. Life proceeds much as in the island of Nepenthe in *South Wind*. No one is so busy that he has not time for a drink. The hurry and bustle of the modern world are unknown in the island. An enthusiastic Frenchman formed a 'Syndicat d'Initiative', but it was not a success. The word was unfamiliar, and wholly repugnant to the inhabitants. The 'Syndicat' collected the usual 'Membres à vie Membres bienfaiteurs', and 'Membres actifs', and the promises of certain subscriptions, and held a meeting. The agenda invited members to discuss the best means

of attracting more visitors to Tahiti. Every one was enthusiastic, on the strict understanding that no increase in taxation was involved. The proposal was carried with acclamation. It was then discovered that the hotel accommodation was insufficient for the few existing visitors. The 'Syndicat' adjourned for a drink.

Apart from the bootlegging traffic, there is but one steamer every four weeks to and from the United States. The white population assembled on the quayside to see us off. Garlanded, and not a little muzzy, the passengers came on board. Very muzzy, the white population sang and danced farewell. In the background the native police and dock labourers watched the scene, grave and dignified.

Our next port of call was Raratonga in the Cook Islands. It rose out of the sea, grey and mysterious in the morning light. We came into the lagoon and anchored. A steam tug painted black, and a motor-boat painted white, came from a tiny jetty, each followed by a string of barges, for all the world like swans with a family of cygnets. We went on shore.

On the side of the jetty was a policeman in white drill. In front of us was a white court-house. There was a strong smell of chloride of lime. The dock labourers wore football jerseys. It was clear that we were on British soil.

We drove round the island, a brief journey of a few miles, for the edge of the lagoon alone is cultivated. The interior is impenetrable bush. We passed through three villages, each bright and clean, each with

a football ground and the tall posts which first I saw in Rugby School Close. A hundred years ago William Webb Ellis, "with a fine disregard for the rules of the game as played in his time" (as the memorial runs), took the ball in his hands in that Close and ran with it. Little did he think that a century later his action would be emulated by a Maori tribe living in a remote island of the Pacific. The only distinction between the game as played in England and as played in Raratonga is that in Raratonga football jerseys are worn throughout the week and discarded only while the game is in progress. They are too valuable to be exposed to the hazards of the game.

Throughout our drive we had seen massive tombstones mouldering under the fast-growing tropical vegetation. Raratonga was the scene of early missionary effort in the Pacific. We came to an old church, and seeing a path in the bush wandered down it. Out of the bush ahead of us we heard children singing. We pressed through the bush and found ourselves in a clearing, the school playground. The Maori children were singing *God Save the King*, a King ten thousand miles away whom none of them could ever hope to see. Of all His Majesty's subjects none yield pride of place in loyalty to the New Zealander, whether he be of British or of Maori descent.

Sir Apirana Ngata, Minister for Native Affairs in the New Zealand Government, was on a visit to Raratonga. At his invitation I was later the guest of the Maoris in New Zealand. Raratonga was en fête. There were speeches, there were dances. Every one was in

the utmost good humour. No one is a better host than the Maori.

Evening came all too soon. The handful of white residents and a great crowd of Maoris came to the jetty to see us off. There was less junketing than at Tahiti; no alcohol is permitted on Raratonga. But there were many Maori songs. When we had reached the *Makura*, the tug and motor-boat circled round us, crowded to the gunwale with Maoris, all singing. A girl, precariously footed on the roof of the little cabin of the motor boat executed a Maori dance. Night came. We sailed from the enchanted island, as the Maori ancestors of New Zealand sailed six hundred years ago.

There is a creek in the lagoon of Raratonga from which, according to legend, the Maori canoes sailed. Four hundred years before Kupe the Navigator, roaming the Pacific in his canoe, found the North Island of New Zealand, encircled it and reached home, 1,800 miles away, surely the greatest lone voyage which ever man achieved. He left behind him sailing directions, paths to be followed by the sun during the day and by the rising and setting of the stars at night. These star-paths are still followed by the Maoris journeying in the remoter islands of the Pacific. "Surely the dangers are great," said a friend of mine to an islander, "Clouds may shut out the stars." "Is a man a stone," replied the Maori, "that he should live for ever?"

These sailing directions, handed down by word of mouth, led the Maoris across 1,800 miles of the stormiest seas in the world to New Zealand. Many died

of thirst. Some canoes were driven from their course by storms. But a day came when a long white cloud was seen in the sky. Ao-tea-roa is the Maori name for New Zealand to this day.

Storms hurried us on our way to the south. A whale rose under our bows. Albatrosses followed in our wake. We passed from northern summer into southern winter. Day by day it grew more cold. We woke one morning to find ourselves in Port Nicholson, the harbour of Wellington. Before us there was an immense stretch of water, in which a hundred fleets could anchor, the snow-mantled Tararua Mountains beyond.

Such was the hospitality of New Zealand that seriously though I took my duties, I can only remember my pleasures. What began as one always ended as the other. I had hardly landed when a car drew up from Government House and took me to lunch with Lord Bledisloe. I found myself the guest of the Wellington Rugby Football Club and saw a great game between the Wellington and Taranaki Provinces. I saw the Minister of Education; he had once played for Taranaki and discussing the details of the game I forgot my educational mission. Although I asserted, with truth, that I could not drive a car, one was forced on me. I was taken to the Otaki Gorges among the giant ferns and was nearly drowned in a cloud-burst on the Tararuas. I was driven through the famous Ngahauranga Gorge to the great cliff of

Paekakariki and saw the island bird-sanctuary of Kapiti and far away across a sea, steel-blue and silver, as beautiful as the Gulf of Salerno, the Marlborough Sounds.

A voyage through the night on the Rangatira took me to the South Island and the city of Christchurch. The North Island is better known to the world; Auckland and Wellington are ports of call on the Pacific steamship routes. The South Island lives a little in the past. To the traveller weary of the stridency and bustle of an industrial age, it has many attractions on that account. Christchurch, founded eighty years ago by a company of Englishmen, mostly men of some means, still has something of the character of a cathedral town of that time. "I am taking you," said my host, who looked like one of Wellington's captains, "to the Conservative Club so that you may learn what the people of New Zealand are not thinking." We went to the Conservative Club and had cold steak and kidney pie, Stilton cheese and draught beer. We then adjourned to the billiard room. Eighty years ago people had time for billiards after lunch. They also had time for a certain grave courtesy. The South Island still has time for both.

The English company which founded Christchurch celebrated the evening before the ship sailed with a ball. The Scottish company which founded Dunedin devoted the same evening to prayer. Dunedin, built in granite, has all the marks of the Edinburgh of yesteryear. Here the professions are strongly entrenched in the University and its Faculty of Medicine. Here,

remote in the South Island, the banking and insurance community is said to hold the prosperous North Island in fee. From Dunedin, whalers and explorers sail towards the South Pole.

Christchurch and Dunedin are the market towns of a great hinterland famous for sheep, famous also for beauty. The South Island has a range of beauty which no other land can rival. On the east there is the long coast line of the Pacific, great beaches succeeding great beaches and never a dwelling or tent. Within the coast line is a fertile plain, where cattle graze between gorse hedges, ablaze with yellow flowers in spring. The plain rises into foothills, hills of sheep, beautiful as the Pentlands and the Cumberland fells. Beyond is the great range of the Southern Alps, snow mountains and glaciers. The mountaineer who climbs one of the great passes looks down on a country of forest and fiord.

We drove from Dunedin to Timaru, a little port on the Pacific, and then turned east. We mounted to Burke's Pass. What must have been his thoughts when he, first of his race, saw beyond the pass the great expanse of hill country, now the home of countless sheep! We drove by the lovely lakes of Tekapo and Pukaki and saw the snow mountains mirrored in their waters. In the evening after a drive of more than 200 miles we came to the Hermitage, under the shadow of Mount Sefton. To the north-east, 10,000 feet above the Hooker Glacier, rose the white summit of Mount Cook. The Maoris called it Aorangi, "Light of Heaven." In the opinion of most mountaineers no

man is so eminent that a mountain should bear his name.

It was too late to ski, too early to climb. But we could explore the Hooker Glacier. We could make the acquaintance of the mountain parrot, an expert thief, with a special love of climbing boots. We could make our way to the Ball Hut and see from there the mighty stream of the Tasman Glacier and beyond the Minarets the snow ridge, known as Graham's Saddle, the mountaineer's pass to the Franz Joseph Glacier and the Western fiords.

Duty called me back to the North Island, but pleasure again took a hand. Sir Apirana Ngata commended me to the hospitality of the Arawa tribe, and sent Balneavis, his private secretary, with me. A night in the train and a morning travelling through an idyllic country of pasture and forest brought us to Rotorua.

Tai Mitchell, the Paramount Chief of the Arawa tribe, met us. With him we saw much that was interesting in the life of his tribe. With him we visited Whakarewarewa and saw that curious flaw in the surface of the earth, a weakness of the crust, which creates a sulphur lake, pools of boiling mud, towering geysers of condensing steam, and hot springs in which the poorer members of the tribe do their cooking in the open air. We committed the immoral act of dropping a bar of soap into a geyser. This makes a geyser sick, and the spray rises to a much greater height. We drove to Wairakei and picked our way delicately through a valley of geysers. It is known at what interval of time each geyser goes off, and by always

being in the right place at the right time it is possible to avoid a cascade of boiling water. On one occasion the time-schedule failed to work and a party of seventeen suffered disaster.

In the evening we were entertained in the Maori hut of Rangi, a famous leader of Maori dances. It was rumoured that Te Puea Herangi, the Maori princess, was in Rotorua; and when it was learned that she was coming to the dance, there was great satisfaction. Rank still holds its ancient sway in the Maori race; in their religion, before the days of the missionaries, the chiefs alone enjoyed immortality. They were the *rangatire* or sky children. We met Te Puea and with her entered the hut. She entered first; the hut resounded to cries of greeting and applause. We followed; a roar of greeting made us welcome. Blinking like an owl and speechless with embarrassment, I sat down beside the princess.

An orator then rose and gave an address of greeting in Maori, amid much applause. The Maori dancers then crowded into the hut. The men wore kilts of flax. The women were in red, also with kilts of flax, and had red flowers in their hair. The dancing began.

A lover of the Russian ballet, I had no high expectation of the dancing. But in a moment I was excited, in another entranced. This was a new form of dance. There was no musical accompaniment. The women dancers sang, other Maoris scattered about the hut joined in. There was little movement of the feet, but the swaying of the body and the expressive use of the hands, created alike an intense rhythm and high

dramatic effect. One dance succeeded another, in ever increasing excitement. Then Rangi announced the canoe dance, the dance which in mime and poetry tells the story of the Maori race.

The women dancers sat on the floor, one behind the other as in a canoe. The song began. It was far away in Rarotonga. The canoes were being manned in the creek in the lagoon. This was the hour of farewell. The women dancers swayed forwards, their hands grasped invisible paddles. The canoes were moving through the calm waters of the lagoon. The swaying became more arduous, the rhythm more laboured. The canoes were voyaging on the high seas. The rhythm became violent. Storm had overtaken the fleet. The storm died down. The song passed into a minor key, the hands fluttered rather than moved. It was night. The song passed again into a major key. Dawn had come. The song ended on a note of exultation. The Long White Cloud had appeared in the sky.

The dance over, the Paramount Chief rose. He spoke of the heroic past of his race, of battles long ago, of the reconciliation of chivalrous adversaries, now united in mutual respect and goodwill. He spoke of the traditions of his race handed down in dance and song, of his hope that these traditions might not be wholly forgotten nor be deemed altogether unworthy of a place in the culture of the imperial race with whom they now shared a common destiny. Rarely, if ever, have I heard any speech more graceful or more eloquent.

At that moment the blow fell. The Paramount

Chief concluded his speech. He announced that I would reply.

I rose, twittering, and then took heart. The Maoris were in the utmost good humour. They are the most courteous of people, and I knew that whatever I said they would applaud. They did, in such measure that I nearly made a second speech.

The evening drew to a close. Each Maori came to pay respect to Te Puea Herangi. Nose was pressed against nose, and conventional greetings were exchanged. Te Puea Herangi then left the hut, and found her husband asleep in a hot spring. She woke him with a well directed bar of soap.

The next day an invitation arrived from Te Puea Herangi to visit her tribe. I was more than glad to accept. Her tribe, famous for their fighting qualities, rebelled many years after the Treaty of Waitangi, by which a century ago the Maoris accepted the British Crown and were at the same time confirmed in the possession of their lands. In the course of the rebellion, the tribe suffered heavy losses. Exhaustion brought peace. "We have never surrendered," said Te Puea. Exhaustion brought also ruin and loss of hope. Te Puea restored hope, and toured New Zealand with her dancers to raise money to rebuild the Pa, or stockaded village, at Ngaruawahia. They were so poor that the dancers had to sleep under hedges. Te Puea slept with them, every inch a princess.

We drove to Ngaruawahia. The princess showed me the Waikato River. "They have tried to harness our river," said the Princess, "but we Maoris believe

that they will fail." We passed the hill above the river where lie the dead of her tribe. We entered the Pa.

Maoris came together. Chairs were produced. An orator gave an address of welcome. Te Puea wandered away. The address of welcome is a convention, and it is considered a mark of rank to chatter through it. (Customs throughout the world have a strange affinity. Covent Garden has a very similar convention.) I remained perched on my chair and very embarrassed. I could not assume a sufficient air of boredom to create an impression of noble birth.

The princess gave me an enormous lunch. The Maori excels as a host; dignity, courtesy, are his by nature. A guest of his house must have the best of everything. Poor though the tribe was, a man had been sent thirty miles in the off-chance of procuring some whitebait, which is the special Maori delicacy. A Maori will give you all that he has, if you are his friend. He will sell you nothing. In the Maori scheme of things, money does not enter. A race of warriors and poets, legendary in courage, exquisite in utterance, they were ill-fitted to survive the march of progress. They lost heart, and at one time accepted as inevitable their extinction. But a few, conspicuous among them Sir Maui Pomare and Sir Apirana Ngata, refused to accept defeat. They taught the tribes to accept the best in civilization, medicine and hygiene. They found means of defence against the cupidity of the modern world. They broke down the bush and settled landless Maoris on new farms. They encouraged the ancient arts and crafts. They revived the old songs

and dances. To-day the Maori population is again increasing, and the Maoris hold their heads high. There is no race problem in New Zealand. White and brown have equal privilege and equal status. Woe betide the stranger in New Zealand who speaks a derogatory word of the Maori race!

From Ngaruawahia I travelled to Auckland, prosperous city set on an isthmus between the great land-locked harbours of Waitemata and Manukau.

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart,
On us, on us, the unswerving season smiles,

wrote Kipling in *The Seven Seas*. Regretfully we embarked on the *Maunganui*, and sailed by rock-bound creeks and wooded islands into the silver waters of the Hauraki Gulf. Night came, land still in view. I rose early and went on deck. The Three Kings, barren rocks rising beyond the northernmost promontory of New Zealand, so named by Tasman who first saw them on Christmas Day, came into view. We passed them. I waved farewell. "Good-bye, New Zealand," I cried. "You are all that I hoped, and more. I will return. Surely I will return."

The Tasman Sea, of ill repute among seafaring men, did not fail in its reputation. Storm-tossed for 1,200 miles, we woke one morning to find ourselves in calm. I went on deck. We were passing between the Heads. Sydney Harbour unfolded on either hand,

a hundred miles of creeks and beaches. We approached the bridge. I could hardly believe that our mast could pass under it. Under Sydney Bridge I looked upwards. Our tall ship was dwarfed under its immensity.

Sydney University made us welcome. Hospitality overwhelmed us. Unable to deal with floods of correspondence, I had resort to a shorthand-typist. With the aid of a few typical letters, she dealt with the remainder. I slipped out of the hotel and crossed the harbour to the Taronga Park Zoo. Here was Skipper the shark, the least attractive of the animal world. Here was the Koala bear, the most attractive. Miniature in size, he sleeps all day precariously poised on the branches of trees, his paws folded on his stomach, an air of disdain on his every feature, like a duke in the House of Lords. When he wakes, he consents to receive offerings of the tips of gum trees from his admiring keeper. The general public he ignores with lordly contempt.

Saturday came and with it the opportunity of an afternoon at the races. Sydney was en fête for the spring meeting; all roads led to Randwick. In Australia and New Zealand race-courses are parks, employing a host of gardeners, and there are many other respects in which race-going is more comfortable than in England, totalizators which record every bet made, a referee for settling disagreements between bookies and their clients, informative programmes, stipendiary stewards. I had several days of racing in Australia, and I met with good fortune which tends to create a

feeling of appreciation of the arrangements made. At Sydney I fell in love with that gallant horse, Rogilla, and later had the pleasure of watching him win the Caulfield Cup at Melbourne. I also found myself in the ludicrous position of an accredited tipster.

In the Paddock at Randwick a little man hurried up to me. "Who is going to win the next race?" he whispered. "Birthday Present," I replied without hesitation. "How do I back him?" he said. "You had better pop along to the Tote and shout his number." The little man followed me to the Tote, and repeated parrot-wise all that I said. Birthday Present won at long odds. The little man was delighted, but I hope that it was his last, as well as his first, bet. I mused on the strange fortune which had sent me 15,000 miles to give good advice to backers and bad advice to dons.

But the dons were very kind to me. Daily I lunched and dined with them. V. A. Bailey, a fellow Queensman of 1919, drove me to the Pacific beaches and to the woodland and lakes of Pitt Water. In the company of G. V. Portus the ostensible purpose of my visit to the Dominions took shape.

The most able, and the most disinterested, of the University men engaged in the work of adult education in the Dominions, he gave me advice which was invaluable. He reminded me a little of Ronald Poulton, whom I last saw on the field of Twickenham in April 1914. A year later he lay dead in Ploegsteert Wood, a stray bullet in his heart. Ronald Poulton divided his time between the Rugby clubs in Notting

Hill and international football, and considered the former the more important. He spent the night before a great match by the bedside of a sick boy in a slum dwelling. Portus divided his time between the ungrateful tasks of a missionary in the field of adult education and a selector of the Australian rugby football team. His command of language served him well in both capacities.

In his company I learned much, not only of adult education, but of social conditions, in the Dominions. I had found that adult education in New Zealand was facing disaster; in Australia it was passing through a bad time. In essentials adult education has followed the same course in the Dominions as in England. Education in the Dominions has tended to be dominated by the ideas current in England at the time. High positions in the Universities and in the schools have very often been held by men of English birth and education. Adult education has been subject also to these considerations. Immigrants to the Dominions have attempted to create in a new country the institutions which served their needs at home. In Australia, for example, Mechanics' Institutes prospered at the time when the institute movement was strong in England. The Workers' Educational Association was brought to Canada and Australia by Albert Mansbridge in 1913, and to New Zealand by David Stewart, general secretary of the Workers' Educational Association of New South Wales, and Meredith Atkinson, director of tutorial classes in Sydney, in 1915. A branch of the Workers' Educational Association was

established at Johannesburg in 1913, and at Durban in 1916. Everywhere the Association was founded with the highest hopes and with much enthusiasm. It has survived and prospered in the province of Ontario in Canada, in five of the six states of Australia, and in New Zealand. It has not survived in the province of Quebec in Canada or in Western Australia, and it has not prospered in South Africa.

The explanation is not far to seek. The Workers' Educational Association in England has prospered in a highly industrialized community. Of the population of England, 80 per cent live in urban areas and 20 per cent in the rural. In Canada some 25 per cent, in Australia rather over 50 per cent, and in New Zealand rather under 50 per cent, of the population live in urban areas. In South Africa, the Johannesburg district alone is highly industrialized. The Workers' Educational Association in England has never prospered greatly in the rural areas. In the Dominions the same is true; where the Workers' Educational Association has prospered in rural areas, for example, in New Zealand, it has won success through the adoption of educational methods (the circulation of lectures and illustrative material in boxes and the formation of discussion groups) which have no counterpart in England.

Moreover, the strength of the Workers' Educational Association in England is derived, to a considerable extent, from the existence of a working class which has regarded itself as unemancipated and has sought emancipation and power through the acquisition of

knowledge. In no Dominion has the working class the sense that it is not emancipated. In South Africa the working class is, in a sense, an aristocracy supervising the work of coloured men. The Workers' Educational Association owes its strength in the Dominions to a desire on the part of working men and women for knowledge as a means to a fuller life, and to no other end.

In England the working class is used to voluntary organization for every sort of purpose. The working man normally belongs to a trade union, a friendly society, a club, and a variety of other societies which provide for his particular hobbies. He therefore finds no sense of novelty in attaching himself to an association for promoting education. But in the Dominions there is very little voluntary organization for social purposes. The Government is expected to provide every service which represents the need of the people. The Government maintains railways, tourist agencies, life insurance, fire insurance, arbitration courts and a multitude of other services which in England are matters of private enterprise. As the working class is not already organized in societies, it is particularly difficult to organize a society for education. The Workers' Educational Association in England has secured the affiliation of a multitude of societies which bring working men together for various purposes, and an organizer forming a class visits a society and draws the membership of the class from that society. In the Dominions the organizer has to seek out individuals. In South Africa this problem is of particular moment

in relation to the Afrikaner community, numbering two-thirds of the white population. This community is organized for church and for political purposes, but it has no tradition of organization, for any other purpose, and while this remains so, there is no hope for adult education in that community.

Yet there can be no doubt that in their own ways and adopting very different methods from those obtaining in England, the Workers' Educational Associations in the Dominions have done great work. Defects there are in the Workers' Educational Association, as in every other educational system. But these defects will be remedied in the light of experience. The best testimony of the worth of the Workers' Educational Association is that it has withstood the pressure of hard times. In New Zealand, for example, the Government, when the economic crisis grew worse, first reduced and afterwards withdrew the grants by which adult education had been supported. The association enlisted the voluntary services of tutors who were previously paid substantial fees.

It is a matter of particular misfortune that hard times create a desire for adult education while making it particularly difficult to gratify the desire. In time past the people of New Zealand and Australia, rightly convinced of the immense potential wealth of their countries, displayed an undue optimism with regard to economic laws. For a time, with high prices for primary products and with the aid of a credit which enabled almost unlimited borrowing in London and New York, a successful attempt was made to

create a working man's paradise. This paradise disappeared practically in a night. Wages in Australia were reduced by 25 per cent by a single edict of the Arbitration Court. The social services of the Governments were cut down. Faced by this emergency, the people, perhaps for the first time in fifty years, began to give serious thought to economic problems. The book shops were full of pamphlets advocating remedies for economic ills. If money had been available, it would have been possible to organize an unprecedented number of classes on serious problems of politics and economics.

The money for such a purpose, however, was not available. Indeed, so far from advancing, many Workers' Educational Associations were faced with the prospect of retreat. For twenty years a programme of classes had been built up with an infinity of labour and patience. At one time there was a danger that the programme might be seriously curtailed, and that centres established in many districts might cease to exist.

But here the Carnegie Corporation of New York intervened to save the situation. In 1931 they made emergency grants. In 1932 they sent me on my long journey.

I visited every Workers' Educational Association in New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and Canada, with one exception, that of Tasmania. I would have visited Tasmania, but an air service was withdrawn. I travelled 35,000 miles in six months. Convinced by all that I had seen alike of the merits and of the need,

I wrote a report pleading the cause of adult education. The Carnegie Corporation gave all that I asked and more, 100,000 dollars. They even included a grant, for which I had hardly hoped, in aid of the Maori Art and Craft School at Rotorua.

Hurrying on my way I flew from Sydney to Brisbane. Mascot Aerodrome is to the south of Sydney. We flew therefore over the town and looked down on the bridge and harbour, and on the lovely countryside, forest and lake beyond. Soon we had reached the coast. Our pilot set a course from headland to headland. Beneath us the sea was blue and green, blue over the sand, green over the rocks and seaweed. To starboard the Pacific slept under an azure sky. To port the surf broke on rocky headlands and lonely shores. We flew low over the sea, and I tried to pick out the sharks which infest this coast. Having met Skipper in the Taronga Park Zoo, I hoped that we would fly no lower.

We flew into clouds and I became drowsy. After 400 miles we turned inland and came down in a field at Lismore. We flew out to sea again, so low that I thought that we would touch the waves, and then rose to a greater height. To port now were blue mountains, the Murray Range. We saw the Brisbane River. Our journey was at an end.

Grand-uncle Reggie came to Queensland many years ago. A scholar of Balliol under Jowett, he received every encouragement to try his fortune in far lands. Jowett had a great belief in the adventurous life, and through his influence many good men went to the great

open spaces. Grand-uncle Reggie went to tropical Queensland as headmaster of Brisbane Grammar School. My grandfather went to India just after the Mutiny, after refusing an appointment in the Colonial Civil Service. He had an interview with an august person in Whitehall, and learned much of the beauty of the life and of the opulent remuneration offered. My grandfather was delighted, but just before leaving remembered the question of pension. With great temerity he raised the point. "Pension, my dear sir," exclaimed the official. "Pension! We have never had occasion to pay a pension."

Brisbane was kind to Grand-uncle Reggie. He loved Queensland, and it is said that Queensland loved him. He became the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Queensland, when it was founded. His four sons fought on Gallipoli and the Western Front. I received the warmest of welcomes from my cousins and from the great school to which he gave all of his life.

The visitor to Australia will not fail to notice the magnificent public buildings which adorn the capital cities of the states. In these Brisbane excels. On the terrace of the Brisbane River great offices rise, worthy of the capital of an empire. One of the problems of Australia is so to increase the size of the population as to justify the cost of the machinery of government.

I drove from Brisbane to the Tambourine Mountain, there to see a tropical forest. It seemed to me to have no attractions, but perhaps I was in the wrong mood. For hours I had been driving through parklands reminiscent of home.

I decided to return to the south on a coasting steamer, so as to have a little rest. I wished also to see the estuary of the Brisbane River. The wild beauty of the estuary, the tropic vegetation on either side, the great sandbanks, the turbulent waters of the bar, all bathed in sunlight, surpassed all expectations. The sun went down in a cloudless sky. The stars shone bright in the dark immensity of night. I retired reluctantly to my cabin and slept. I was soon awake. My toes were far above my head. They were far below it. A southerly had met us. For eighteen hours we pitched through a range which I had hardly thought possible until the shelter of Sydney Harbour brought relief.

A night journey brought me to the border of New South Wales. Through the morning the train passed through the lovely parklands of Victoria. I arrived in Melbourne just in time for the Caulfield Cup, and left it just after the Moonee Valley meeting. In the meantime I was much entertained at the University.

The founders of the great Australian cities had large ideas. Melbourne considers that a road is not worthy of the name until it attains a width of a hundred yards and has been supplied with a sufficiency of trees. One of the earliest acts of the pioneers was to lay out a park above the Yarra River which is still more than adequate for a city of a million inhabitants. A university was thrown in at an early date.

My birthday overtook me at Melbourne and was spent in the congenial society of the 39th Australian Infantry, a battalion affiliated to my old regiment,

once the 39th Foot, now the 1st Battalion, the Dorsetshire Regiment. I am sure that Captain Sturt, the explorer of the Murray River, himself an officer of the 39th, would have been proud of the troops on parade. I hope that he would have been proud of me, as I reached home steady as a rock, notwithstanding that I had dined more than well before I exposed myself to the abundant hospitality of the Battalion Mess.

Adelaide followed. Here again the founders had no mean vision of the future of South Australia. They laid out a town, and decreed that none should build within a mile of it. To-day Adelaide has a park surrounding it on every side. On the North Terrace a university, a library, an art gallery were added. In the art gallery I found some drawings by an Australian artist long dead, S. T. Gill. He was a jockey, and after an eventful life was found dead on the steps of the Melbourne Post Office. But his water-colours of life in Australia in the early days are wholly delightful. Two were reproduced in *South Australia*, a very rare volume, but I had to have the reproductions. (I bought them from a Roumanian tramwayman in the employment of the City Council). A few Australians have recognized the quality of S. T. Gill's work, and original drawings are not to be obtained. But even in Adelaide his name is scarcely known, and the visitors crowd into the rooms where massive oil paintings from ancient Royal Academies hang, where Every Picture Tells a Story, and a very dull story at that.

The University made me welcome. South Australia has every reason to be proud of its University. The

state and city have given it noble buildings. The Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Mitchell, has given it a distinguished staff. Sir William Bragg, now director of the Royal Institution of Great Britain and a Nobel Laureate, held the Chair of Physics for twenty-two years, and did some of his greatest work in the University. I saw Sir Douglas Mawson, explorer of the Antarctic, who holds the Chair of Geology, and Sir Charles Martin, the great biochemist, who had taken the place, for a time, of one of his students who had died before he had time to develop the new department and the researches in the field of Biochemistry from which South Australia hopes much. Sir Charles Martin explained to me why I liked Adelaide so much. "There is no industry in Adelaide," he said. Sydney and Melbourne are great industrial cities. Adelaide is the sea-port of an agricultural community; from Adelaide the last of the sailing ships steer east for Cape Horn, bearing wheat to European markets.

The Director of Education drove me into the remote bush to visit a school. He made a speech. Little Goldilocks made her contribution, a sentimental poem embellished with a wealth of dramatic gesture. The parents gave me an enormous tea. We drove on through lovely country, in part reclaimed from the native bush. The country-side of Australia is unlike that of any other country which I know. Blue enters into every colour. The sunlight is strong, and there is no shade, for the only tree, the gum, has very small leaves. Yet this adds to the beauty, for the grass of the wide parklands is flecked with light.

Time pressed. I took to the air. From Adelaide to Perth is a journey of nearly 1,500 miles, for the most part across the Great Australian Desert. This desert, haunt of the owl and the lizard who live in the vast limestone caves, is monotonous when viewed from the train. For 300 miles the track is in a straight line. It is also very hot. I had no hesitation in choosing the air, but for once I regretted it. The train journey promised to be too dull; the air journey had in it no element of monotony.

A storm was raging in the Great Australian Bight. The wind blew with gale force. But it takes more than that to intimidate an Australian airman. Our pilot flew the big Vickers-Viastra with his left hand and tapped out Morse on a buzzer with his right. He had no co-pilot and no mechanic. He needed both.

We rose and, gale-buffed, flew the St. Vincent Gulf and the great inlet known as the Spencer Gulf. It was with feelings of no little relief that I saw land again. We flew for many miles and came down at Ceduna, a small market town. I wondered if the pilot would have the temerity to take off again. He had. The gale grew worse, the evolutions of the aeroplane became fantastic. Since we left Adelaide many hours before, it had been impossible to read a line. I became very bored and closed my eyes. When I opened them, I gathered that we had flown into some mountains. Land was in front of us, rising at a steep angle like the side of a Swiss valley. The land took a lurch and disappeared. There was a bump. We had come down in a field.

The farmer and his household appeared and were kind. "How far are we from the Trans-Australian Railway?" I inquired. "About 200 miles," he said, as though it was a penny bus ride. But the pilot was still undefeated. He thought that there was room to take off. He did so and flew straight into a thunderstorm.

We flew in the thunderstorm for a time. We were but a few feet from the ground, for the pilot had to find the single track of the Trans-Australian Railway in the desert. If he missed it, there was no other landmark short of the Timor Sea, two thousand miles away. He picked it up. We turned due west. I hoped that we were now well on our way. Then we came down again. We had run out of petrol, and the pilot had seen some. We refuelled the great aeroplane out of cans, a monotonous process but a great relief to the more indisposed of the passengers.

We were off again, but time was pressing. The sun was setting. On either side the great engines glowed. They appeared to be red hot. Darkness came. A night landing in the desert loomed in near prospect. The pilot was in great need of hands. He was flying the plane, and signalling both on the buzzer and with an electric torch. A hangar was dimly discerned in the darkness. This surely was Forrest, half-way to Perth. It was not the time, nor was there the petrol, for gentle encirclings of the aerodrome and landing in right relation to the wind. Nor, truth to tell, was there much of an aerodrome. We dived for the hangar. The pilot emerged. Never, even in the war, have I

seen a man more exhausted. "The worst day we have ever had," he said.

We had crossed the border of Western Australia. On every side was immensity of open country, chiefly desert. The state of Western Australia has an area of nearly 1,000,000 square miles and a population of just over 400,000. Of these, one half live in the few square miles which constitute the City of Perth and the Port of Fremantle. The remainder of the population is distributed over the vast area of the state. There is a gold-mining district with two small towns, Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie, but the bulk of the population elsewhere is engaged in agricultural and pastoral pursuits. Those engaged in the latter are much isolated. Of the school population of the state 1,900 children receive instruction by post. In some cases these children live more than 200 miles from the nearest school.

A visit to Australia is necessary to apprehend the particular nature of her problems. Few people appreciate the size of Australia. A traveller by train takes five days and six nights to travel from Brisbane to Perth. From remote Queensland to remote Western Australia is a journey of several weeks. Australia and the United States are of approximately the same size. There are 123,000,000 persons in the United States and no one doubts the capacity of the country to sustain a larger population. There are 6,500,000 persons in Australia, and it is doubtful if there is room for many more. Generally speaking, only the coast-line of Australia is inhabited, or inhabitable, and of the coast-line only the eastern and part of the southern and

western shores. The interior of the country is for the most part sandy and stony desert; at best the interior is pastoral in character and very thinly populated. The population of 6,500,000 is subject to an extraordinary concentration in a few cities. One half of the population of New South Wales lives in Sydney, and of Western Australia in Perth or Fremantle; more than one half of the population of Victoria live in Melbourne, and of South Australia in Adelaide; Sydney has more than 1,250,000 inhabitants and Melbourne more than 1,000,000.

Romantic stories of Australia have created the illusion of sun-bronzed, athletic figures riding horses over vast prairies. This is true, in part. The pioneer spirit is very strong. The Australian knows no frontier but the desert; his skill and energy are matched against natural forces; his fight is against nature, not man. There is ample room. The young man need not devote his energies to elbowing some one else out of a job; he may tame the prairie, prospect for gold. These conditions have bred one type of Australian, hardy, energetic, individualist to the core. But this temper, and this attitude of mind are less evident in the great cities, in which more than one-half of the population lives.

For 700 miles Western Australia slipped by, Kalgoorlie the only town on the way. We came to the city of Perth, on the lovely estuary of the Swan River. Already a lunch had been arranged at the University. I was made much at home, more especially when it became known that I had been attached to a Western

Australian battalion at one time in the war. The University was founded in 1911 and is subject to a curious statutory provision that no fees may be charged. Full responsibility for the finances of the University is, therefore, assumed by the state. Under these circumstances it might be expected that endowments would not be provided by private benefactions. The University, however, became a beneficiary under the will of the late Sir Winthrop Hackett. He bequeathed his interests in a newspaper. These were supposed to be of no value, but when offered for sale realized a sum of £425,000. With the aid of the Hackett benefaction the University has done itself very well in the matter of buildings. The climate of Western Australia is not unlike that of Italy and the buildings represent a skilful adaption of the Italian architectural tradition to local conditions. The University did itself well also in its choice of a Vice-Chancellor, Professor H. E. Whitfeld, a graduate in Classics and Engineering, with an equal familiarity with the goldfields of Western Australia and the classical monuments of Greece.

I drove to Whitfeld's home outside Perth. The lovely country-side stretched untenanted to the far hills. Such must have been California in the days before it was known. Wild flowers grew everywhere, for there was no one to pluck them. The sun went down. We dined, and obeying classical tradition drank the wine of his vineyard. But for the Southern Cross magnificent in the darkness of the sky, I would have thought that we were in Italy.

The Chancellor of the University thought that I should meet the acting Prime Minister and Minister of Education. He proposed lunch at a hotel. I was delighted. Prime Ministers do not often come my way. I arrived importantly at the hotel, and asked for the Prime Minister. Democracy is strong in Australia. The commissioner was quite uninterested. The Chancellor arrived and collected the Minister of Education who was standing forlornly in a corner. The Prime Minister arrived. "How about a short one?" said the Chancellor. "Why not?" said the Prime Minister. We adjourned to the bar.

Democracy has many defects in Australia; it has also manifold attractions. Where there are not and never have been class distinctions, there is no embarrassment in social relations. The Australian, in his own country, has the easiest of manners, is the most gracious of hosts. He has no need to tell you that he is as good a man as you are; that is assumed. Still less does he suffer from the distressing obligation to tell you that he is a better man than you are; that would be contrary to the social canon. He has a passion for equality, and is ill at ease in countries which do not share that passion. In a society which condescends, the Australian is always found on the defensive.

But the passion for equality, admirable in the sphere of social relations, has a less happy result in the sphere of the mind. In that sphere a passion for equality; and a respect for quality, are well-nigh incompatible. All men are not equal in art, and

letters, and science, and it is idle to pretend that the opinion of one man is as good as that of another. The way of the intellectual in Australia is hard. He must be at constant pains not to convey any trace of intellectual snobbery. He must be wary in all that he says.

This creates a curious situation in Australia, and in the other Dominions. The people attach the highest importance to a university education. But this passion for a university education is not allied with any passion for freedom of thought, lodestar of universities throughout the ages. Professors are expected to hold the right opinions, and to teach them.

Yet no visitor to the Dominions could fail to be impressed by the determination to provide worthy universities and all other institutions ancillary to the arts. For the most part, the universities were founded at a time in the history of each Dominion when the standard of living of the people was very low and anxieties of many kinds were pressing on their Governments. Yet in these pioneer days universities were founded, sites were provided and endowments granted. For example, the University of Sydney was founded by Act of the New South Wales Legislature in 1850, and was opened in 1852. The University of Melbourne was founded by Act of the Victoria Legislature in 1853. The University of Otago in New Zealand was founded by Ordinance of the Provincial Council in 1869, and during the next eight years received grants of land exceeding 220,000 acres. The South African College (now incorporated in the

University of Cape Town) was founded in 1829. The belief of the pioneers in a university education has continued to inform the minds of their descendants. Australia, with a population of some 6,500,000, has six universities. South Africa, whose white population is less than 2,000,000, has four teaching universities and five university colleges which are constituent colleges of a fifth university, the University of South Africa. Both in Australia and in South Africa, notwithstanding the large measure of State support, the universities have been successful in attracting magnificent benefactions. In Australia, the University of Sydney enjoys endowments amounting to £70,000 a year. Under a single benefaction, that of Sir Samuel McCaughey, the Universities of Sydney and Queensland enjoy an income of £34,000 a year. The University of Western Australia received the sum of £425,000 in a legacy of Sir Winthrop Hackett. The University of Cape Town received, in a single bequest by Sir Julius Wernher, the sum of £250,000 to which Sir Otto Beit added a donation of equal amount. These great benefactions have for the most part been expended on magnificent buildings which keep ever before the citizens of the Dominions the idea of the university as the keystone to their system of education and an integral part of their social life.

Unhappily, New Zealand has not attracted benefactions in any degree comparable with those of Australia and South Africa. The explanation is, perhaps, to be found in the circumstances that social legislation has there effected a considerable levelling of income. Prior

to the economic crisis there was no real poverty in New Zealand; on the other hand, there were no great fortunes.

Moreover, I could not fail to be impressed, not only by the enthusiasm of the people of the Dominions for a university education, but also by the excellent educational material represented by the university student. The people come of virile stock, and live in climates and under economic conditions generally more favourable than those of Great Britain. The university student in the Dominions has lived an open-air life, and he has always had enough to eat. He has had the benefit of a system of secondary education which reaches a high standard.

Yet with all these advantages the universities of the Dominions do not achieve standards which would appear to be well within their reach. The professors of the universities are the first to admit that the standards leave much to be desired. It may be of interest to mention certain factors which militate against the success of the Universities.

The enthusiasm of the people for a university education has led to the foundation of a University or University College in every state of Australia, in every province of New Zealand, and in each of the four provinces of the Union of South Africa. At first sight it appears unjustifiable that there should be so many university institutions for such small populations, and there is no doubt that provincial jealousies have led to an uneconomic distribution of the university resources of New Zealand, and that racial

difficulties have meant an uneconomic distribution of the university resources of South Africa. On the other hand, the distances between cities in the Dominions are great, and, although in an ideal arrangement of the resources of each Dominion the number of universities would assuredly be reduced, the number could never be so much reduced as to make each university constituency of comparable size with the university constituencies of the United States and Great Britain. There are twelve universities in England and Wales, and the average university constituency represents a population of more than 3,000,000. The University of Western Australia serves a population of 420,000, yet it would be unreasonable to deny to Western Australia the right to a university, seeing that there is no other university within 1,500 miles.

The effect of the university constituencies being so small is that the resources available for maintaining the universities are necessarily dissipated. Moreover, the desire of each university is to emulate the others, with the result that too much is attempted at each. There is hardly a university in the Dominions which is not maintaining unnecessary departments; some are maintaining unnecessary faculties.

These are difficulties which have probably no remedy other than time. As the populations of the states and provinces increase the universities will become necessary on their present scale. In the meantime, the dissipation of university resources leads inevitably to the lowering of standards.

There are other factors which are much more capable of remedy. For example, the Governments of the Dominions tend to exercise undue control over university policy. This is not surprising inasmuch as nearly all the universities owe their origin to direct Government intervention, represented by an Act of the Legislature; all of them have looked to the Government for financial aid for a great many years. The Governments regard the universities as part of the system of state-aided education and subject them to much the same measure of interference and control as the elementary schools. In Great Britain the universities, receiving more than £1,500,000 annually in grants, are subject to the minimum of Government interference. The grants to the universities are, in fact, made by a body known as the University Grants Committee, which is a body of distinguished professors and persons of comparable standing. This body is entirely independent of the Board of Education. It distributes its grants over five-year periods. This freedom from Government control is, at any rate in part, due to the circumstance that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were able for some six hundred years to maintain themselves entirely on endowments and fees. The Government interfered very little with them during those years, and on one occasion interference was disastrous, not to the University of Oxford but to the Government. The newer Universities had the advantage that the Government could not very well interfere in their affairs at a time when it was not interfering with Oxford and

Cambridge. They have, therefore, enjoyed a freedom which is hardly known in the Dominions.

A matter of regret also is that the idea of a Professor's Common Room is of the most recent acceptance in the Dominions, and there is a tendency for the professors to see very little of each other. The loss can be estimated if an attempt is made to imagine Oxford and Cambridge without colleges. How much learning owes to the intercourse of the High Table and the Senior Common Room, and how much to solitary hours in library and laboratory, cannot be assessed. But however much, or little, the High Table adds to the sum total of learning, it confers all of its grace.

Grave also is the insufficiency of libraries and laboratories. Great sums of money are needed to build and to maintain them. The resources of the Dominions, dissipated as they are over many universities, are wholly inadequate to this end. It could not be expected that the universities of the Dominions should possess the great libraries of the older foundations of Columbia, Yale and Harvard in the United States, and of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in England. But the grave shortage of books and, more especially, the wholly insufficient supply of periodical literature impose a hardship on the students and lamentable disabilities on the staff. There are fine laboratories; for example, the laboratories of the Medical Schools of the Universities of Otago and Sydney, of the Onderstepoort Veterinary Station of the University of Pretoria, and of the Engineering

Schools at the Universities of Cape Town and Witwatersrand. But these are few in number. The great majority of professors are compelled to work under conditions practically unknown in the United States and Great Britain. Great work has been done under such conditions; for example, by Sir William Bragg at the University of Adelaide. But he would probably be the first to plead the cause of his scientific colleagues.

These considerations affect both staff and students. They militate against the success of the universities; they bear particularly hard on the staff. But there are other heavy disabilities under which the staff, and conspicuously the professional staff, labour.

The inadequacy of libraries and laboratories leads inevitably to the absence of any research atmosphere. Post-graduate students tend to go to the United States and to England. There are few post-graduate students to make the work of the professor interesting or to help him with his own researches.

Moreover, he has not the stimulus of discussion with his colleagues in his subject or in related subjects. In the great university centres of the United States and Great Britain the professor is one of a band of distinguished men working on the same subject. He is able to visit his colleagues in their laboratories. He attends the conferences of learned societies. Day by day he has a constant stimulus to thought. A professor in the Dominions often finds that no one else in that Dominion is pursuing his line of research, and that there is no one with whom he can discuss his difficulties within 5,000 miles.

Even if there were facilities for research the professor would suffer the disability of a heavy burden of teaching. The hours of teaching imposed on professors in the Dominions appear to presuppose that a professor's sole activity is teaching. After several years of carrying an excessive burden of teaching, the professor is unfit for research.

So great are the disabilities under which the professors labour, that it is hardly surprising that those who can obtain appointments in the United States and England readily accept them. New Zealand has produced a distinguished physicist in Lord Rutherford, a distinguished anthropologist in Dr. Buck, and a distinguished economist in Professor Copland; Professor Rutherford went to Cambridge, Dr. Buck to Yale, and Professor Copland to Melbourne. Professor Elliot Smith, the distinguished anthropologist, was born in New South Wales; he is now in London. The loss of their eminent colleagues tends to unsettle and to depress those who are left.

To some extent these disabilities are recognized by the governing bodies of the universities, and there is a certain liberality on their part in granting sabbatical years. But these are of limited value to the professors. Their salaries are not such as to enable them to set aside an adequate sum for travel. A professor has normally reached a time of life at which his expenditure is at the maximum. He has to educate his children. (Usually, education is all that he will be able to give them.) In the absence of pension schemes he has to pay heavy insurances to provide for his old

age. A professor is rarely able to take advantage of his sabbatical year, unless he has private means or has no family responsibilities.

The lot of the professors is particularly hard in comparison with that of the younger members of the staff. In recent years much has been done for the young man, but the professor has been overlooked. For the young men in the Dominions there are the Rhodes Scholarships tenable at the University of Oxford. There are Rockefeller and Commonwealth Fund Fellowships, and numerous other studentships awarded by the Universities, enabling young men to pursue research both in the United States and in England.

But all this generous provision is specifically confined, or in practice only awarded, to persons under the age of thirty. The Professor sees his assistants and his students granted opportunities such as he never enjoyed. He knows that they are able to keep in touch with modern research in a way that he is not able. He finds in this, inevitably, a sense of frustration and disappointment.

All this I turned over in my mind on the long journey on the Indian Ocean from Fremantle to Durban. I was enjoying myself in such measure, and profiting so much from the opportunity of travel vouchsafed to me at 35, that I could not but wish that others should have the same opportunity. I wondered whether our system of education was right. We are granted leisure to learn only when we are too young or too old.

The low outline of Africa rose in the west. The *Nestor* slowed down, then stopped, awaiting the pilot and the port officials. For fourteen days of unruffled calm the *Nestor* had moved at uniform speed across the Indian Ocean; the sudden cessation of this regular motion had an extraordinary effect on me. I was more near to sea-sickness than I have ever been on the stormiest of seas. I bade farewell, with every regret, to Captain Adcock, sturdy custodian of the best traditions of the Mercantile Marine.

A hundred years ago Lieutenant Farewell entered the harbour of Durban and obtained a concession of land from Chaka, the Zulu King, familiar to every reader of Rider Haggard. The pioneers of the settlement had their fill of hardship, privation and danger. In the soldiers' cemetery lie the dead of many regiments and many wars.

Beautiful as Durban is, I was glad to see the hills again as the train puffed up the steep gradients to Pietermaritzburg and Ladysmith. I was more at home on the high plateau of Africa than in the lowlands of the coast. I had too much fever in the war ever to be comfortable in sub-tropical lands. On the highlands of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, 6,000 feet above the sea, the air is magnificent. It is so good that people develop a tendency to over-excitement and are sent to the coast to get over it.

I found myself in Pretoria, administrative capital of the Union of South Africa. Here lived Paul

Kruger, father of his people. His modest dwelling was open at all hours. Any one could walk in and lay before the President his sorrows and difficulties. He is more adequately commemorated in the hearts of his people than in his monument. A top-hat and a stick do not look well in stone.

On the hill overlooking Pretoria is the Union Building; before it a replica of the Delville Wood Memorial. I read the names of the dead, English names and Dutch names. Of all who died in the war, those who gave their lives side by side on that bleak upland above the Somme may rest the most content. They at least have no reason to question whether their sacrifice has been in vain. Their heritage is peace and goodwill in South Africa to-day.

It was late in 1932, and the fusion of the Nationalist and South African parties had not yet become a political issue. It was reported that irreconcilable differences, personal as well as political, divided the leaders of the two parties. But no one could doubt that some great change was pending. There was an undercurrent of excitement. I explored the Union buildings with a retired civil servant who had seen much of change in his long service. "The conflict between English and Dutch," he said, "is a political question, a convenient battle-cry at elections. It has ceased to be a social question. Intermarriage has gone on for so long that real conflict is impossible. Every one would have a divided loyalty."

If I had not read the newspapers in South Africa, I would hardly have been aware that English and

Dutch were, or were supposed to be, grouped in hostile camps. I was told that the Universities of Pretoria and Stellenbosch were the most active protagonists in the cause of ill-will between the two races. I visited both Universities and was received with every mark of courtesy and the utmost good humour.

I fell quickly under the spell of South Africa. It is so very old, and has the dignity of age. It disdains the restless energy of the modern world. The Dutch farmer surveys his patrimony of mealie crop. There is no doubt much to do. But he is a philosopher. "To-morrow," he says, "is also a day." The Kaffir works as hard as he must and no more. Ambition does not move him. He tills the land for white masters, and in their way, but he dreams ever of the day when the land shall be his again and he may resume the ancient ways. He waits, and is content to wait, but he does not forget. The English alone are advocates of the strenuous life; the sunshine, the pure air, the surf of the great beaches, enable them to practise their philosophy under almost ideal conditions.

I drove from Pretoria to Johannesburg, and on to Vereeniging by the Vaal River. Brown and orange the veldt stretched into illimitable distance. Never had I seen an atmosphere so clear. Storm clouds came in the sky. At Vereeniging a tropical thunderstorm broke. I drove back to Johannesburg. The veldt was green.

I drove to the Rand Refinery and handled wealth for the first time. Gold bricks, each worth £30,000. I could not but wonder at the strange workings of

the economic laws. These bricks had been dug out of the foundations of Johannesburg, with every precaution to prevent any one seeing them. They would be buried in the foundations of London and New York, with similar precautions. It seemed rather a waste of time and energy.

The train bore me south to Kimberley and the grey mountain of the diamond mine. Dawn came on the Great Karroo desert. We passed into the blue mountains of the Hex River, and descended to the coast. I saw Table Mountain, the Lion's Head, Table Bay.

Capetown has in it every element of romance. It bears the impress of many civilizations. From the north has come every race of Africa, from the Atlantic Ocean Dutch and Huguenot and English, from the Indian Ocean Arab and Indian and Malay. Gateway of east and west, it has known every rivalry, every passion. Since the day that Johan van Riebeeck founded it as a port of call for the ships of the Dutch East India Company nearly three hundred years ago, every adventurer has anchored in its bay.

In the evening at Sea Point I watched a liner breasting the ultimate seas of the Atlantic. Soon she would round the Cape of Good Hope and set her course to north and east. To the south were troubled seas; the voyager on those seas would find no land, no ship, only the dreary waste of waters and the ice-pack girdling the South Pole. I felt suddenly very far from home.

Capetown has every element of romance; the country-side around every element of beauty. I drove

by the coast road between the great cliffs of the Twelve Apostles and the sea. I drove through a smiling country-side of farms and vineyards to Stellenbosch, at the gateway of the Hex River Mountains. Commander Simon Van-der Stel, who in 1679 founded this little colony on this site, was a great planter of trees. He would be a happy man if he could see to-day the over-arching oaks of his avenue, the little arsenal with its bell-tower, the low houses white and gabled, the bright sunlight making dark the shade beneath the trees, the blue mountains rising steeply to the north. I visited Groot Constantia, to my mind the most beautiful of all the lovely houses and farms of the Cape Province, lovelier even than Rhone, Morgenster, Bien Donné, La Dauphiné, so white outside, so trim within. But who would care to write of these farms; Francis Brett Young has done it too well in *Jim Redlake*. I visited Groote Schuur, where Cecil Rhodes dreamed

Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line.

The *Carnarvon Castle* bore me home. There were many students on board, visiting Europe on their summer vacation. The ceremony of 'crossing the line' took on an added interest through the immersion of a professor. We called at Madeira, but I did not go on shore. I had become weary of new scenes. I was content to see the beauty of Madeira from the bay and to watch the high diving of young Madeira

from the boat deck of the ship. Christmas Day was celebrated in the Bay of Biscay. The students began to feel the cold. The next day they saw England for the first time. Dawn found us anchored off the Needles in the thickest of fogs. The fog lifted. The white outline of the chalk cliff rose out of the sea. We steamed past Totland Bay and Norton Lodge, where I have spent so many happy days. We entered Southampton Water. The *Berengaria* was in dock. Five months before, I had embarked on her for my far Odyssey. If fate had given leave, I would have transferred my baggage to her and have set out again.

A hectic five days of dictation of a report to the Carnegie Corporation was immediately followed by a hectic term at University College. March drew to a close. At last I had the prospect of a little rest. Then letters and cables began to cross the Atlantic. Somewhat dizzy, I found myself on 1st April crossing the Atlantic at a speed of 28 knots. The *Europa* held at that time the blue riband of the Atlantic. I could not see it. I learned that the blue riband was a fiction. It became a reality only when it passed to Italy. The Italians have a great love of colour, and the departure of the *Rex* and the *Conte di Savoia* from Genoa is the occasion for much waving of flags and playing of bands.

Many passengers experience feelings of disappointment when they read a ship's log. They have watched the bows of the ship dipping under the waves, and

the scuppers nearly awash. The ship's log records "Slight swell", or at best, "Sea moderate". But there was no occasion for complaint in the perusal of the log of the *Europa* on this lamentable voyage. "Rather rough" off the south-west coast of Ireland became "Rough". The third day recorded "Full west storm. Heavy sea and swell"; the fourth day "Heavy storm with high sea and swell".

The fourth day was without attraction even for the most vocal of lovers of the sea. The storm which brought down the great dirigible *Akron* met the *Europa* off the coast of Newfoundland. The *Europa* reduced speed until there was barely steerage way. At lunch the Captain suggested a visit to the bridge. I was delighted and arranged to meet him as soon as I had had my afternoon sleep. When we reached the bridge the storm was at its height. I had never seen such waves before, but I assumed that they were not uncommon in the North Atlantic in the equinoctial gales. The Captain showed me every manner of cunning device. He pressed a button and closed a large number of watertight doors. He showed me an apparatus which, I understood, would steer the *Europa* from Bremen to New York without any intervention on the part of the ship's officers. I noticed however that there were several officers on the bridge, and that the ship was being steered by the quartermaster at the wheel.

We then went forward and looked at the waves. They towered over the bows of the ship, and broke in a flood over the decks. A cloud of spray was

thrown up by each wave, darkening the bridge and obscuring the view, though we were eighty feet above the water-line. A sequence of waves of enormous height came one after the other, then there was a momentary lull. A huge trough opened under the bows of the ship, a wave stood up beyond it sheer as a wall. The wave towered higher. It came green over the bows, green over the bridge. A wall of water shut us in on every side. The great ship shuddered. Then she rose, throwing off the flood of waters. She continued to shudder.

I looked round. The officers were festooned around binnacles and indeed anything which afforded any handhold. Blissfully ignorant of the danger, and thinking that this sort of thing was quite common, I had stood with open mouth enjoying the fun. I now realized that all was not well. "It was the biggest wave I ever saw," said the Captain, "I was sure that the bridge would be carried away." Bells began to ring, and reports crowded in of widespread damage. The seaman in the crow's nest, 130 feet above the water-line, had been struck by the wave and had to be taken off duty. This one wave did 4,000 dollars worth of damage. The passengers in the saloon thought that the ship had struck an iceberg.

Many hours overdue we passed the Ambrose Channel Lightship and came to our berth in Brooklyn. It was nearly midnight when we drove over the bridge into Manhattan. It was an historic night. Beer became legitimate at midnight. I had a tankard in the Columbia Club the next day and found it fairly good.

But I am hard to please in the matter of beer, having passed from the famous beer of Queen's College, Oxford, to the no less famous beer of University College, London. Professor Charles Graham devoted his great talents to research into the perfect beer and is numbered by University College among the greatest of its benefactors.

It was the idea of the Carnegie Corporation that I should visit Canada, and a twelve day visit enabled me to write a full, but neither accurate nor valuable, report on Adult Education in Canada. But the report served one useful purpose; it brought in its train money to enable the Workers' Educational Association of Ontario to survive. This association is unique among all the associations in England and the Dominions. It investigates all claims to the title of "worker" with the care taken by the Political Honours Scrutiny Committee, and few pass the rigid tests imposed. Clerks and teachers are cast into outer darkness. Manual workers have to be very manual. I found myself in much embarrassment when asked to address a mass meeting of the workers in Toronto. The man with the grievance put in an appearance. He had been cast out. He was a stenographer, he said, and if a stenographer was not a manual worker, who was? The chairman was bland. A worker, he explained, was a man who handled or transported primary material. Did he claim that a pencil was primary material? No. Well then he had better sit down.

Little though I saw in Canada, I could put in my

report the fruit of much good advice. Sir Arthur Currie and the deans of the faculties entertained me at McGill University, and Sir Arthur Currie told me one of his funniest limericks. Professor Clarke who had come from Capetown to Montreal, and found it very cold, gave me much food for thought. The Dominions and the United States were, he said, the heirs of Puritan England. If the Commonwealth had survived, England and the United States would be at one in sentiment and social custom. A cavalier by age-long tradition, I wondered what would have happened to my unfortunate family. My great-grandmother looked forward all her life to making her curtsy to the martyred king in Heaven.

Old Montreal is fascinating. I had an admirable guide in the genial Colonel Wilfred Bovey. Dining in a little restaurant, it was hard to believe that France was three thousand miles away. I made my way to the park above the city and looked down on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers and the drifting ice. Long ago a French explorer looked down on this same scene and claimed the Royal Mountain for his king.

I went to Kingston to see Hamilton Fyfe, once of Christ's Hospital, now Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University. But he was away distributing prizes at a school in Wisconsin. Kingston was once the port of the Western Prairies, a great granary, a commercial centre. All this has passed it by, but the university remains, and the old fort, and the locks of the abandoned canal built in the days when Canada

was at war with the United States more than a century ago. Forest and lake come very near to Kingston. There was something of quiet in the old town, very unfamiliar in the New World.

At Toronto I found myself among friends, John Burgon Bickersteth and Roydon Gilley of Hart House. Given by the Massey Foundation in memory of Hart Massey, it gives to the undergraduate of Toronto those amenities of college life which Oxford offers. The other things which Oxford offers, and which cannot be weighed or set down in words, Bickersteth has given. His name is known throughout Canada to-day.

I made friends with W. L. Grant, Principal of Upper Canada College, Canadian by descent for many generations. In his school I found colour and light which was sadly lacking in the schools of my childhood, in his home that easy and gracious hospitality, traditional in Canada, once known as the land of the ever-open door.

The traveller from Toronto to New York passes the Niagara Falls. I passed them. It was nearly midnight. Descending from the train I hastened down a street of eating-houses and photograph shops and came to some trees and grass. I made my way forward, as best I could in the darkness, and found myself on a platform. I could see for a few feet over the falls and what I saw was very impressive. The noise also was tremendous. On the way back to the train I bought several photographs and with their aid I shall no doubt believe in time to come that I not only heard but saw the Falls.

A day in New York afforded the opportunity of seeing the lovely Vermeers and Sargents in the Metropolitan Museum, *The Young Woman with a Water Jug*, the *Wyndham Sisters*. I spent the evening in a speakeasy with a social worker and went on board the *Majestic*. The voyage home was a little, but only a little, less rough than the voyage out.

It was still April when I came again up Southampton Water. I had travelled far, but had found no beauty to compare with that of England. The birds of the Pacific are lovely but not more lovely than the kingfisher that haunts the little Hambrook. The Canterbury Plains are beautiful, but not more beautiful than Bow Hill and Kingly Vale. I love the redwood trees of California and the gum trees of Australia, but I love better the great beeches and green rides of Stansted Forest. With my three acres of wood and orchard and garden in Sussex I am well content.

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VIII

THE WESTERN STARS.

SINCE I attained to manhood twenty years have passed. In history they are recorded as four years of war and sixteen years of peace. In my life they are not so easily divided.

War is a universal tragedy; it is not necessarily a personal tragedy. Looking back now on the years of war I see the universal tragedy. I see the pride, the passion, the generous ardour of youth marshalled, not to create but to destroy, not to love but to hate. But I was little conscious of this when in 1914 I left school to join the Army, and the universal tragedy had little power to affect my happiness. More generous natures than mine were no doubt too conscious of the universal tragedy to know a happy hour during the war. But my view was, I confess, strictly personal. I was happy, or unhappy, as the circumstances of the moment dictated. And as it was in the war, so it has been in peace.

I knew much unhappiness in the war. I lost nearly all my friends. I experienced danger and hardship and pain. I knew also much happiness, in friendship, in adventurous living, in abounding health. I have known happiness and unhappiness in peace, and for the same reasons. There has been a difference in degree, but not a difference in kind.

So, in closing this personal record, and giving, as a personal record surely must give, a philosophy of life based on intensity of emotional experience, I cannot distinguish that which I learned in war and that which I learned in peace. But my character was formed in the stress of the war years, and I am conscious that the soldier's creed has a power over my mind and an influence on my actions which I shall not outgrow.

The philosophy of life I offer is therefore no new philosophy, and others have expounded it more eloquently than I am able to do.

Those who think of life in terms of comfort and security may ignore the enchantment which the necessity for courage has for the minds of men, but its existence cannot be denied. The privilege of the soldier in time of war, that splendid life of courage, fidelity, and unswerving loyalty to friends, is the privilege of the seaman and the mountaineer at all times. Year by year the sea and the mountains take their toll; yet their lovers are faithful to them. The sea is ever hungry, the mountains ever treacherous. They have neither faith nor honour. Why then are there seamen and mountaineers and soldiers? Surely because there, and there only, can certain men find their manhood, can feel that heightening of the faculties, that exaltation of the spirit, when fear and fatigue have alike ceased to have any power or influence, and when life and death are for one brief hour seen in their true perspective.

Extravagant pleasures entail extravagant penalties, but there are those who are willing to pay the price.

And it must be paid not once nor twice but at all times. Man requires to know for his own satisfaction that he is as good a man as he was last year or ten years ago. In the last resort he must pay the penalty. It is a penalty which he has foreseen and which he willingly accepts. He accepts it partly because of the privilege which it confers on him of the society of Men. Death and wounds have no significance to a man who has learned that life offers nothing more worth while than the approbation of his peers.

The soldier asks no other reward than the knowledge that he has been faithful to his trust. This is expressed consummately in the epitaph on the Spartans at Thermopylae:

*ὦ ξειν' ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα τοῖς πατρίοις ῥήματι πειθόμενοι.*

“Go tell to Sparta, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to her laws, we lie.”

That translation is not mine; it is far better than I could give, but I think that there is rather more in the word *πειθόμενοι* than ‘obedience’. It expresses, it seems to me, implicit trust and faith. Life and death, victory and defeat, are immaterial, so long as the spirit remains undefeated, and the high fellowship of the soldier’s creed is unsullied by any failure of courage or will.

In the soldier’s creed victory and its reputed glittering prizes finds no place. The soldier knows well that the reward of courage is sometimes honour, but more often wounds and death. This is the real enchantment of

war, and to many it is overwhelming. In the realm of the spirit that which counts is not what a man gets but what he gives. In my experience of men I have found that the greater the demand, the more sure has been the answer.

It is time that the fiction of 'disenchantment', which has so long held the field in literature, was laid aside. The soldier does not set out on an enterprise in a state of enchantment. The subsequent danger and lack of comfort have therefore no power to disenchant him. The soldier of the war knew well what he was doing; he anticipated the horrors of war. They were not more horrible than he expected. Moreover, he had no foreknowledge of the splendid comradeship which enabled him sometimes to ignore and nearly always to endure the horrible things he saw and the horrible things he had to do. I have never been able to trace the origin of the legend that men enter on war in ignorance of its horror. The literature of the past gives no support to the idea. In early Greek and in Norse literature, which are concerned almost exclusively with fighting men, war is regarded as neither righteous nor joyous, but as inevitable and decreed. The weariness and sorrow of war are in the foreground, and courage in defeat is the major theme.

Faced with tragic circumstance, the soldier found a greatness of heart sufficient to the need. The world which had been his, a world of comfort and security, rich in material resources which are supposed to command happiness, was shattered. He was compelled to find resources in himself such as might enable him to

live in a new world of danger and hardship; and those resources are with him still. This at least the new world gave him, a freedom from illusion. He may have little virtue, but that virtue is true, it has been tested on the anvil of reality. He may have few beliefs, but they are beliefs which stood fast in circumstances of chaos and infamy. He has a knowledge which can only be bought at a great price, a power which remains when hope can no longer give consolation, nor despair confer resolution. In literature there is a hint of it in *King Lear* in the words spoken by Edgar to Gloucester: "Ripeness is all."

The soldier has bought this knowledge at a great price; it may well be that he has bought it at too high a price. The more fortunate generation which has succeeded the war generation has found much to criticize in the soldier. Their judgment of us is unfavourable. We, the men of yesterday, bear no aureole of romance. We won the war, but we lost the peace. Returning from the war, we had an unparalleled opportunity to create a better world, and we let it slip. We espoused no causes, we interested ourselves in no new ideas. So runs the criticism; is it true?

True I think it is, as far as it goes. But it is not the whole truth. We might no doubt have done more in those early days when we returned from the war. But we were very tired and very preoccupied with the need for getting and keeping our new civilian employment. And we were somewhat distrustful of ideas. We had suffered much under their tyranny. Those who expounded ideas seemed always to be a very long way

from the front-line, and the ideas suffered in reputation on that account. Truth to tell, moreover, many of us had not had the intelligence to grasp these ideas. We had fought partly because our manhood had been challenged, and partly because we would not go back on our friends.

We had however a passionate faith in each other, and this faith has, I think, meant much to England, and not the less because it has been inarticulate, unadvertised, and but dimly understood. But one man, Austin Hopkinson, has both practised that faith, and has had the power to expound it. Disabled in the early days of the war, he returned of his own free will to the line in the dark days of March 1918. The war ended, he offered, by example, to Lancashire a solution of our industrial troubles. Leadership, he held, must have the same high meaning which it had had during the years of war. The man who was granted the privilege of leadership must live with his men, must accept their hardships, must be to the forefront in times of difficulty and danger, in times of distress must be the first to make the sacrifice. Comradeship had made light the burdens of war; it could make light the burdens of peace.

So Austin Hopkinson abjured wealth and retired to a cottage on the banks of the canal near his mill. From there he issued a call to his fellow-soldiers to remember that peace no less than war can give us difficult and dangerous tasks to do. I have failed to live up to his high example, but I hope that I may still claim that his creed, so eloquently expressed in *Religio Militis*, is mine.

“And what is left for us before we die, now when

the new generation strikes its tents and rides out from the bivouac of youth clad in its shining armour? Some say our task is done, our usefulness exhausted, and our advancing years a bar to fresh adventure. Yet for my part I will not think that comrades who toiled and fought with me through all those years on sea and land will ever be content to rust in idleness. Our labours and our wounds give us at least a claim to yet another fight before the end. Our experience has shown us glimpses of another world of strange experience, and that untravelled universe we will explore till one by one we drop beside the trail. Come, my friends, 'tis not too late to seek that newer world. Put on the battered armour once again, close up our sadly thinning ranks, and once again forward to meet whatever toil or gay adventure fate may bring!"

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